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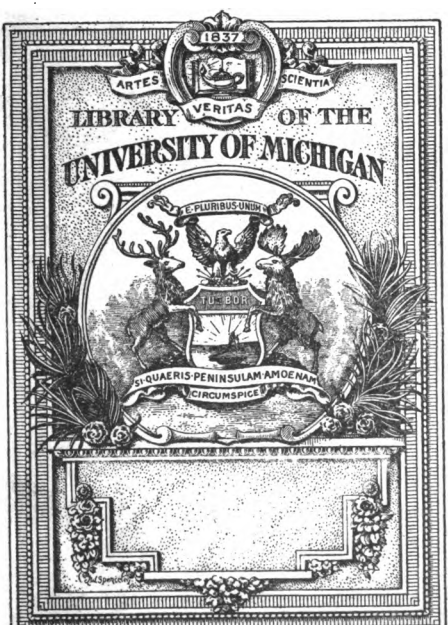

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AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Collection

OF THE

MOST INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

LIVES

EVER PUBLISHED,

WRITTEN BY THE PARTIES THEMSELVES.

WITH BRIEF INTRODUCTIONS, AND COMPENDIOUS SEQUELS CARRYING ON THE NARRATIVE TO THE DEATH OF EACH WRITER.

VOLUME IX.—KOTZEBUE.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND ARNOT,
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

MDCCCXXX.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

WITH THE

JOURNAL OF HIS EXILE TO SIBERIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

2nd 16°

LONDON:
WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND ARNOT,
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INTRODUCTION.

THE autobiographical sketches of Kotzebue, in respect to self-complacent but talented coxcombry, bear some resemblance to the similar self-portraiture of our own Colley Cibber. In critical weight and solidity our countryman has undoubtedly the advantage; but the far wider field and more extensive personal adventure of the German make compensation for the extreme flippancy with which he treats both the public and himself. The Russian and Siberian experience of Kotzebue, in regard both to character and scenery, is also extraordinary and unique; and if we are not favoured in his narratives with profound reflection, or deep insight into human nature, we at least are amused with the shrewd and animated observations of an entertaining and lively man. Neither, although his fame as a dramatist has much declined since his death, are his merits as a writer so low as not to claim some attention to his own account of his literary and personal career. His melancholy death too, and the real and reputed causes of it, have rendered him a public character of some notoriety; so that upon the whole, whether regarded as entertaining or characteristically illustrative, Kotzebue's account of himself merits a place in this collection.

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It will be seen by what follows, that the Autobiography of Kotzebue is contained in three pieces, intitled 'A Sketch of my Literary Career;' 'My Flight to Paris;' and 'An Account of the Most Remarkable Year in the Life of Augustus Von Kotzebue.' A few slight omissions are made in the two former, simply as relating to local and temporary circumstances which would scarcely be understood at this time, and were of no great interest even when they first appeared. In every other respect, the entire work amounts to a full and complete republication of the most comprehensive translations of the works in question, which have appeared in the English language.

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A

SKETCH

OF

MY LITERARY CAREER.

As an author I have received my abundant share both of applause and abuse; and since both have been frequently alike undeserved on my part, it may perhaps not be wholly useless to those young men who are ambitious of treading the same slippery path, to receive instruction from a veteran:—from one who does not indeed stand at the goal of his wishes—for who ever reached that?—but who has long been pursuing the path which he hoped would lead to it, and who will now relate, without disguise or ornament, where he has tottered, or where fallen, where he has been intoxicated with incense and flattery, where been deceived, or treated with ridicule, where he really was favoured by the muse, or where he mistook a Bacchante for one of the Nine.

Ye young and inexperienced, then—ye who have as yet only dipped the ends of your staves in the honey of Parnassus, and think it must be salutary because it is sweet; pause for a moment, assemble round me and listen. I have given the reins to my pen, my heart is opened, and you shall hear equally where I was urged solely by vanity, and where I was impressed with a just sense of the true and beautiful.

Nor will I assume any particular merit for my sincerity, since there are situations in life in which

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it is no less easy for a man to do well than to put on his great coat, and they are commonly those in which he can saunter about the whole day unmolested in the great coat, only bending now and then to pluck a flower, not to take up his adversary's gauntlet. When shut out from the great world he lives in rural peace, and receives more pleasure from the sight of the first blossoms in May, or from discovering the first budding teeth of his infant child, than from receiving the gracious invitation from a patron, "you will dine with me to day." When content and serenity of mind expand the heart to every joy, and consequently to every virtue, and when he is surrounded only by a few beloved friends who have long learned to separate the not ignoble emotions of the heart from the mistakes of the head. These, these, are the situations that induce a man readily to acknowledge every fault he has committed, and which inspire him with confidence to come undismayed before the public; since then he hears the voice only of the candid judge who will not treat him with ridicule, or distort his meaning, and put malicious interpretations upon the most innocent errors he confesses.

"And where," says Rousseau, "shall we find the man of sense who has never said a foolish thing? Where the honest man who has never done anything reprehensible? Were an exact register to be kept of every fault committed by even the most perfect among mortals, and were every other part of his character to be carefully suppressed, what opinion would the world have reason to form of such a man?"

Go on then, ye malicious critics, ye manglers of fame by profession, what will your barking concern the happy recluse, provided he have a wife and a few friends who know and love him? Miserable hirelings! bark till you be tired, it is not in your power to drive from his bosom that wife and those friends.

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Were I, however, to assert that I write this sketch solely with a view of serving young authors, I should advance as gross a falsehood as a bookseller who should profess that in selling his books at a low rate, he has no other object than to render the purchase easy to all lovers of knowledge. No, no, my friends! he only fixes this under-price upon a few old shop-keepers, which having been long on his hands he is glad to sell at any rate; and in the same manner this sketch has been lying in my brain for five years already, and I must now send it out into the world to make way for the reception of other things.

Indeed, to own the truth, I have one object in view in writing these pages, wholly extrinsic of all other considerations, which is, the pleasure I shall derive from the pursuit. I consider authorship as a luxury, and never in my life did I write but one book and one pamphlet that I felt to be a task. This was owing to their being undertaken entirely to please other people; consequently, they were beyond comparison the worst compositions that ever came from my pen. But all my dramas, and whatever else among my numerous effusions have excelled the most in beauty and feeling, have been done for my own amusement; and the gratification I have received from the hours so spent, has repaid my toils much more richly than the profits resulting from them, or even the applause they have procured me from the public.

Let me, then, amid the wanderings of my fancy forget the snow that now lies around my window, so shall I care little how it fares with the windows of my neighbours. Yet let me deprecate the idea of any one reading my book with the impression of its being written at the setting in of the first frost, a season so uncongenial to authorship. Not that I am entering at this moment upon a hazardous chase after applause—from that heaven defend me! To the sirging-bird that pecks at my window I would

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open it with pleasure, and who would refuse him admittance? But God forbid that I should attempt to catch him in a snare!

Come forth then, ye enchanting images of youth, though the pictures ye exhibit scarcely seem to bear any resemblance to my present self! Come forth! delude my fancy, ye beloved shadows!—ascend, ye sweet hours of infancy, as a thin vapour from the ocean of the past, and float once more before my eyes!—I stand upon the brink of the stream of time, and eagerly watch the current as it bears my flower along upon its surface. Even now I behold it glittering upon the back of a wave, for the last time ere it be plunged into the depth below, and lost for ever to my sight.

Let me catch this last glitter!—See there that boy who hangs with fixed eyes upon his mother's lips, while on a winter's evening she reads in some good book to him and his sister!—See him again making a table of his stool, and a seat of the footstep, as he eagerly feasts upon a beloved romance, while his ball and hobby-horse lie neglected in a corner!—Ah, that boy is a child no longer!

My good mother—thanks be to heaven, she still lives to witness the effusions of my gratitude!—My good mother, early left a widow, renounced many of the charms and enjoyments of life, to devote herself to the education of her children and the formation of their infant minds. She possessed a refined taste, with correct feelings, and a mind well cultivated by reading, to which she added a rich treasure of maternal tenderness. With qualities like these she could scarcely find her toils wholly unrewarded.

She engaged tutors for my instruction, young divines, who while anxiously waiting, till in quality of their godly vocation, they should be called to the care of a flock, made me feel most heavily the weight of their shepherds' crooks. They indeed spared no pains, within the sphere of correction, to make a

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hopeful sheep of me. One of them was a physiognomist, another had a heart deeply transfixed with the arrows of love. The former was eternally criticising the formation of my nose, the latter employed me in conveying *billets doux* to his mistress. But the mischief done by them was always repaired by my mother. One evening spent with her, one hour's private reading in her room, was of more use to me than all the time employed in drudging at 'Langen's Colloquies,' or in poring over Luther's long and short Catechisms. My tutors taught the parrot to prate, my mother taught the child to feel. From her I imbibed a taste for reading almost at the breast; and even when I was not more than four or five years old, books had more charms for me than a rocking-horse.

The first work from which I recollect to have received any strong impression, was a collection of tales from various languages, called 'Evening Hours,' at that time a very popular book for children. It consisted of several volumes, which, seated in the manner I have before described, I used to read over and over again. In the title-page was the figure of a sleeping dog, with the motto *Non omnibus dormio*. What this vignette was intended to represent I do not know; but this I know, that even to the present moment I never pass a dog asleep without thinking of the 'Evening Hours.'

My favourite tale among this collection, and which called forth the first tears of sensibility I ever shed, was the story of Romeo and Juliet, from which Weisse took the materials for his tragedy. It affected me so deeply, that I think the preference I have ever since retained for pathetic tales, may perhaps be traced to this source, since it is certain, that those things which make a strong impression upon the mind in infancy, have a considerable influence in forming the future taste.

The next work that eagerly attracted my attention

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was Don Quixote; and though that admirable history has lately been much better translated by Bertuch, yet I will freely own that I never received half the pleasure from this improved version, as from what I read in my infancy. A child brings to his studies, as well as to his play, a stronger sensibility, with a greater aptitude to receive powerful impressions, and therefore finds in both, charms which are, in fact, rather to be ascribed to the quickness of his own feelings, than to the real attraction of the things themselves, as a leaf though half-withered, still appears beautiful when the morning sun shines upon it.

It is therefore that the youth, and even the man, will sometimes feel an ardent wish to read again in his maturer years, a book with which he had been transported in his infancy. He endeavours to procure it, he succeeds at last, and then wonders that he no longer finds it entertaining. "*My taste*," he says, "*is refined*." Ah no! but thou hast not perused it with the like sensations as formerly. A gentle touch sufficed at that time to make every nerve tremble, but now, to be affected they must be shaken. Indeed were it true that this difference is solely the effect of a more refined taste, still it were but a melancholy truth, since it only shews how much the circle of our mental enjoyments must be every moment contracting. We cannot endure to read any but works of decided superiority, we value ourselves upon this fastidiousness, and make it our pride that such only can afford us entertainment; yet we esteem the contented man who eats his homely broth with the same relish that Frederick the Second ate his Polenta. Is content, then, only a corporeal virtue?

But hold, thou renowned Don Quixote, thou art leading me too far!—Accept my thanks for the many hours of real happiness thou hast procured me, and share them with Sancho Pança. Ye are excellent companions, and most gladly did I receive you as inmates, till the wonderful adventurer, Robinson

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Crusoe, thrust you out. With irresistible force did he, as a magnet, attract me towards him, as he attracts every other boy. To him I clung, as to the choicest treasure of my soul, and with him under my arm have frequently flown along the *Redway*, as it was called, to the threshold of the stable, there undisturbed by the noise of my playfellows to accompany him in his goat-huntings. The hour for the evening beaver struck, but I heard it not; the sun set, yet I read on till my eyes were weary with endeavouring in vain to read longer. Oh, how anxiously did I then wish that fortune might one day throw me on a desert island! How delicious did I find in idea the bread baked in the earth after Robinson's fashion, and the goat's flesh dressed in pots of my own making!

I immediately began to search after all the adventurous Robinsons which the desire of imitation had produced in my own country, but no one was to be found that in strength, nature, and interest, approached the original. The island of Felsenburg indeed charmed me in no slight degree; and the appearance of the spirit, rising out of the water in the form of a cloud, gave me tolerable sensations of terror. Robert Pierrot also had no inconsiderable share of my favour, and particularly in that part where he receives cannonization on coming out of the cave with the skulls. But still these were nothing to my beloved Robinson: he remained the object of my dearest admiration, while I entertained a very sincere affection for his Friday, and was beguiled of many a tear by the artless transports he evinced at meeting again with his father.

An island, and particularly a desert island, were at that time like words of magic to my soul, to which were annexed a long train of the most enchanting images. Sometimes I thought within myself, Why do I learn to decline, to conjugate, to expound?—Were it not better to be instructed in such mechani-

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cal trades as I might hereafter find useful in my solitude? Since, if fate would grant my most ardent wish, in process of time I should make a voyage in a leaky ship, and be wrecked on an uninhabited coast, where I alone of all the crew being saved, should have nothing with which to build myself a house but the shattered remains of the vessel.

Who would have thought of this wish being eagerly revived, after a lapse of five-and-twenty years?—I was born with a heart susceptible of an ardent relish for society, consequently necessity alone could drive me into solitude; yet I would rather live for ever removed from the malice and vices of mankind, than be obliged daily to witness them, and detest my species. The word island still electrifies my soul as formerly, only that I no longer wish it to be uninhabited; nor at the magic sound do I now think of Robinson Crusoe, but of thee, my worthy Ungern. The island thou inhabitest, my proved, my faithful friend, shall be my last asylum; and if fate shall destroy my happiness in society for ever, thou shalt grant me a little spot where I may drop a tear unmolested over the miserable wreck.

If at any time my imagination was over-heated by the Pearl islands or the island of Felsenburg, by the floating, or the flying island, my mother always contrived to select something for our evening reading, which might moderate this ardour, and make a gentler impression upon my too susceptible fancy. I was fond of Æsop's fables, and soon also became familiarly acquainted with Gellert's fables and songs, many of which I learned by heart. Haller and Bodmer were above me; but with Gleim, Uz, and Hagedorn, I was delighted, because I could understand them perfectly, and very early in life they became objects of my imitation. Well do I remember my first attempt at writing poetry. I was scarcely six years old, and used to keep my manuscript behind the looking-glass with the rod. The poem was to be a description of

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rural scenery, and the images for it were ransacked from all the poets with which I was then acquainted. I well remember the two following lines, since they particularly delighted me because they skipped so prettily.

Es singet die steigende Lerche,
Es hupfen die Schäfgen am Berge.

The lark, ascending, sings,
The sheep skip upon the mountains.

I was not at all aware, however, that they were dactyls; and, indeed, they were the only lines of that measure in the whole poem. For many days together did I puzzle my brains to make all the other lines dance with equal agility, but in vain. The remainder of the poem was composed of heavy spondees, which I could not alter; neither could I comprehend how it was possible to make verses either creep on at a foot's pace, or gallop at pleasure.

Soon after I ventured on a first essay at dramatic writing. The fable of the Milk-maid and the Two Huntsmen had accidentally fallen into my hands: the favourite little opera on that story was not then in existence, or at least was unknown to me. On this subject I wrote a comedy, which filled a whole octavo page. I was indeed sensible, that to bear any resemblance to a real comedy, it ought to have been immeasurably longer; but where was I to learn the art of spinning my thread to a proper length?

My passion for poetry soon produced its usual effect of rendering my infant heart extremely susceptible of tender impressions. My affections were now ardently fixed upon a very amiable young woman, even then grown up, and who afterwards became my aunt. On my seventh birth-day, the 30th May 1768, I wrote a very passionate letter addressed to this lady, upon the blank leaf of a drawing-book. I made her many tender reproaches for her cruelty, in pre-

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ferring the uncle to the nephew, vowed an unalterable fidelity to her, and concluded with requesting permission, as the greatest of all favours, to kiss her little delicate white hand.

This circumstance I own to be in itself extremely insignificant; I only mention it on account of the consequences. My mother discovering the letter, and finding the expressions and turn of sentiment far above my years, was extremely delighted, nor could her maternal vanity forbear reading it in my presence to some visitors who were at the house. They very naturally, though to my utter confusion, laughed at it most heartily, and this gave me the first really, and deeply tormenting sensation that I ever remember to have experienced. Nor were these feelings transitory. A lasting impression was made upon my soul; and every time the letter was read again—for my mother's vanity stopped not at a single reading—this torment was renewed with ever-increasing bitterness. I used to retire to an out-house, where we kept wood, and there shed the most poignant tears of shame and disappointed ambition, till at length I secretly got the detested drawing-book out of a little green corner cupboard in which it was kept, and threw it into the fire. From this period I lost for a long time all confidence in my mother, with regard to concerns of the heart; and I mention the circumstance as a warning to parents and others engaged in education, to be extremely cautious how they conduct themselves in this respect towards children of acute feelings. Nothing can be more hazardous than to expose them, even though only in sport, to the mortification of being put to the blush.

Those who make the human heart their study, cannot but have observed how often a propensity to religious enthusiasm is the companion of such an early susceptibility to love. It was not therefore surprising, with a heart formed like mine, that excess of piety should in infancy be one of its prominent features.

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In truth, so strong was this passion within me, at the time of which I speak, that had it continued as I advanced in years, my mother must long ago have experienced the same happiness that fell to the lot of the mother of St Borromeo.

No sooner had I left my bed in the morning, than hastening down into the garden, I locked myself into a place which delicacy forbids me to mention, that I might be perfectly retired and undisturbed in my devotions. There kneeling down, I poured out the effusions of my heart to my Creator, not in any regular form, but in such ejaculations as occurred at the moment, which issued from the very bottom of my soul, and were generally accompanied with tears of awe and contrition. Well do I remember how much trouble it occasioned me, to make what I thought sufficient variations in my pious orisons, as I was apprehensive lest God should be offended if there were too much similarity in them, and think that I put him off with the same things every day. It was always my opinion, that a set form of prayer from a book could not be acceptable to the Deity, because he must know already everything that the book contained; and for this reason I had an insupportable aversion to Benjamin Schmolken's morning and evening devotions, in which I used to read every day to my mother. With true ecclesiastical self-sufficiency, therefore, did I reflect upon my hours of private prayer, in which, according to my ideas, the Almighty learned something new.

Shall I confess by what means it happened, that this early propensity to piety was extinguished in my mind? It may perhaps hardly appear credible, but it was by attendance at church. Twice every Sunday did the tutors at Weimar regularly carry their pupils thither, where they were not allowed to speak, to move a limb, or even to ogle with the painted angels upon the ceiling. The strictest silence and attention to what was going forwards was required; nay, more,

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we were expected to write down, or retain in our memories at least, the text and heads of the discourse, which, in truth, was usually a most vapid composition. In winter, this task was performed with perishing fingers' ends; and in summer, when the weather was bright and serene, with an anxious longing to be out in the open air.

How many hours of weariness and languor have I endured in the Castle Church at Weimar, till at length I fell upon an expedient for rendering them somewhat less irksome! No sooner had I caught from the preacher as much as was necessary to relate at my return home, than I stole into a retired corner of the seat with the Weimar hymn-book, and there studied a 'History of the Siege of Jerusalem' annexed to it by way of appendix. In this I found a luxuriant repast for my imagination. The cry of the lunatic, in particular, who uttered the dreadful sounds of 'Woe! woe!' from the walls of Jerusalem, seemed every Sunday as I read, to echo in my ears, and made my heart trill with horror. It will easily be conceived, that since this was the only book to be had at church, I read the history over so often, that at last I could nearly repeat it by heart.

Ye parents and tutors! if ye seek to educate your children to real piety and good morals, be careful how you weary their young minds with going to church. I could cite many fearful examples of the ill effects produced in children by the lassitude and want of employment they experience there. The siege of Jerusalem is not always at hand to relieve their languor, and the imagination being left wholly to its own devices, schemes have thus been formed which have occasioned the sounds of 'woe! woe!' to be uttered by other mouths than the man above alluded to.

For myself, my exemplary piety was not only extinguished, but I soon became an absolute infidel. I might be about nine or ten years old, when one day

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I accidentally asked my tutor whether God could create another being greater and more powerful than himself? To this enquiry, made in the simplicity of my heart, I received a high-toned and peremptory negative, whence I immediately drew the conclusion that God could not be omnipotent. This, indeed, the more I revolved it in my mind, seemed to me so much the more clear and incontrovertible, that I could by no means comprehend how the world had remained for so many centuries blind to so palpable a truth, and I valued myself not a little upon my own acuteness in having now made the discovery. Many weeks did I cherish this self-important feeling, and even endeavoured to make proselytes among my young companions, to my ingenious hypothesis. But it carried not the same force of conviction to their minds as to mine. Some laughed at me; others would not listen to my arguments; till at length I grew weary of preaching to no effect. The flame that burned at first with so much ardour, wanting nourishment from vanity, was extinguished by degrees, and after a while nothing remained of the meteor that had so transported my senses but the pleasing impression inspired by the idea of having first learned to think for myself.

About that time, a lovely girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, the only child of two disconsolate parents, died at Weimar of the small-pox. She was beloved, though in silence, since he never made known his passion even to its object, by a boy who was then advancing towards the age of manhood. He was some years older than myself; but as we lived in the same house, and as I always lent a willing ear to his enamoured transports, I became, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, his confidant and constant companion. Sometimes I accompanied him in the evening under the window of his suffering mistress's apartment, where we have stood patiently waiting for hours together in the rain or snow,

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watching, in the hope of gaining some intelligence of her, though perhaps at last we could not perceive anything but indistinct shadows, upon which to form conjectures, that were always reciprocally communicated.

Once—so fresh is the recollection in my memory, that it seems as though the event had happened but yesterday—we could distinguish pretty clearly upon the curtain, the shadow of a person with a spoon in her hand, apparently going to give some medicine to the unhappy sufferer. My companion began to weep bitterly, though in the public street; and so deeply was I affected by his situation, that my tears flowed in scarcely less abundance. It was natural enough that such a scene should make an impression upon me, too strong to be effaced by any lapse of time. The night was dark and dismal, the weather stormy. These circumstances, together with the glimmer of the lamp from the sick room, the shadow of the person with the spoon faintly seen upon the curtain, the sobs and agony of the afflicted youth, the melancholy reflection that a lovely girl, whom I had often seen skipping and dancing about in all the gaiety of health and spirits, was perhaps at that moment dying, formed a combination of images capable of setting a less ardent imagination than mine into a tempest of emotions. The effect upon me was so powerful, that when the poor girl actually died, I felt the most poignant anguish of heart, exclusive of all considerations of sympathy for her lover.

I, however, soon found a source of consolation not granted to him I wrote an elegy upon her death; and as it was not composed with any attention to poetical rules, but was dictated solely by feeling, I succeeded far better in this attempt than in anything I had yet produced. It was seriously suggested by some friends, that the poem ought to be printed. The bare idea of this raised such exquisite transports in my bosom, that, notwithstanding my real affection for

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the youth, and sorrow for the maiden, I believe, if a prayer of mine would have recalled her to life, I could not have prevailed upon myself to offer it up at the expense of this offspring of my brain. Thus did the vanity of authorship first exercise its all-powerful tyranny over me. The elegy was never printed, for what reason I do not recollect, but the applause I received from the composition would entirely have effaced my sorrow, even though the unfortunate girl had been my own beloved.

I come now to that period of my life when, from the circumstances into which I was accidentally thrown, my future destiny was irrevocably decided, and I was doomed to experience all the pains and pleasures that inevitably attend the dramatic writer. The deceased player, Abbott, came with his strolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-house as a theatre. Never within my memory had Weimar been visited by any players, and my curiosity was excited beyond all bounds. It will easily be imagined, then, what transports I felt when Musæus, the admirable Musæus, who had always honoured me with his particular notice, and who at that time was governor of the pages, came one evening, and requested my mother to let me accompany him to the play.

With a sacred awe did I enter the theatre, an awe the Castle church was never capable of inspiring. The number of lights, the crowd assembled, the guards, the mysterious curtain, altogether raised my expectation to an unexampled pitch. The play was Klopstock's 'Death of Adam.' Musæus let me stand upon the bench before him, that I might see over the heads of the other spectators. The curtain drew up: I was all eyes, all ears. Not a word, a look, or an attitude, escaped me. I was impatient if any one of the audience coughed or blew his nose. I absolutely stamped with my foot upon the bench if a troublesome neighbour began to talk to Musæus, who was too complaisant not to answer him. No! alive as

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my heart has always been to powerful impressions, never did I experience anything equal to the present.

I came home almost stunned with delight. I was asked, how I liked the play? Ah, my God! LIKED!—What a feeble word to describe my feelings! I wanted some new mode of expression coined on purpose to represent them: none of the old ones were sufficiently forcible. Fain would I have painted in the most vivid colours all I had seen, in hopes to make others feel it as I did, but I was only convinced of the impotence of words to accomplish my aim. I neither knew where to begin nor to end. I would have asked no greater blessing of fate, than to grant that I might be present every night at such a performance. Robinson Crusoe's island was no longer an object of desire to me, for on that desert spot there could be no theatre. It was totally incomprehensible to my mind how people could talk of the play with so much composure, and go on calmly and quietly with their avocations as usual. According to my ideas, they ought all to have run about the streets, like the citizens of Abdera, crying, "Oh! thou ruler over gods and men! Mighty, mighty *Abbott!*" Did any one ask my mother whether she intended to go that evening to the theatre, and she answered in the negative, that she was engaged to take a walk, or something of the like kind, "My God!" I thought within myself, "how is it possible that those who can do as they please, should prefer a walk to the play!"

Inexpressible therefore were my transports, when, not long after, a regular theatre was instituted at Weimar, under the patronage of the duchess Amelia, that favourite of the muses. The company was undoubtedly one of the best at that time in Germany, since the family of Seiler, Brandes, Böck, and the immortal Eckhof, were the principal performers.

Eckhof! thou great and good man, I bless thy ashes! Thou didst assist to form my heart and un-

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derstanding, to awaken many a noble feeling in my bosom, and by thy wonderful performances, to enrich my reason and fancy with ideas and conceptions that could only have been inspired through such a medium. Often when I have seen thee pass by our house in a morning to rehearsal, dressed in a plain coat and an uncombed periwig, with a stooping unassuming gait, how have I been astonished at reflecting that this was the same man who, in the evening when he walked the stage as a king or general, seemed born to command! Thy representations of the human character, at those moments, were to me a school of wisdom, while by thy conduct off the stage thou didst instruct me how to separate real merit from external ostentation.

As Richard the Third, duke Michael, Odoardo, and father Rode, Eckhof was unrivalled. Plays were performed three nights in the week, and my obtaining permission to be present at them depended partly on my general good behaviour, partly on my particular diligence in my studies. A French governess was in those days chief arbitress of the supreme bliss of my life. With her I used to read and translate madame de Beaumont's works, and every day had a testimonial home with me, consisting either of *bon*, *mediocre*, or the dreadful word *mal*. If the latter, adieu to all thoughts of the play for that evening, as my mother was never accessible to intreaties. How often, therefore, when madame Louvel's pen was dipped into the ink to write the fatal word *mal*, have I taken her beautiful white hand, kissed it, and bathed it with my tears, till I could prevail on her to moderate the severity of my sentence at least into a *mediocre!*

My passion for the stage increased every day. As the theatre was entirely supported by the court, there was no paying for admission, but a limited number of tickets were regularly given out. Thus, on festival days, when a new piece or some grand panto-

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mime ballet was to be performed, and the concourse of company who wished to be present was consequently unusually great, it often happened that so insignificant a personage as myself could not procure a ticket. But as my curiosity was on such occasions more strongly excited than ever, I was obliged to have recourse to stratagem for its gratification. Every avenue leading to the theatre, every corner of the house, was as well known to me as the inside of my coat pocket, even the passages under the stage were as familiar to me, as to the man that lighted the lamps. When I was hard pressed for admittance, therefore, I used to stand at the entrance allotted to the performers, and slip in dexterously behind the guards Then, to escape pursuit, I crept instantly under the stage, whence a little door led into the orchestra. Through this I got behind the great drum, which being somewhat elevated, completely concealed my little person, and here I could see the performance very commodiously. Would to heaven I had always shewn equal address with respect to the great drama of the world! That I had never engaged in contests with malice and envy, which stand as guards everywhere, but had only stolen in behind them, not venturing upon the stage myself, but remaining underneath it, or at least in the orchestra, concealed by the great drum. Happy the trimmers of the lamps, who are never clapped or hissed, and who perhaps at home, as they represent a contented family-scene, can exclaim with Gresset :—

> "Une éternité de gloire,
> Vaut-elle un jour de bonheur?"

I may venture to assert, that among all the frequenters of the theatre, old or young, I was always the most attentive. I need only adduce in proof of my attention, that I could repeat the whole of Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti' by heart, without ever having seen the book. It must however be observed, and

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'tis much to the honour of the taste then prevalent in Weimar, formed under an influence of an amiable and discerning princess, that 'Emilia Galotti' was performed very frequently, and always to full houses. The part of Odoardo was played by Eckhof, and was undoubtedly his first character. Madame Mecour as Emilia, Böck as the prince, his wife as Claudia, and above all, madame Seiler as Orsina, united to do justice to this *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic poetry. The 'Grateful Son,' by Engel, was also in my opinion wonderfully impressive, and my reigning favourite next to 'Emilia Galotti.' I soon persuaded my young companions to engage with me in performing both these pieces at our hours of play, and I alternately undertook every character.

Nothing could equal the veneration with which I at that time regarded any actor, how moderate soever might be his professional talents. Could I but throw myself in the way of one off the stage so as to hear him speak, I was transported in no slight degree; but if I could contrive only to speak a single word to him myself, my ecstacy exceeded all bounds, and I thought myself honoured beyond the common lot of mortals. Well do I remember how I used to go every Sunday to a person of the name of Hensel, to learn what plays were to be performed in the ensuing week, for at that time play-bills were not given out as at present. At home I made all things subservient to my theatrical mania It was not enough for me to perform a pastoral drama occasionally on a birth-day, every new piece that fell in my way must instantly be murdered by myself and my corps. At length I obtained possession of Gerstenberg's 'Ugolino,' an excellent drama, and well deserving of a much higher reputation than it has hitherto obtained. I regarded it as an inestimable treasure, since, as containing but few characters, I thought it admirably adapted to our private performances. It never once occurred to me, that though the characters were few in number, every

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one, to have justice done it, required an actor at the very head of his profession. I undertook the part of Anselmo, and perorated it with all the fire of my ardent imagination.

I mentioned above, the grand pantomimical ballets. These were performed in a very superb style at Weimar. With transport do I now recall to remembrance the brilliant representation of 'Idris and Zenida,' 'Orpheus and Euridice,' 'Incle and Yarico,' the 'Amazonians,' and many others. The latter was not the less powerfully recommended to me, from the hints for it being furnished by Musæus.

These ballets had the same effect upon my senses as the regular dramas had upon my feelings, and I soon devised means for imitating them also. I made myself a little theatre, first of wax, then of paper, and at length of wood. Those among my youthful associates who could paint, were employed upon my scenery, and my mother and aunt were set to work at patching pieces of silk together, to make dresses for my puppets. They danced their solos and pas de deux by means of wires, and the lightning was made by *semen lycopodii* blown through a quill into the candle. Thus was every new ballet presented to the public by Messrs Koch and Schutz speedily exhibited upon my private stage. The taste for this kind of toy soon spread among the children at Weimar, and no long period elapsed before almost every boy had his Lilliputian theatre, while my vanity was not a little flattered by being constantly applied to for instruction in the use of the diminutive machinery. Oh! condemn me not, ye wise, for dwelling so long upon these childish sports; the powerful influence they had on my future character is surely a sufficient excuse for such loquacity!

But even in the meridian of my joys, happened that dreadful fire which laid the palace at Weimar in ashes, when consequently the theatre, which was within its precinct, that ultimatum of all my wishes, of all my

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happiness, was demolished for ever. This tragical event took place on the very day when Diderot's 'Père de Famille' was to have been played; a feast to which I had looked forward with more than common delight—delight alas, never to be realised!

The company was now dismissed, and retired to Gotha. Oh, how many a shower of bitter tears did I shed at their departure! Yes, I must once more repeat it, 'tis to the impressions made upon me during that period, that I owe the principal features of my present character.* From a firm conviction of its utility in forming the taste and morals, I strongly recommend to all parents and tutors, if fortunately they live in the vicinity of a well regulated theatre, to carry their children and pupils very frequently to that school. A good drama is the most speedy and effectual of all mediums through which to communicate instruction to the infant heart, to awaken in it an abhorrence of vice, to impress it with a love of virtue, and to excite it to everything great and good. The objection commonly made, that frequent attendance upon theatrical amusements tends to dissipate the minds of children, I consider as wholly futile. Never did I pursue my studies with greater assiduity, never did I make a more rapid progress in them, than when inspired by the hope of having my diligence rewarded with permission to attend the theatre in the evening: whereas, on the contrary, when this charm was lost, I sank for awhile into a state of extreme apathy and indolence.

Should any one here exclaim, with uplifted hands, "What an impious wretch! to admonish parents

* J'ai toujours reconnu l'esprit des jeunes gens, au détail qu'ils faisaient d'une piéce nouvelle qu'ils venaient d'entendre; et j'ai remarqué que tous ceux qui s'en acquittaient le mieux, ont été ceux qui depuis ont acquis le plus de reputation dans leurs emplois. Tant il est vrai, qu'au fond, l'esprit des affaires, et le veritable esprit des belles letres, est le même.—VOLTAIRE.

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against taking their children to church, and recommend their being carried to the play!"—I can only answer with a shrug of my shoulders, "I am not responsible if the sermon and the drama, two paths intended to lead to the same termination, do not equally answer the destined purpose. Whatever contributes towards improving the morals of mankind, I regard as sacred, without considering what appellation it may bear. Were the same effect produced by a sermon, as by a play, I would recommend the one as earnestly as the other; but till I can be convinced that this is the case, I must hold to my present opinion. What if sermons be preached gratis! is that a reason why they should be dull and tedious! is that a sufficient excuse for wearying the patience of an audience? Let me ask any man upon his conscience, whether, if he must be compelled to choose between two evils, he would not rather see a bad play, than hear a bad sermon?"

I had been now for some time a scholar at the gymnasium at Weimar, an institution in which there was then great room for improvement. I commenced my career in the third class, in which the pupils among other useless things were all compelled to learn Hebrew. Was it then surprising that instead of attending regularly at the school hours, I should often spend that time privately with a schoolfellow, who was educated, or perhaps I should rather say spoiled, by an over fond uncle, when we were commonly occupied in forming plans for acting plays. I remember well that we once determined on performing 'The Busy Idlers,' and had actually been employed for several days in writing out the different parts, before we perceived that it was the severest satire possible upon ourselves.

In the second class our studies were ordered somewhat better, though even there the pupils were employed in many things, which, to say the truth, answered no purpose but to murder time. Among

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others may be reckoned the making of Latin verses, which was expected of all the scholars, whether they had talents for it or not. The worthy Musæus, much against his inclination, was our tutor in this branch of learning. But if some of our time was misemployed, it must also be acknowledged that we acquired much valuable learning and knowledge at this seminary. This was indeed principally to be ascribed to the attention and judgment of the excellent man above-mentioned. By him we were exercised in writing letters, and it is well known that nobody ever excelled more in epistolary writing than Musæus. An hour in every week was besides devoted to poetry, and as this was on a Saturday, I always looked forward to that day with particular delight. The forms observed on these occasions were thus regulated:

At the appointed time Musæus came among the class, and enquired whether any scholar had a poetical composition of his own to produce, for this was very properly a perfectly voluntary thing on the part of the youth. Yet he scarcely ever failed of finding some bashful wooers of the muses, who with downcast eyes signified that they had been taking a canter upon Pegasus. The rostrum was immediately resigned to the juvenile poet, who ascended it and read his production, while the master walked up and down in silence with his hands behind him. At the conclusion of each piece, the work was criticised by the latter, though not with the same severity as is customary among the critical corps in the world at large. When the original productions were exhausted, this class of orators were succeeded by those who had only learned by heart the works of others, as exercises in declamation. But here too all was voluntary. Each individual selected for himself, or took no share whatever in the exercise, entirely at his own option. These recitations concluded, Musæus here criticised the delivery, as in the former instance the composition, in both giving his reasons for every remark that

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he made. How much happier in this respect were we, than are the great mass of authors, whose works are commonly criticised by the world at large without any reason at all.

As, when a child, I would only draw my pious orisons from the sources of my own heart, so, now I would not offer up to the god of poetry the effusions of others, but was always among the small number who produced their own weeds from the garden of Parnassus. To this day I have in my possession several trifles composed for these occasions, which, without incurring the censure of a too great partiality for my own offspring, I think I might venture to assert would not be among the worst productions that usually compose the almanacks of the muses.

At that time ballads were much the rage. The almanacks swarmed with terrific legends of knights and ghosts, which, as tales of horror, could not fail of exciting my warmest admiration; nor was it unnatural in my ardour of authorship, that I should be inspired with a secret ambition of rivaling them. I therefore composed a ballad in the very highest flights of the ruling taste, a part of which I have still among my papers. It contained a sumptuous banquet, and a horrible murder; a ghost appeared preaching repentance, and the obdurate sinner was at length carried away by the devil. The versification was, however, easy and correct.

On the following Saturday, I scarcely knew how to wait for the appointed hour, before I produced this master-piece. The important moment arrived—my heart palpitated—I ascended the rostrum, and read my performance with a tremulous voice;—but how did my eyes sparkle, how did my bosom swell with transport, when at the conclusion Musæus said,—Oh words never to be forgotten!—"Good! very good! —from what almanack did you borrow it?"—Conceive, reader, if thou canst—but no, 'tis impossible

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to conceive with what exultation I answered, "It is my own writing."

"Indeed!" said Musæus, "Well, well, bravo! go on!"—I was almost beside myself, and would not have parted with the feelings of that moment to purchase a kingdom. With cheeks glowing with delight I returned to my seat, and as I observed that the eyes of all my school-fellows were fixed upon me, I concealed my face, with ostentatious modesty, in the blue cloak which all the scholars were obliged to wear.

From that moment I considered myself as really a poet. Musæus had said bravo! Musæus could think that the ballad was taken from an almanack—a species of publication, for which at that time I entertained a very high respect—who then could question my claim to be considered as a son of the muses? I had now proceeded in my career, and against every Saturday composed something new, but as it appeared to me that nothing could possibly equal my ballad, I contentedly reposed under my laurels, only gratifying my childish vanity by always carrying the beloved babe in my pocket, that no opportunity of spreading its fame might be lost by its not being at hand when I met with any one so goodnatured as to request the perusal of it.

Happily for me, Musæus understood as well how to check conceit, as to encourage genius. Some months after, when the time was approaching, at which both tutors and pupils were to make an exhibition of their talents at a public examination before a numerous audience, Musæus wishing the examiners to be presented with some specimens of the scholars' progress in composition, desired those whom he thought capable of it, to recite poems of their own writing. When it came to my turn, and he asked me what I should produce upon the occasion, I answered without hesitation, and with perfect self-satisfaction, my "ballad"

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"Your ballad," he replied; "what ballad?"

"The same that Mr Professor was pleased to commend so highly some months ago," I returned, with a confidence and self-sufficiency that Mr Professor could not endure.

"Pshaw!" he replied; "away with the silly thing which I had long ago forgotten. No, no; pray let us have something new, something worth hearing."

I was thunderstruck. The mighty fabric of vanity erected in my bosom was overthrown in an instant, and shame stood weeping over the ruins. What was to be done?—I must cast off the laureal-wreath beneath which I had so long contentedly slumbered, and which I now first discovered to be withered, and endeavour to deserve a fresh crown.

Piqued as I was however, I roused all my energies, resolving to do something that should not disgrace my former attainments. I selected from 'Miller's Moral Pictures' the story of the Unnatural Son, who kept his father in confinement, of which the following is an abstract:—A prodigal was once celebrating a grand festival at his castle, when one of the guests, for want of room, was lodged at night in a remote apartment at the end of a long and solitary passage. At midnight the chamber-door opened, and a wretched, wan, meagre figure, loaded with chains, tottered in. He went up to the chimney, and scraping together the few remaining embers, sat down to warm his trembling hands. The guest astonished, started up in his bed, and examining this spirit, as at first he was almost inclined to think it, soon recognized the features of his old friend, the father of his then host. Through the universal bustle in the house, his guards had not watched him with their usual care, and thus he had gotten loose, and was strolling about that part of the castle. This dreadful, but alas! true story, I put into verse, and once more gained great applause from my tutor.

Out of the school-hours I also enjoyed the instruc-

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tion of that worthy man in many very important matters. From these private lectures I derived much more advantage than from the public ones, since they were devoted solely to forming my taste and morals. By them I learned thoroughly to know and value the excellent heart, and amiable domestic virtues of my instructor, and from valuing, was insensibly led to imitate them. Daily did my affectionate esteem for him increase, although he was sometimes pretty severe with me. I cannot here forbear relating an anecdote, partly because it shews his strong propensity to satire, even in the punishment of those under his tuition, and partly because I think that the more I speak of Musæus, the more entertaining and valuable I shall make my sketch.

I had been guilty of some boyish piece of mischief, I do not now recollect what, and my mother, who shrunk from punishing me herself, gave me a Uriah's letter to Musæus, requesting that he would inflict on me such correction as he judged proportionate to the offence. He read the letter, represented my transgression to me very calmly, though very forcibly, and then ordered a stick to be brought from the wood house. The stick was brought—it was a willow staff which had grown somewhat crooked. He looked at it with a smile, took me by the arm, gave me several smart strokes over the back and shoulders, and then very coolly, and with an air of the utmost politeness, begged my pardon for having used a crooked weapon.

This piece of banter wounded me much more deeply than the severest chastisement. I never forgot it, and reminding him of the circumstance some years after, we laughed at it together very heartily. I must however observe, and Musæus himself acknowledged the same thing, that this is a very improper mode of correction for any tutor to practise. Nothing is so exasperating to the young mind as sarcasm, nor does anything weaken the force of

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chastisement like its being accompanied with insult. For myself, I must confess that my bosom was for many weeks impressed with a strong feeling of resentment at this humiliation, nor perhaps had it easily been got over, had I not been so long accustomed to love and respect Musæus, that I scarcely knew how to regard him with other sensations; and a few words of encouragement to my talents, which from his mouth I always considered as invaluable, shortly after finally sealed his pardon.

While I was in the second class, I made another effort at dramatic writing. I selected Catiline's conspiracy as my subject, and composed on it a tragedy of five acts, which filled at least half a quire of paper. When it was finished, I applied to a schoolfellow of the name of Hügel, who was grown up, and was considered by the whole class as a great genius; with profound humility requesting him to read my production, and subjoin his remarks upon it at the end. This he did, and passed his sentence in the following words: "Very well, only a man cannot address one whom he calls my lord, as *thou*?"*

In a moment the respect I had entertained for this sublime genius, as he was called, vanished, and was degraded into compassion. From the pieces I had seen performed, founded upon Grecian and Roman stories, I knew perfectly well that it was not only admissible, but even customary, among those nations to address all persons, how exalted soever their stations, in the style I had used, and I therefore settled the matter to my own entire satisfaction, that since the great Hügel could not find any other fault with my tragedy, it was consequently faultless. Had Eckhof been then at Weimar, I verily believe my vanity had even led me with great humility to offer him the piece

* To address a person of rank in Germany as *thou*, is considered as a very flagrant violation of propriety. The proper mode of address is in the third person plural.—TRANSLATOR.

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for representation, and humbly to request that he would himself undertake the part of Cicero.

My happiest efforts were commonly small poems, in which, feeling was the predominant feature, and even now I recollect with a soft and soothing pleasure, some verses I once made on my excellent mother's birth-day. Our music-master set them; my sister was to sing them to her harpsichord, I accompanying her with my flute, and our master with the bass. All this was arranged, the performance rehearsed in private, and on the morning of the appointed day we surprised my mother with our little cantata. Happy the man who can boast like scenes of love and innocence stored up in his memory! They are medicines preserved in a small chest, which may remain long unopened, but when the soul is in a state of suffering, we apply to the precious drops, and find them a salutary balsam.

In that tender age when the mind, like a young tree, bends with every blast, whatever it produces is mere imitation. I am convinced indeed, that original ideas are scarcely to be expected from any man before he arrives at the age of maturity. For myself I can safely say, that all the productions of my early years were composed on hints taken from others, commonly from the last thing I had read.

At that time the dramas of Brandes were in considerable repute; for amid the barren waste of our dramatic literature it was consoling to meet with a single flower, even no more than a pale violet. I wrote a comedy, which I called 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and which, unless I deceive myself, strongly resembled the 'Count von Olsbach.' Madame Wattel, one of my principal characters, was formed on the exact model of madame Wandel. Goethe was then a frequent visitor at our house. He heard of my comedy, and was so condescending, or so polite, as to desire to read it. This gave my mother infinite delight, and perhaps the pleasing her was his principal

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view in making the request. Never have I since heard or seen anything of it, but it must have been no small tax upon his patience if he ever wasted any time in reading it.

This extraordinary man was however always extremely kind to me in my boyish years. He used to permit me to make snares for birds in his garden, as I was a no less ardent sportsman than poet. When I went thither by six in the morning, or indeed sometimes earlier, to see whether I had caught a fieldfare or a redbreast, he would come and talk to me with great affability, and exhort me to diligence in my studies. He perhaps has long ago forgotten so trifling a circumstance, but I can never forget it, since every word that fell from his lips was, in my opinion, deserving of the deepest attention, and made a much stronger impression on me than all the common-place admonitions of the mass of my school preceptors.

Goethe had at that time written his charming little dramatic piece, 'The Brethren.' It was performed at a private theatre at Weimar, he himself playing William, and my sister, Mariana; while to me—yes, to me! was allotted the important part of the postillion. My readers may easily imagine with what exultation I trod the stage, for the first time, before the mighty public itself. I enquired of everybody I saw, whether or not I had done justice to my character?—The ungrateful wretches! they scarcely remembered the appearance of such an insignificant being as the postillion.

It was about that period that I first read Goethe's Werther. I cannot find words to describe the overpowering emotions excited in my soul by this wonderful, philosophical romance. From that moment I conceived so enthusiastic an attachment to its author, that at his request I would even readily have run my hands into the fire to seek for his lost shoe-buckle.

Another poet, whose works are replete with passion and animation, was also our frequent guest. This

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was Klinger. To a fine and manly figure, he united a certain honesty and ardour of temper that charmed me irresistibly. With him and Musæus I once made a pedestrian excursion to Gotha, to which I always recur with the greatest pleasure. This early and constant intercourse with such illustrious characters afforded opportunities for cultivating what talents I possessed, of which I should have been highly culpable not to have availed myself, for giving them all the polish the foundation would admit. They were advantages, indeed, of which few young authors can ever boast.

I was now removed into the highest class, in which the deceased Heinse first inspired me with a taste for the Latin language. In the other classes I had regarded the acquisition of this branch of learning as so much an affair of mere mechanism, that it was impossible it should communicate any pleasure to the mind. But in their leisure hours Heinse used to read Terence with the pupils, and in so masterly a manner, that no particle of the true attic poignancy was lost. This alone, of all our studies in the first class, afforded me any entertainment. The miserable logic we learned from an old scholastic, the dull lectures on Zopf's dry 'Universal History,' and many other things taught in the school-hours, gave me such an inveterate nausea, that I scarcely did anything all the time but slily read romances beneath my cloak.

At length the day arrived on which I was to become a student of the great academy at Jena. I was indeed scarcely sixteen years old when removed thither. For a while I was only a half scholar, since I did not attend at the college meals The study of the dead and living languages was my principal object during the first year. The high idea of the Latin tongue which I had conceived on becoming acquainted with Terence, was considerably increased as I proceeded in my studies at Jena. Weideberg, at that time one of the assistants there, but now professor at Helmstadt, read lectures in Horace for an hour immediately after

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dinner. I cannot say that this time was selected with particular judgment, since, in the summer months especially, nothing less than the high entertainment we received from the lectures could have prevented our frequently taking a nap. Weideberg entered with true philosophical taste into the spirit of the poet, and separated with the nicest discrimination the beauty of the thougnts from that of the diction.

With the French language I had been a dabbler from my childhood, but in Jena I made great proficiency in it. Boulet, the worthy old Boulet, was no common teacher of languages. Perfectly acquainted with the best authors of his century, from which he always extracted the finest passages, no one knew so well as himself how to introduce them in an appropriate manner. He had besides a most admirable talent at seasoning his instructions with wit and humour, and the happy turn to his thoughts was inexhaustible. My decided preference for the French language and French authors was acquired entirely from him. For, however strange the confession may appear from one who is not only himself a German, but even a German writer; yet I must own, that in the department of the belles-lettres, and particularly in the easy and concise manner in which their historical and philosophical works are written, I think we are far behind the French. This perhaps is principally to be ascribed to the heaviness and harshness of our language.

Yet it appears now extremely probable, that their revolution may make such a stagnation in literature, that time may be allowed us to get the start of them even in these departments, and that before France shall again produce such historians and philosophers as have been nurtured in her bosom, we may boast more than one Schiller in the former line, more than one Garve in the latter. Italian I learned of signor Valenti, and under his tuition first became acquainted with Ariosto.

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Nor did my love for the drama remain entirely without gratification at Jena. At the time of my arrival I found a private theatre just instituted among the students there, and it very naturally became a primary object of my effort to procure admission as a member of it. The young ladies of the academies always declined performing with us at this theatre. In this I must confess that I think they were right, though the necessity that hence arose of dressing young lads in women's clothes, was very disadvantageous to the performance. Notwithstanding they might be yet without beards, and scarcely have attained to the manly countenance, it was impossible but they must make very awkward figures in this change of garment and character. On account of my youth, women's characters were frequently allotted to me, and I cannot now recollect without laughing, having been dressed in a large hoop to play madame von Schmerling, in Grossmann's 'Not more than Six Dishes.' Many a swain have I had kneeling at my feet, as I supported the character of many a young and tender damsel.

Besides all my other pursuits, I still continued to forge rhymes, which I dignified with the name of poetry, and it so happened that within the first twelve months of my academical career, I met both with encouragement and humiliation in the progress of my Parnassian flights. The latter arose from my propensity to imitation not being yet extinguished.

Having for some time applied myself closely to studying Wieland's style of poetry, I began to think, that since his verses were so smooth and easy to read, they must consequently be very easy to compose. I therefore wrote, 'A Winter's Tale' in two days, transcribed it over fair on the third, and on the fourth dispatched it by the post to Wieland, with an ostentatiously modest letter, soliciting with great confidence, a place for my offspring in the German Mercury.

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It may easily be supposed that Wieland had concerns upon his hands of much greater importance than the answering of my letter. I was not indeed perfectly satisfied at its remaining unanswered, but was, however, willing to pardon this negligence, provided I should see my production in print; a satisfaction I had not the smallest doubt of receiving. Every month therefore, I expected the appearance of the Mercury with excess of impatience, and eagerly ran over the list of its contents, assured of finding my 'Winter's Tale.' In the first month I consoled myself for my disappointed hopes, by the conviction that Wieland had only postponed the insertion of my production from a superabundance of materials. But when, first a quarter, then half a year, passed on, and still no tale appeared, I was vain and absurd enough to persuade myself, for a moment, that Wieland through envy wished to suppress my growing talents.

I do not attempt to veil my weakness. I hold ye up a mirror, ye poetasters, in which to view yourselves! Two years after, when my reason was somewhat more matured, I sent Wieland another poem, called 'Ralph and Guido,' accompanied by a really modest anonymous letter. My humility was then rewarded by the pleasure of seeing my offspring inserted in the very next number.

But, as I hinted above, at the same time that my pride was so mortified with regard to my 'Winter's Tale,' another circumstance happened, which gave me great encouragement, and almost effaced the chagrin of my disappointment in the former instance. A student of the name of Gether was drowned bathing in the Saale, and the extreme affliction into which his intimate friend Schuettdorf was plunged by his untimely fate, excited universal compassion. Without being acquainted with either of the parties, I wrote some verses upon this affecting subject, which were printed by Schuettdorf himself, and set to music by a composer of great taste, of the name of Reinhard.

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Of three poems occasioned by this melancholy catastrophe, I was flattered with the assurance that mine was indisputably the best. This preference, united with the inexpressible pleasure derived from seeing myself for the first time in print, was quite sufficient to expunge all humiliating recollections, and I became more ardently devoted to the muses than ever.

The first year of my stay at Jena was just expired, when my sister married and settled at Duisburgh upon the Rhine. From affection to her, and that she might not be immediately separated from all her friends and relations, I accompanied her home, promising at the same time to spend a year at this duodecimo university. The journey to Duisburgh furnished my imagination with a great variety of new images, since, in the course of it, I saw the celebrated town of Cassel, enriched by so many works of art, Frankfort on the Maine, and above all, the glorious scenery that nature presents along the banks of the Rhine, from the place where we entered our yacht, till we arrived at Cologne. Whoever wishes to make an experiment upon himself, whether or not he has any turn for poetry, must take this journey, and if he do not in the course of it find the poetical vein irresistibly burst forth, he may give up the point at once.

I cannot forbear here inserting a humorous anecdote that occurred in the course of our peregrinations. At Cassel we happened accidentally to lodge in the same hotel with Abbott the player, who had formerly been almost the god of my idolatry at Weimar, and who now carried on his profession in the first-mentioned town. The respect I had then conceived for his person was not by any means extinguished, and the moment I espied him at the *table d'hôte*, I was all attention, nor could think any more of eating or drinking.

On that day 'Ariadné of Naxos' was to be performed. He was talking of it at the table, and re-

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gretting the smallness of his stage, and scantiness of the decorations; in particular he complained heavily of the want of a sun. But suddenly turning to my sister, who was scarcely less attentive to him than myself, this Theseus, whose head was already "silvered o'er with age," said, with all the gallantry of a knight errant in the good old days of chivalry, "But if you, madam, would be so obliging as to stand in the back-ground, we should have no occasion for any other sun."

It was enough. At so ridiculous an hyperbole my profound respect vanished in a moment as with a stroke of an enchanter's rod. I looked at him earnestly, smiled, and returned to eating my dinner with an excellent appetite.

One of my first anxieties at Duisburgh was to institute a private theatre. I did not experience much difficulty in collecting together a number of young men, all perfectly ready to strut their hours as kings, as heroes, as generals. A more arduous task was to find a place suited to our representations. This little town, as is very commonly the case with little towns, was enveloped by a thick cloud of prejudices. The few who possessed taste had no room large enough to answer our purpose, and those who had rooms would not suffer them to undergo such profanation.

In this distress, from whom will it be supposed we received assistance?—But that would never be guessed. It was even from the venerable fathers of the convent of the Minorets. With the utmost courtesy and politeness they offered us the use of their cloister, attended at our rehearsals, laughed at our jokes, and related with no small pleasure how they themselves had formerly played scripture-stories. Indeed, truth obliges me to confess, that in general among the catholic shepherds of souls, I have found less ecclesiastical bigotry, than among the pastors of the protestant church. The moment that the *benedicat tibi Dominus* is pronounced over the latter, they seem

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to consider themselves as beings of a superior order; the former never forget that they are men; and if, in matters of faith, they are somewhat intolerant, they certainly practise much more forbearance towards the frailties of human nature. Hell is, indeed, equally their bugbear for frightening their deluded fellow-creatures, but with them there is still some hope of escaping from it; whereas, with the protestant, 'tis once there, and always there. In short, whoever is condemned to fall into the hands of a priest, will stand a much better chance with a monk than with a superintendent.

In the cloister of the Minorets' convent, to the astonishment, the delight, and the scandal of the Duisburgh public, we performed the play of 'The Rivals.' Since the creation of the world, never probably was the cloister of a convent so profaned; and whoever had seen such a place crowded with females dressed in their best attire, might well have asked himself, "Where am I? Is this a dream, or am I really within monastic walls?"

The most ridiculous part of the story was, that for want of a sufficient number of performers, I played two characters—no less than Julia, and the young squire Ackerland.* Wherever these two were to appear together, I providently made such alterations as would adapt it to my purpose; and in the damsel's character I wore the dress of an Amazon, so contrived, as that it could be changed in an instant when I was to make my appearance as the clownish squire. After these, and the like fashions, did I compel every difficulty to vanish before my theatrical rage.

But still, in writing, my mind did not emit one spark of originality. A romance, which I began at

* Probably this was Sheridan's admirable comedy of 'The Rivals,' and a mistake is here made in calling the character Ackerland instead of Acres. Or perhaps the name may be altered in the German translation.—TRANSLATOR.

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Duisburgh, was the exact counterpart of 'Sophy's Journey from Memel to Saxony.' No more than four sheets of this were ever completed. Two other productions I did finish, but only to receive two new mortifications. The first was a comedy called 'The Ring; or, Avarice is the Root of all Evil;' founded, as usual, upon an old and worn out story. A young woman, supposed to be dead, was, by the desire of her lover, buried with a valuable ring he had presented to her, upon her finger, which, in the night, the ghostly father comes to take away, when she awakes, to his no small astonishment and confusion.

This piece I had the assurance to send to Schrœder, who returned it with a very polite letter of rejection, which I received, even at the moment that I was meditating, in triumphant exultation, on the vast honours that awaited me upon its performance. I railed unmercifully at Schrœder, for not understanding his own interest better; and, in the warmth of my indignation, quarrelled with the ungrateful dramatic muse, whom I resolved to forswear for ever. To console myself, I immediately wrote a romance of eight or ten sheets, which, in my own opinion, was no way inferior to Werther. The story was, indeed, much more horrible, since the hero threw himself from a rock, and was dashed in pieces.

Weigand, at Leipsic, was at that time principal accoucheur to all the fashionable romances, and to him therefore was my offspring sent for his decision upon its merits. For some time I hastened anxiously twice in the week to the post, in hopes of receiving tidings of my darling. At last came a letter, and a letter only, by which it was plain that my manuscript was not returned, and I instantly concluded for certain, that it was already consigned to the press. Think, then, with what humiliation and confusion, on opening the letter, I read, that Mr Weigand was amply supplied with such articles for several fairs to come, and that my manuscript should be at my ser-

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vice, whenever I would have the goodness to pay the postage.

This latter clause was added, because, in full confidence of the value of my merchandize, I had sent the parcel unfranked, meaning the carriage to be deducted from the profits of the work. He doubtless supposed, that here he had me secure, and that from paternal affection I should readily pay whatever was necessary for the release of my child. But he was terribly mistaken. What! should my hero not merely throw himself from a rock for nothing, but must I even pay for it?—No: this was too much!—this was a humiliation not to be endured!

I cannot deny, but that I had been very glad to have my manuscript again in my own possession, since I had no other copy of it. Like a true genius, I had sent it to seek its fortune as it was first written off, without a single correction or emendation; for I thought the public sufficiently honoured by receiving anything from my pen, no matter how hurried or incorrect the production; a species of arrogance and impertinence to which puerile authors are too much addicted. But 'tis well known, that we sons of the muses are seldom overstocked with money; and, added therefore to my indignant feelings on the subject, I thought it more prudent, with regard to my pocket, to leave the precious treasure in pawn: and there, perhaps, it lies at this moment, unless Mr Weigand, to indemnify himself as far as possible for the postage, may have sold it to the pastry-cook for baking tarts. If such have been its fate, I can only regret that I have not partaken of the tarts myself.

In the year 1779, I returned to Jena, and applied myself with tolerable diligence to studying the law. The old H——, who entertained his audience with ribaldry; the dry S——, who never in his life produced but two jokes, which he was continually repeating, and at which nobody laughed but himself; the prosing tasteless W——; and the worthy, but un-

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couth Sch——, were my preceptors. I attended lectures on history from Müller, who could not utter a period without introducing the words 'here and there,' no matter whether they had any business there, or not. Logic and metaphysics I studied with counsellor Ulric,* who had then no competitor in this department; and I continued to improve myself in languages under Boulet and Valenti. My leisure hours were devoted, heart and soul, to the private theatre.

About that time I produced a tragedy, called 'Charlotte Frank,' which, miserable as it was, would probably in these days have drawn upon me the honour of persecution. The story was of a prince, who in hunting, accidentally saw the daughter of a country clergyman, and instantly fell in love with her. He contrived to carry her off; but she being also beloved by another young man of a fiery and impetuous disposition, the prince was ultimately shot by the despairing lover. One of the characters was a sort of Marinelli, a hanger-on of the prince's, and in costume a very miserable copy of a captain of hussars. The country clergyman was a no less miserable imitation of Odoardo.

Be that as it may, I succeeded in persuading our company to perform my drama; and Wolf, the deceased chapel-master, was so obliging as to compose a very fine adagio for it. This was played while the hero of the piece was at his prayers, and was by far the best thing in the whole performance. I myself personated the prince; but alas! when at last I ought to have been shot, the pistol missed fire. Against this emergency, however, my murderer was prepared, as he had armed himself also with a

* This does not mean a counsellor, according to the idea of the word in England, but an 'aulic counsellor,' a mere title of honour, conferred very lavishly in Germany.—TRANSLATOR.

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dagger; but I was so eager to die, that I fell at sight of the pistol before I had time to perceive the disaster. The hero, however, threw himself upon my prematurely dead body, and equally resolved to kill, as I was to die, gave me several desperate stabs with the dagger. The curtain dropped, and the audience were very sparing of their applause.

Soon after, I ventured upon a comedy, which I called 'Wives à-la-mode.' This succeeded much better than my tragedy; and, if I am not mistaken, contained some strokes of genuine comic humour. Several anecdotes of the town were covertly interspersed in it, and these obtained the piece more applause than perhaps it deserved.

This success was but too grateful to sarcastic youth, and fatally contributed towards confirming me in an unfortunate propensity I always had to satire. I have rarely, however, suffered myself to indulge in this species of writing, and I can truly say, that when I have, it has never been to gratify spleen or ill-nature. Yet, since I arrived at years of maturity, it has been the cause of embittering many hours of my life. Satire is like the sting of a bee, the stinger thinks no more of it after it is past, but he leaves his weapon behind, which rankles, probably for ever, within the breast of the wounded person.

Take warning from me, ye who are entering on the career of authorship, and shun this dangerous path! A malicious audience, it is true, will smile upon you on all sides, while perhaps at the same moment they are aiming the heaviest strokes against you in secret. And should this sketch have the happy effect of deterring but one person from falling into so delusive a snare, I am content; my trouble is amply repaid.

I must not here omit mentioning a poetical club, instituted by myself and some of my friends; from which, besides its affording us many very pleasant hours, we derived much real advantage. We met

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occasionally to read together little pieces of our own production. These were afterwards sent round to all the members for their several remarks, which were discussed at the next meeting. After some time, our institution received a very great accession from the aulic counsellor Schutz being prevailed upon to become our president. It may easily be supposed, how much the consciousness that our works were to pass under the inspection of so excellent a judge, stimulated our zeal. He was extremely candid to our defects, and set an example as a critic, which, sorry am I to say, the critical corps, at whose head he now stands, have not thought proper to follow.

In my eighteenth year I was admitted a member of the German society at Jena, which I then considered as a very high honour—an error I have long since retracted. Of the essays read in that assembly, I recollect only one, which contained an elaborate defence of the emperor Julian But I remember also, that even in those days, the silly tales invented by various sects of religionists, and the blood-thirsty rancour with which they persecuted each other, excited my utmost abhorrence.

Some months, spent very pleasantly during the summer, in frequent visits to the garden of Clippstein, gave existence to a small collection of poems, which, by means of my friend Musæus, were printed by W—— at E——. I cautiously avoid mentioning either the title of the collection, or the name of the publisher, since the curiosity of some readers might be sufficiently awakened to induce a wish of bringing the babe once more into light, by which I am conscious that I should be no gainer. At that time, however, the publication gave me inexpressible satisfaction, and I eagerly searched every catalogue that fell into my hands, in hopes of finding my beloved volume among the list.

Whence comes it that we feel such exquisite sensations of delight on our admission into the sanctum

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sanctorum of authorship? By what claim does the young author regard his first publication as a credential to the public? Does he consider the art of embodying the effusions of his imagination so as to render them visible to others, in the light of an acquired merit? Does he forget, that poets, equally with mechanics, have been born beneath a roof of straw? That the organization of the frame, and the irritability of the nerves, or the activity of their juices, if juices they have, constitute the wonderful variety we behold in mental propensities, or what is commonly called talent; consequently, that the art of writing poetry can be as little esteemed a merit of his own acquisition as corporeal strength or beauty?

In order to give a public proof that I was not trifling away my time solely with the belles-lettres, I closed my academical career at Jena, in my nineteenth year, with taking the character of an opponent at a doctor's degree. Soon after I returned to Weimar, where I studied the Pandects with extreme diligence, was examined by the principals in the law, and admitted as an advocate. Here, while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myself a zealous client of the muses.

Two or three years before, a satirical ballad had escaped my pen, reflecting, perhaps unjustifiably, upon the fair of Weimar. To atone for this transgression was now my first object; and I sang their beauties, and their virtues, in such elaborate strains as I hoped would entirely efface all unpleasant recollections. My offence originated in the following circumstance.

A figure-dancer had been exhibiting his feats at Weimar, who had a singular art of displaying his fine Herculean form to the utmost possible advantage, by the great variety of his attitudes, and the graceful movements of his body. Scandal soon began to be busy in buzzing about the town, a report that he had made a deep impression on the hearts of many of our

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ladies. This rumour reaching my ears, a thought struck me to make the story, no matter whether true or false, the subject of a ridiculous parody on Bürger's ballad of 'The Women of Weinsberg;' and I must own, that after a lapse of sixteen years, I still consider it as one of the best pieces of humour I ever produced. But in proportion to its merit was its offence; and the more credit it gained, so much more did it draw upon me the heavy indignation of every female in the town. A certain Mr B——, who passed for a good poet, and valued himself not a little upon his poetical talents, took upon himself to be the ladies' champion, and did me the honour of making me the subject of another ballad, in which I was pretty severely handled: a very proper chastisement for casting reflections upon the whole sex, when perhaps not one deserved censure, or even ridicule.

The summer after my return from Jena was one of the happiest periods of my life, since, I then first enjoyed the entire confidential friendship of the admirable Musæus. I have already related, in my sketch of this worthy man's life, that we used to meet daily in his garden. We wrote together at the same table, using the same ink-glass, and even now I seem to behold the pleasant and goodnatured smile that illumined his countenance, the animation that beamed from his eyes, when he was about to commit to writing some humorous idea that had struck his fancy. He generally read over to me in the evening what he had written in the course of the day, though sometimes this entertainment was deferred to the end of the week. Was it then surprising, that as I had already endeavoured to imitate Wieland and Brandes, Goëthe and Hermes, I should now be struck with a passion for taking Musæus as my model?

About that time, Wittekind of Eisenach had formed a plan for publishing a miscellaneous work, consisting of tales, poems, &c. which was intended to be very voluminous, and to which he had given some com-

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mon-place title that I have now forgotten. I was invited by him to become an assistant in this publication; but to that I would not consent, unless I had permission to give it a more attractive name. The publisher made no difficulty of complying with my terms, and I accordingly baptised the child by the name of 'Ganymede for the Literary World.' I wrote a preface for the first volume, and contributed towards it, 'I, a History in Fragments,' into which I endeavoured to transfuse Musæus's original turn of thought and style: how well I succeeded may easily be imagined. This was the first and last concern I had with Mr Wittekind and his work; though, if I am not mistaken, it is still continued. By meeting with it sometimes in looking over catalogues, I am reminded of the sins of my youth.

My second production this summer was a collection of tales. These were published by Dyck at Leipsic, and were honoured with being printed in a very elegant manner. He has since conferred another honour upon them, wholly unexpected by me, and not quite so satisfactory, in republishing them without my knowledge or consent, considerably altered and enlarged. A few weeks ago, wishing to form a complete collection of my works, I sent to Leipsic, among other things, for this insignificant production. I opened it, and began reading; when, to my astonishment, I found there was a great deal of which I had not the slightest recollection. I could not imagine how it could happen, that I had so totally forgotten what was written by myself. I read on: but my surprise only increased; for still, what I was reading seemed in great measure new to me, till at length I was thoroughly convinced, that many things were introduced of which I was not the author. By degrees, memory assisted me to separate my own from foreign property; and, at the end of the retrospect I was equally convinced, that not only was I made responsible for no fewer than a hundred and fifty-three

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pages, not a word of which I had written, but also, that much really of my own composition was omitted.

Let me not be supposed thus publicly to notice this circumstance, from the silly vanity of considering what I did myself as of so superior a nature, that it must necessarily be disfigured by these additions and alterations. I will readily allow, on the contrary, that from the inferiority of my own part, it could only be considered as a foil to the rest. But in what a light must I appear to the writers of the added pieces, should my book ever fall accidentally into their hands, and they should see their own children sent into the world under my name? Must I not be justly considered as the most shameless and contemptible of all plagiarists, or rather as a literary impostor? And what besides must Weisse, the receiver of the military contributions, whom I have not the honour of knowing, even by sight, think of seeing a poem addressed to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance?

Finally, what shall we say to the publisher himself? In the year 1780, when this work was first printed, he engaged, in case of its coming to a new edition, to pay me a fixed additional sum by the sheet, for revising and correcting it; yet he has published this new and enlarged edition even without my knowledge.

The whole transaction is every way incomprehensible, and is perhaps a circumstance that never happened before to a living author. After much reflection, I can find one only possible solution of it: a great part of the original edition of my tales, which certainly were not of a first-rate kind, might perhaps remain as useless lumber upon the publisher's hands, as might also be the case with some other work now consolidated with mine. But since my name has become more known, and has acquired some degree of reputation, he thought the time was arrived for indemnifying himself for this double loss; so, melting

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his two old shopkeepers together, has sent them out to seek their fortune, as the work of the author now the more popular. As a mercantile speculation, I must own this procedure to be ingenious, but I cannot possibly admire it as a matter of principle.

Yet, in consideration of the joyous day purchased with the money I received for the first publication of my tales, I pardon the subsequent offence. It was on my mother's birth-day, and to the last moment of my life I shall call up the recollection with transport. In a garden, decorated with garlands of flowers, part of which were formed into the initials of our names, I surprised her with a rural entertainment. In the preparations for this, the good Musæus, who was always eager to promote such innocent amusements, had busied himself extremely. A stage was formed by live hedges, upon which, a short and affecting little drama was performed by some children; soft music played among the trees and shrubs, and in the evening the whole garden was illuminated with coloured lamps. It was the happiest day I ever experienced. Even now, the recollection brings tears into my eyes, since then, I saw tears of transport standing in those of my mother. Yes! Dyck is pardoned!

The third child I brought forth in Musæus' summer-house, was a comedy in three acts, called 'The Triple Vow.' Passages and single scenes were not amiss. It was written with the intention of being played at a private theatre at Weimar, after the duchess's delivery, but unluckily, only in case of her presenting the world with a prince; and as it was her royal pleasure on this occasion perversely to produce a daughter, the performance fell to the ground, nor has the piece ever appeared in print.

Besides these productions, I wrote, about the same time, at the request of a very worthy man who honoured me with his friendship, some criticisms in a literary publication. If these bore the stamp of immature youth, at least they were free from any symp-

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toms of the shameless critical acumen dealt out so liberally by maturer writers in the present days.

In the autumn of 1781, I went to Petersburgh.* The celebrated poet Lenz, author of the 'New Menoza,' was my predecessor in the office to which I was now appointed. He had excited much dissatisfaction in his post, since, instead of attending regularly to the necessary public business, his attention was frequently diverted to a poem he was writing, for which there was no necessity at all. I resolved, therefore, to take warning from his example, and avoiding the rock upon which he had split, to forego the muses entirely; but 'naturam si furcâ expellas.' An entire half year indeed elapsed, in which, adhering firmly to my resolution, my superiors could not entertain the least suspicion that a spark of poetry illumined my breast, or that my name had ever appeared in the catalogues for Leipsic fair. This reserve, on the subject of my literary attainments, originated in observations I had myself made; by which I was convinced, that in the world at large, a being who understands nothing but how to make rhymes, is considered, and perhaps justly, as of very little account.

An accidental occurrence, however, once more irresistibly drew forth my vanity from under the charitable control of reason. The great and ex-

* It does not directly appear, either from Kotzebue's own writings, or elsewhere, in what capacity he now went to the Russian capital. He certainly was for some years president of the High College of Justice in the territory of Ehstland, in the Russian province of Livonia; but, from what follows, it should rather appear, that he did not enjoy this office till he went to reside at Revel; consequently, that his original appointment from the Russian government was of a different nature. Indeed, he mentions himself, in a subsequent passage, as being under the celebrated general Bawr, which corroborates the opinion that he had some other post before his presidency.—TRANSLATOR.

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cellent engineer, general Bawr, passing through Riga, met by chance with the collection of tales already noticed. The name caught his immediate attention; he started, and enquiring particulars respecting the author, learned to his no small surprise that it was the same Kotzebue who then laboured, under him, at a very different species of employment. He purchased the book, brought it back with him to Petersburgh, and one day at table produced it unexpectedly. The colour that instantly rose in my face betrayed me, and the applause I received on this occasion blew the embers, still smothering in my bosom, again into a blaze.

By degrees I resumed the delightful occupation of devoting my leisure hours, which indeed were but few, to my old literary pursuits. A German theatre had been for some little time established at Petersburgh, but on a very indifferent footing. A lady, of the name of Teller, was the only one among the performers who possessed any real talents for the stage. The next in rank to her, for ability, was Fiala: a specimen sufficient to give an idea of their general mediocrity. The receipts of the house were very small, and the whole institution was on the point of falling to the ground, when the intriguing Fiala applied to general Bawr, intreating him, as a German, to take it under his protection, and to use his influence with the Czarina for procuring its enrollment among her imperial theatres. This was accordingly done; Bawr undertook the direction himself, and from that moment I was restored to my own element.

I wrote a tragedy, in five acts, called 'Demetrius, Czar of Moscow,' taken from the well-known story of the true or false Demetrius, who, according to report, was murdered as a child at Uglitsch, but who afterwards appeared, supported by the Poles, and dethroned the traitor Boris Godunow. The world needs not now to be informed, that the best historians are divided upon the question whether or not this Deme-

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trius was an impostor? A strong prejudice was at least awakened in his favour, from the woman, who was undoubted mother to the child supposed to have been murdered, bursting into an agony of tears, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the people, at beholding the adventurer, as he was called, and with the wildest effusions of joy acknowledging him as her son. It is however, alas! but too certain, that policy has often engaged even maternal tenderness in its interest, and those tears might not improbably be artificially shed by Maria Feodorowna, from hatred to the usurper, and a desire of revenging herself by contributing in any way to his downfall. Be this as it may, I did not like, in my capacity of tragedian, to produce an impostor as the hero of my piece, and accordingly I supported his being really the dethroned prince.

When my drama was completed, I read it to a small but chosen circle. The then Prussian ambassador at the Russian court, and the president of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Petersburgh, men of acknowledged and distinguished taste in literature, were among my audience. The piece was approved, probably more from the indulgence of my hearers than from its own merit. Such, at least, is the impression I now have upon the subject, as I should by no means venture at present to bring it upon the stage. General Bawr ordered it to be immediately performed, and very splendid dresses and decorations, after the old Russian costume, were prepared for it.

As the Czarina had consigned the entire management of the theatre to Bawr, he thought his own fiat sufficient, and that it was unnecessary to lay the manuscript before the theatrical censor. But this piece of negligence nearly proved the overthrow of all my transports. As the intended day of representation approached, and had been announced in the public prints, the governor of the police sent one morning to the theatre, prohibiting the performance. Fiala, thunderstruck, hastened to general Bawr, and the

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general to the governor, to assure him that my tragedy was perfectly inoffensive. But this signified little. It appeared, that Peter the Great had issued an ukase, expressly declaring Demetrius an impostor; and this being still in force, was more incontestible evidence against him, than the tears of his mother were in his favour. In vain did I urge, that I was wholly ignorant of the existence of such an ukase: it was still asked how I dared in the very face of an imperial decree, to present my hero to the public under the title of 'Czar of Moscow.'

Esteem and consideration for general Bawr, however, at length removed even this difficulty, and the governor of the police consented to the representation of my play, yet not without previously sending an officer to me with an injunction to make such alterations, as that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked, and displayed before all the people in his true character of an impostor. Mortified to the last degree at the idea of thus mutilating my offspring, I represented to the officer that the piece might as well be thrown at once into the fire; but my remonstrances were of no avail, he resolutely insisted that this trifling alteration should be made. My only resource was in another application to the general, who once more stood my friend, and finally procured a compromise of the matter. The performance of the piece, as I had written it, was permitted, on condition of my making, in my own person, a solemn declaration that I was firmly convinced of Demetrius' imposture; and in representing the matter otherwise in my play, had only been guilty of a poetical licence.

All obstacles being thus at last removed, my unfortunate tragedy was performed before a numerous audience, whose curiosity was considerably increased by so many demurs. It was received with an applause, to which the forbearance generally practised towards youth could alone give me any pretension.

Soon after I wrote a comedy, 'The Nun and the

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Chambermaid,' that proved extremely successful, though from a very different cause. The abolition of convents, in which Joseph the Second was then deeply engaged, and the blockade of the Dutch fleet in the Texel by an English squadron, furnished materials for the plot; and much as these events attracted the public attention, a piece founded on them could scarcely fail to please. Added to this, it was beyond all comparison better played than 'Demetrius.'

A short time before, some author from Vienna, I know not his name, had written a comedy, which had the good fortune to please the Czarina, and she testified her approbation by making him a handsome present. I therefore expected that count Cobentzel, the imperial ambassador at Petersburgh, would have taken this opportunity of returning her majesty's compliment, nor did the idea originate solely in my own silly vanity, since he had expressed a wish to be allowed a copy for the theatre at Vienna. This request I thought would not admit of any other construction than such an intended compliment, as the innate worth of the thing would by no means authorise it; and I therefore eagerly put into his hands the only copy I had reserved for myself. But never to this moment have I heard another word upon the subject. Perhaps my patron's death, which happened shortly after, was the principal cause of this silence; since now the same publicity could not have attended any act of munificence shewn upon the occasion. In short, one copy of my play was thus lost, and the prompter soon after running away with that belonging to the theatre, I was wholly and entirely deprived of the babe. This was undoubtedly a matter of small importance, and I mention it only, lest the manuscript should fall into the hands of any of our gain-thirsty booksellers, who might, unless warned against it, consign it without mercy to his press. Should such be the case, I here enter my solemn protest against its publication

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I now engaged in an undertaking which proved of considerable utility, though attended with little trouble. Among the vast throng of periodical works that inundate Germany, a very small number then made their way to Petersburgh, and even they were little read: indeed, to own the truth, a few numbers excepted, they contained little worth attention. What things did merit perusal I therefore selected, and printed them monthly in a good sized pamphlet. Several volumes of this work, which after my departure was continued by another editor, have appeared, and been favourably received at Petersburgh, as well as in some of the provinces. In this work, besides several unpublished essays of my own, I inserted some specimens of 'The Sufferings of the Family of Ortenberg;' a romance on which I was then employed.

In the year 1782, some of my friends who had influence at court, had fixed their minds on establishing me in a post, to which they thought it would prove a strong recommendation in my favour, were I to write a volume of moral tales and fables for young princes, and dedicate it to the grand duke's son. Never having felt within myself any propensity to this species of poetry, I hesitated much about such an undertaking; but since it was to serve as a vehicle for future promotion, I at length resolved to make the experiment.

I immediately mentioned the idea to my publisher at Petersburgh, a worthy man, but who, not being a person of great talents himself, regarded what little I possessed with a degree of enthusiasm. He engaged, without a moment's hesitation, not only to take my fables, but to publish them in a very splendid manner, and had scarcely patience to wait for beginning to print till I had properly corrected the first sheets. He came to me daily, and at last almost seized upon the copy, and sent it off to the press. The fables were printed on the finest vellum paper, with a

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copper-plate to each, even though it did not extend beyond one octavo page. Four sheets were thus finished off in the greatest haste, when he brought them to me with an air of extreme exultation; and indeed, as to what concerned outward shew, he had some reason to exult.

But how much was I shocked, when on carefully examining their intrinsic worth, led perhaps to investigate this the more minutely from the splendour of their external appearance, I could not but be sensible that not one rose above mediocrity! I became immediately convinced that I had no talent for this species of writing, and I therefore resolved not to prosecute a plan by which I should only expose myself; so, paying the publisher all that he had lavished in these expensive decorations, the work was consigned to eternal oblivion.

Oh ye! who have so often, and so bitterly reproached me with vanity, now behold I give you the lie. The re-purchase of my fables cost me many hundred roubles, but my self-love never breathed a single sigh over their destruction.

I come now to the period of my life that I passed at Revel. During the first summer of my residence there, I spent the greatest part of every day in the delicious shady walks belonging to the castle of Catherinenthal, and read more than I wrote. In the autumn, I visited for the first time the dismal and dreary environs of Kiekel, abounding with forests and morasses. Yet, through the enchanting smiles of affection, and the genial warmth of friendship, even this miserable country was transformed into a paradise.

Ye worthy! ye excellent people among whom I then lived! in your circle I learned that mortal man may be far happier in such a spot, though surrounded by the growling of bears, and the howling of wolves, than in the midst of polished society, environed by the honied tongues of hypocrites and flatterers. Your

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forests were inhabited by beasts of prey, but calumny dwelt not in their dens; frogs and toads croaked in your morasses, but envy had not reared her altar in the midst of them. The lime trees indeed, assumed not their lovely verdure till the spring was far advanced, and the roses were even more tardy in unfolding their sweets, but innocence and joy were perennial plants in your gardens. The soil was sparing of its fruits, but benevolence needs not abundance! A groschen* is a rich present when moistened with the tear of sympathy, and a louis-d'or has no value without it. Oh fleeting time! scatter, if thou wilt, the rest of these pages to the winds of heaven, only let this one—this on which I now inscribe the beloved names of Frederick and Sophia Helena Rose —let this one remain untouched! for thou wouldst snatch it from the altar of virtue and affection, on which I place it as an offering of gratitude.

Neither did the Parnassian maids refuse to embellish this forest. The two first dramas I ever wrote, which I consider as possessing some degree of real merit, 'The Hermit of Formentera,' and 'Adelaide of Wulfingen,' were written at Kiekel. The former we played among ourselves, and this private performance revived my passion for the stage with even increased violence. To that passion Revel was indebted for the institution of an excellent private theatre, which produced both actors and actresses of no common talents. It was opened with a comedy of mine, called 'Every Fool has his Cap.' As a true German, I could not yet wholly shake off my propensity to imitation; and this piece had much the same degree of resemblance to Molière's 'Avare,' as a sugar figure has to those made in biscuit at Dresden. For this reason, I keep it snug in my drawer with a variety of other papers.

* A groschen is a small coin, worth about two-pence English money.

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I cannot now recollect through what casualty I first conceived the idea of writing the history of 'Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick;' a hero, whose various and in many respects romantic fate, always interested me extremely. On a journey which I took through a part of Germany, in the year 1785, among other places I visited Wolfenbüttel and Hanover. With a view to my intended work, I carefully searched the libraries of those places, rummaging over old chronicles and legends for many weeks together, writing and re-writing, till at length I might venture to assert that I was in possession of a very competent store of materials for my undertaking. I had even gone so far as absolutely to have prepared some detached parts of the history, when two works appearing nearly together, the one historical, the other a sort of romance, in both of which duke Henry was one of the most conspicuous personages, my plan was entirely laid aside.

I now once more enlisted among the corps of journalists, by the publication of a monthly work for the benefit of the territory where I then resided. To this I affixed the whimsical title, 'For the Mind and Heart.' It was carried on for a year, but did not receive sufficient support to encourage the prosecuting it farther. Some pieces written for this work are published in the four volumes of my miscellaneous writings.

Another, and much more important idea, soon after for awhile occupied my whole attention. I wanted to write an ample treatise upon 'The Honour and Dishonour, the Fame, both temporal and posthumous, of all Times and all Nations.'

I consider it as some merit ever to have projected so grand a work, even though I found my powers not equal to the carrying of it into execution. The idea of it was, besides, productive of real advantage to me in other respects. It served to exercise my talents, to give me more just conceptions of my own powers, and was the occasion of my reading many a historical

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and philosophical work, which perhaps otherwise had never engaged my attention. In short, the collecting of materials for it, was the source of abundant instruction to my mind. Never, therefore, shall I repent the unwearied diligence with which this idea was for awhile pursued, nor the numberless hours spent upon it. The only thing I repent is, that I was induced sometime after to print, though not in its original form, a part of the work, which treated of Nobility. But more on this subject hereafter.

In the autumn of 1787, I was first seized with an illness, which for several years held me suspended between life and death, and what is perhaps still more to be deprecated than death itself, the apprehension of sinking into a confirmed melancholy. It was during the height of this disorder that I wrote 'Misanthropy and Repentance,' and 'The Indians in England.' These two pieces were finished in the space of not more than eight or nine weeks. Never, either before or since, did I feel such a rapid flow of ideas and imagery as during that period; and I believe it to be undeniable that by some kinds of illness, particularly those in which the irritation of the nerves is increased, the powers of the mind are abundantly elevated, as diseased muscles alone produce pearls.

In the year 1789, I wrote 'The Virgin of the Sun,' 'The Natural Son,' and 'Brother Maurice the Humourist.' I also proceeded in the collection of my miscellaneous writings. The little romance of 'The Dangerous Wager,' was another production of the same year. It was occasioned by a friendly joke, and if many a hypocritical shoulder be shrugged, or many a hypocritical eye be rolled at it, it is yet by no means contemptible, as the effusion of a sportive moment.

Many very absurd things have been said and written upon the subject of 'Misanthropy and Repentance.' Among other accusations brought against me, it has been urged that I have not administered strict poetical justice, in granting unqualified pardon to

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Eulalia, and restoring so great a criminal to her station in society and to every joy of life. But no one seems to have considered the dreadful punishment she has necessarily incurred from the reflection upon her own misconduct, or to have examined whether any pardon could release her from those reflections, and whether a woman with such a mind, labouring under the pressure of a sullied conscience, could ever be happy again. To Ziegler alone do these ideas appear at all to have suggested themselves; yet his view of the subject is extremely perverted, and by taking the unjustifiable liberty of recalling Eulalia's seducer again to life, he has wholly frustrated the moral in view. I therefore wrote 'The Noble Lie,' from which, if I have again brought forward a woman deviating from chastity, a subject on which the impure imaginations of the critics delight to dwell, I am confident as fine a moral may be deduced as ever was preached from the pulpit, or represented upon the stage.

As an interesting anecdote never can be ill-timed, I trust I may be allowed here to introduce one, related to me by a person of great credibility, and which, though I cannot undertake to pledge myself for its veracity, I have reason to believe true. At the time when 'Misanthropy and Repentance' was played very frequently at Vienna, the following squib was one morning found in the emperor Joseph the Second's audience-chamber: "In this place is performed daily, 'Misanthropy WITHOUT Repentance.'" One of the severest, and I am inclined to think, one of the most undeserved sarcasms ever put forth against a person in that exalted station.

At my return from Pyrmont, where I spent some time in the year 1790, I, unluckily for myself, dipped my pen in foreign gall, and wrote some sheets, of which I can truly say that they were, alas! damned to too much renown. On these I have sufficiently explained myself in a periodical publication; and can

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only now add, that I still retain the sentiments I then delivered, and consider every word there written as the purest truth. The worthy Zimmermann is now no more. It must not be said, *De mortuis nil nisi bene*, but *De mortuis nil nisi vere*. I have no longer either good or evil to hope from him; and I may surely be believed, when I repeat from the fullness of my heart that he was an excellent man. Perhaps his eccentricities sometimes led him astray, but even his weaknesses were not those of a common mind. I could here relate an anecdote of him that would excite the utmost astonishment in the reader, and almost constrain him to fall down and worship the good man's ashes. And it should be related, were not the persons implicated in it, and who alone could perfectly understand me, yet living.

But enough.—My enthusiastic admiration of him was no crime, yet the noble spring was poisoned by a foreign hand. I dipped my glass into it, and emptied the baleful contents myself!—Yes, I—I alone have been injured by that hateful adventure, and it is yet some satisfaction to my soul that it cannot be deprived of this *solamen miserum*.

While I was myself preparing this scourge to embitter my whole life, the arm of fate was, in a still more fatal way, awfully extended over me. The best of wives was suddenly snatched from this earth, and poignant anguish for her loss drove me as a fugitive into the wide world. I fled to Paris, and might have remained for half a year amid the bustle of that capital without so much as giving a hint to our ambassador of my being there. But wearied, after a while, with living in the midst of such convulsions, I transferred my abode to Mentz, which then enjoyed profound peace and tranquillity. Here I arranged for the press a detail of the heavy calamity I had experienced, and of my consequent wanderings, which was soon after published under the title of 'My Flight to Paris.'

On this work, as usual, an ample share of absurd

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and nonsensical remarks have been made; in particular, it has been censured as an artificial description of false feelings. Upon the probable origin of this charge, so devoid of heart and soul, and which I feel to be utterly groundless, I have reflected much, and I think it may be traced to the same source which produces in general so much moral excrement, to the self-sufficient vanity by which the mass of mankind are always powerfully influenced. Understanding and feeling, are things possessed by each individual only in the degree just sufficient to satisfy himself. That another excels him in understanding, many a man will acknowledge without hesitation or reluctance, since this is commonly a matter too palpable to be easily denied, and he finds no difficulty in consoling himself with the idea, that he at least possesses the same improveability of mind as the rest of his species, while this allowed superiority only arises from the advantages of education, or of being placed in a more fortunate situation in life, an effect of chance that he can readily pardon. But feeling being considered as a gift of nature, he cannot without humiliation to himself, allow another to possess it in a superior degree; consequently, if he meet with any thing into which the contracted sensibility of his own heart will not permit him to enter, he calls the whole matter fiction, and satisfies his self-love with a shrug of the shoulders. Perhaps I ought to have reflected upon these things sooner, and restrained my feelings within my own bosom, nor suffered the impetuous torrent to overflow its proper bounds.

Another description of men call in question the genuineness of such feelings from mere malice. They are sensible, that the poignant affliction of a husband deprived of his heart's whole treasure, must excite compassion and interest in every breast capable of sympathy. Of these treasures, their malignity would gladly rob him; and this can only be done by proving that they are bestowed without reason. Thence

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arise the malevolent criticisms so liberally bestowed on this book, which yet, heaven knows! was dictated by real anguish of heart. This stamp it undeniably bears, and I call upon any the most ingenious fictionist, to write in a similar style, unless placed in a similar situation. But should fate ever plunge him into circumstances of like distress, he will find that art has no share in dictating the language employed to describe his feelings.

Deeply impressed with the unbridled puerilities of which I had myself been an eye-witness among the Parisians—while I resided at Mentz, I wrote 'The Female Jacobin Club;' a little piece that I cannot think destitute of real humour, though Huber, who is of a directly opposite political creed with myself, has fallen upon it so unmercifully. Yet let me here avow, that I detest every species of tyranny no less heartily than does Huber himself, as I have sufficiently evinced in my 'Philosophical Picture of the Reign of Louis the Fourteenth.' But I never can make myself the partizan of any faction.

The last-mentioned work I sent in manuscript to my publisher at Strasburgh. This gave occasion to some correspondence between us, when I uniformly found, that his letters were opened before they came into my hands. I complained of this to our minister at Mentz, who enquired into the matter, but could procure me no satisfaction: it was affirmed, that they came thither opened. Never to this day have I been able to trace out by what means it could happen that the honour of being suspected as a spy, or concealed Jacobin was conferred upon me; but it appears to be my hard fate, that while Huber, with his associates, proscribe me as the advocate of despotism, the real supporters of that monster consider me as a dangerous democrat, whom they cannot watch with too jealous an eye. I could cite many extraordinary incidents in corroboration of my position, if a man always dared to say all that he can.

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While at Mentz, I was obliged to commence a lawsuit, the event of which I intended to have communicated to the public; since, as it was instituted against a piratical publisher, it was deeply interesting to every author, as well as to every honest man. When first I menaced this prosecution, my pirate was extremely insolent, and in a manner defied me; but finding that I was very serious in the matter, he became equally crouching, and wrote me a most servile letter, to beg my compassion for a numerous family, who must be ruined, should the prosecution be continued. For their sakes I pardoned him, and let the matter rest, and for their sakes also I now forbear to mention his name and place of abode.

During the same period, I wrote 'The Parrot,' 'Sultan Wampum,' and 'The Knight of the Mirror.' Sultan Wampum has, of all my pieces, been the least successful with the public; and, to confess the truth, it is but a moderate performance. I relied much upon the music, having been accustomed to see the wretched productions of a Schikaneder, a Vulpius, and others, extremely well received when recommended by the good genius of the composer. The 'Literary Intelligencer,' true to its spirit of contradiction, amuses itself extremely with my calling Sultan Wampum a burlesque drama, and asserts it to be one of the most serious pieces I ever wrote. Had I called it a drama myself, they would have ridiculed it as a mere farce.

'The Knight of the Mirror' is a still inferior production. The plot, as I was very lately told, is taken from a romance by Vulpius. I solemnly protest, however, that if such a work do exist, I never saw it. In the first place, I never thought anything written by that author worth my attention; and, in the second place, I can account very satisfactorily for the manner in which I came by my story. Walter, a musician of great eminence, was desirous of composing an opera of my writing, a wish by which I con-

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sidered myself as much honoured. I was perplexed to find a subject, when Christ, then an actor at Mentz, happening to come in, and hearing of my embarrassment, related this fairy tale, which he probably had recently been reading. As I well knew how little was expected of the text in an opera, I thought it would answer my purpose as well as anything else, and within a fortnight from that time the 'Knight of the Mirror' was finished. Very willingly will I resign to Mr Vulpius the honour of inventing the story; and, if he wish it, that also of having written the opera.

I mentioned, at the commencement of this sketch, that I never but once in my life wrote a work at the instigation of other people. This was my fragment upon Nobility. I could say much upon this subject, but I dare not. If it were known, and in time perhaps it may be known, in what an equivocal situation I was placed by my perseverance in certain opinions I had adopted, misapprehended as they were, so that even my most confidential private correspondence became dangerous to me: if it were known what encouragement I had to engage in this work, and from whom it was received, it would be considered in a very different point of view from that in which it now appears, and the writer would be contemplated, not merely in the light of an author, but in that of a citizen and a father.

Yet I cannot deny that I have been guilty of some instances of improper complaisance in it, and these the critics have not failed sufficiently to expose. For one thing only was I unprepared, that this chastisement should be inflicted by a man whom I regarded as my steady friend, and whose friendship I think I had deserved. This I own has been to me a bitter pill. It will easily be imagined that I refer to a work lately published upon Humanity. Had a general list of all living authors been laid before me, and I had been desired to select from among them the writer of this

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work, its real author would have been almost the last upon whom my conjectures had fallen. This is one of those many cruel deceptions I have experienced in the course of my life, which, I cannot dissemble it, have occasioned me very severe heart-aches. What are all the daggers aimed by the 'Literary Intelligencer' in comparison with one stab from the hand of a friend he loved, awaking the sleeper from a pleasing dream?

Not less unexpected and agonizing to me than the stab to such a sleeper, was the stroke I received, when Huber, by the publication of his miscellaneous writings, threw aside the mask of the critic. When I found that he, in whose company I had passed so many pleasant hours—he, whose talents I had so much admired, and whose acquaintance I had highly valued—he who appeared so warmly attached to me—he, who, notwithstanding the general indifference he shewed to my writings, had honoured my 'Virgin of the Sun' so far as to enrich it with an additional scene, and of such merit, that I only wish I had been permitted to publish it—he, in a word, from whom I parted with a most cordial embrace—that he was the man who had thrust the dagger into my back.

I may be told, perhaps, that a great distinction is to be made between the remarks of the critic, and what passes in friendly intercourse between two private acquaintance. But to me, I know, it would be impossible to endeavour to depreciate a man in the eyes of the world, to whom in private I had made professions of friendship and attachment. Good God! if public applause must resemble a beautiful woman, to win whose smiles even a brother, perhaps, must seek a brother's destruction, it is no object of my wishes—I renounce it for ever.*

* When I publish the second part of this sketch, I will endeavour to throw some light upon the probable foundation of this critique of Huber's. It appears to me not wholly

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But enough on this subject.—Let me proceed to correct a passage in the third volume of 'Forster's Views.' Speaking of the English theatre, he says, "The dramas of one KOTZEBUE would please upon the English stage, with the addition only of a few grains of salt."

Strongly was I inclined, on reading this passage, to offer the publisher a wager that he could not produce it in Forster's own hand-writing. Nor could he possibly have been offended at my declaring, that I would accept of no minor proof of its authenticity. Such a suspension of my belief is but a tribute due to the esteem I entertained for his deceased friend. Often have I consulted Forster on my writings, and his judgment was always given with a modesty and humility peculiarly his own. It is true that he has found things to censure in my dramas, but never did he appear to consider them as wanting salt; and if I must choose between regarding this passage as an interpolation, or believing the worthy Forster to have been guilty of tergiversation, I certainly shall abide by the former opinion.

Whatever I have written since, has been received in a very flattering manner by the public; and, as was consequently to be expected, with scarcely less contumely by the critics. I shall only here give a list of these works.

Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka.

The Spaniards in Peru; or, the Death of Rolla.

Poverty and Magnanimity.

The Man of Forty Years Old.*

incredible, that spleen and ill-nature at the superior success of a rival dramatist may lurk beneath his remarks, since it is certain, that the fate of his own dramatic productions has not been brilliant.—AUTHOR.

* This is a little piece in one act, taken from the same French *petite pièce* as the pleasing English farce of 'The Guardian.'

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The Negro Slaves.
The Madcap (Der Wildfang).
The Count of Burgundy.
The Force of Calumny.
False Shame.
La Peyrouse.
The Youngest Offspring of my Fancy.*

Many of my dramas have received the distinguished honour of being translated into French, Dutch, Danish, Polish, Russian, and even Italian. A new thorn in the sides of the critics.†

Not many days ago, I received a letter from Moscow, in which my correspondent writes: "Your drama of 'The Natural Son' has been played here as often, and with no less applause, than was the 'Marriage of Figaro' at Paris. It is well translated into Russian."

Is it not somewhat extraordinary, that at the same time, in so many different countries, the public should manifest so perverted a taste? That they should find things worthy of patronage and applause, on which the 'Literary Intelligencer' has been pleased to pronounce an irrevocable sentence of damnation?—But hold! the investigation of so curious a phenomenon shall be reserved for the sequel of this work.

For the present I have done with myself. Heaven grant that none of my readers may have yawned over this detail of my literary adventures! Should I be reproached with having intruded a parcel of trifling insignificant circumstances upon the world—with having, as it is said of Marivaux, "poised nothings in a balance made of a spider's web," I will not pretend to refute the charge. I shall only observe, that,

* This is a collection of miscellaneous pieces, whence the present sketch of the author's life is extracted.

+ To this list of nations that have regarded Kotzebue's works with no slight degree of approbation, he might soon have added, and probably often with a considerable degree of satisfaction, the English.

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according to my ideas, to those who make the human heart their study, nothing can be uninteresting which contributes towards tracing the progress of its formation, nothing insignificant which tends to shew by what process a man comes to be what he is, be his talents many or few. Every one who shall purchase this book, knows beforehand what he is to expect. These little volumes are the 'Offspring of my Fancy,' consequently must be compiled after my own humour, not after that of other people, unless I mean to falsify their title.

The continuation of this sketch, which I intend to publish at some future period, I must request all its readers to consider as a defence extorted from me by my calumniators So often have I been dragged by the critics to the bar of their and my judges, the public, that it would appear too much like treating those judges with indifference at least, if not with contempt, were I entirely to abstain from answering their charges. In this view of the matter, I have some claim to pardon and indulgence. Yet let me assure that public to whom I appeal, that no endeavours shall be omitted on my part, to enliven, as far as possible, so dry a subject, by strewing some flowers in the path, and that I will never lose sight of what Beaumarchais says with so much justice—"Has a man any claim, because he is in the right, to give his readers the vapours, and make his judges yawn with ennui?—Alas! their situation is already but too irksome

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MY FLIGHT TO PARIS

IN

THE AUTUMN OF 1790.

Her's it was, by God commanded:
When with dire disease oppress,
Still to calm my bosom's anguish,
Still to soothe my soul to rest.

BURGER

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DEAREST READER,

I DO not pretend to consider this little work as likely to be useful, perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to soothe the anguish of my soul—I write it in the most wretched moments of my life. The loss of a wife whom I loved inexpressibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repose was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a sister's presence among themselves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me everywhere, and only in death, when I shall press the original again to my bosom, will it forsake me.

'Tis become a matter of indispensible necessity to my heart to be always talking or writing of her. The hope of allaying my anguish has placed the pen in my hand—but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I shall write, yet I see plainly it will be only of her.

Ye, who have hearts capable of sympathy!—Ye, who have sometimes dropped a tear at the representation of my dramas! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at least spare your censures if you take this book into your hands, and perhaps do not find in it what you seek. Indulge me with writing of her!—spurn me not if even the remotest object still bring me insensibly to her!—Heaven preserve you all from experiencing like affliction! yet if ever a

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similar fate should be yours, ye shall not intreat my compassion in vain.

Every husband who at this moment still possesses his beloved wife, who can still clasp her affectionately to his bosom, when he reads this, and thanks God for the blessing yet spared him, I ask not tears of him—yet even he may surely pity me!—But ye, whom a similarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye, who have lost a husband or a wife, who are not yet forgotten, let us weep together! we are brethren! To such I make no excuse for writing a book solely for myself and a few friends; a book to relieve a wounded heart.

I will at some time erect the fairest monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At present I am unequal to the task. When my mind is somewhat more composed I will write the history of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for such a heart as her's, when I draw aside the veil that modesty threw over all her virtues.—Oh, she was so truly, so inexpressibly good, not from cold reasoning, and principle, but from the overflowings of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her bosom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of distress, she gave freely, and always as one human being should give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a sister.

It was only last spring that on the first of April I indulged myself in a joke, which ended in still farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-spelt, illiterate letter, as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who, having heard of her goodness, implored her assistance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out some clothes and linen, set off for the place. I had run thither before;—I saw the carriage coming but as it drew up to a house in the suburbs, I began to be

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afraid my trick was discovered. Oh no! she only stopped to buy some rolls for the hungry children, and with these, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, she proceeded to the house pointed out, where I met her. She was less angry at my boyish levity, than concerned that she was disappointed of doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh, never will the first of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one instance out of ten thousand!—Such a wife I have possessed! such a wife I have lost!

You, my cherished friends and acquaintance! You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but "my wife is dead!"—You will receive this book with candour and kindness, since it will tell you what and where I have been, ever since fate, while it spared my life, robbed me of all that made life valuable! Alas! I once thought that I had lost my greatest treasure when I lost my health!—Oh how was I mistaken! Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under such severe bodily suffering, still, with my Frederica by my side, I tasted the soothing consolation of domestic joy, not to be purchased by wealth or honours. For my sake she renounced all company, all diversions, and considered it as no sacrifice to confine herself entirely to my sick chamber. If then I was but for a few minutes free from anguish, how serene was my soul! how deeply did I feel that all other happiness is poor and weak when compared with wedded happiness! One kiss from my wife, one pressure of her hand made even my most nauseous medicines sweet.

Thus was she my sole support, when I was lost to everything else, and now that I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now she is no more!—But she was perhaps only a protecting angel sent to save me—her errand is accomplished, and she is returned to her blest abode—yet she still hovers

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invisibly over me;—we shall one day be re-united!—Oh, sweet self-flattery, forsake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balsam for my wounds.

I know not by what name to call these effusions of my heart. This should be a preface—but what resemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it speaks of Frederica, and my bosom is relieved!

It was my design to state to thee, compassionate reader, what thou wast to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no resemblance to the common mass of tours, since I saw nothing but my lost wife!—she followed me everywhere!—she then must be almost my sole theme!

Yes, I was for awhile an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I know very little. The principal occurrences during my stay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has soothed my wounded mind, it has enabled me to shed tears, when my soul wanted such relief. When I thought that beneficent source exhausted, I sat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my despair has subsided into a calm and gentle sorrow!

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

Paris,
Jan. 1, 1791.

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MY FLIGHT TO PARIS

IN

THE AUTUMN OF 1790.

When my ill state of health drove me again to Pyrmont last summer, to drink of its salutary spring, my beloved wife, being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the most pleasing accounts of her health, and the assurance that she had no wish but for my return. How ardently I participated in this wish may be easily imagined! I therefore eagerly embraced the first moment when it was possible to escape from the medicinal yoke, and flew to her arms. This was in the beginning of September.

Our first interview was at Gotha. She came thither to meet me. My transport at beholding her, our first embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifesting pure health and content, the animation that sparkled from her eyes—how present are all these ideas to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! Fain would my pen describe them in equally glowing colours!—But words are unequal to the task! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more passed on. I saw, without alarm, the moment approach when I was to be pre-

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sented with a new pledge of our love, since no reason for alarm then appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger: I persuaded my Frederica to take a walk with me almost every day, in the beautiful park at Weimar, which was indeed her favourite resort. How have we strolled about there, arm in arm, in sweet conversation, building castles in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the past, and enjoying the present! Sometimes talking of our absent friends, amusing ourselves with speculations on what they might be about at that moment, what and when they would write to us, or where and when we should see them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a stage—have we often stood or sat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, may the sweetest, the most refreshing dew, fall upon you every morning, ye trees and flowers, for ye were witnesses of my happiness! Ever mayest thou flourish and look gay, thou verdant turf, for thou hast been pressed by the footsteps of my beloved wife! How would she laugh when our William would sometimes stand upon his head, and set the little dog barking with comic eagerness at so unusual a sight? Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely spot.

Often, too, have we visited Belvedere, and Tiefurth, country-seats near Weimar. There did we sit under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather still so warm in the country, that although in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, whereas at home we were creeping to the fire. These little excursions were always so pleasant to her, that in every the most minute incident she found a source of delight.

About a month before her confinement, she accompanied me to Leipsic fair. She was on that day uncommonly cheerful and animated, and at our return

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home assured me, that she never in her life enjoyed anything of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world afford, than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a constant reciprocation of pure and innocent happiness, did the hours pass on, till the moment approached, of which neither of us entertained the least apprehension. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health, her only medicine was strawberries, and never since our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a single dreyer.

At length, on the eleventh of November, she was safely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the first three days she was remarkably well, was all life and animation, laughing, and assuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, she said, had she been so well; never, in the first three days, felt a like appetite, or like freedom from pain. In short, everything seemed to promise her speedy recovery, and the little cloud which must at such a period inevitably for a moment darken the horizon, seemed entirely dispersed. Such was her own opinion as well as that of all around her. Ah! was there then on earth a mortal happier than I! The whole creation seemed mine, and I its sovereign! Who could suppose that these were to be the last happy days of my life?

On the fourteenth she was somewhat indisposed. We believed this to be a matter of no consequence, only occasioned by the milk, and were satisfied nature relieves herself in various ways. On the fifteenth she again appeared quite well. Still do I see her, when, after having spent a very uneasy night with the idea of her indisposition, at five o'clock in the morning I stole softly into her chamber, and crept to the side of her bed, full of anxiety to learn some tidings of her. She stretched out her arms to me, and raising herself up, assured me that she was then perfectly free from complaint. Oh blessed assurance!

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once more my mind was in a state of composure. I afterwards read to her a scene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unsophisticated feelings the test by which I proved the real merit or demerit of my works. What did not draw a tear from her eyes, I blotted out. Alas! to whose feelings can I refer in future!—My tutelar genius has forsaken me!—my fire is extinguished!

She listened to me on this morning with her accustomed attention and pleasure, she gave her opinion upon the work as usual, her mind never appeared more clear or acute. Never! Oh, never will the piece, of which this scene was a part, be finished! I should start back with horror, were the fatal pages ever again to fall into my hands! The bare idea of adding another line to them gives me a feeling of criminality. I could not for all the treasures this world affords, endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of her nod of approbation as I proceeded, would harrow up my soul! for, oh! it was the last approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the sixteenth she began to complain of excessive faintness, and from this day her situation constantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the advice of my old university friend, the chief physician Hufeland, in aid of Mr Buchholz, who had hitherto been our sole attendant. The disorder rapidly increased, her fever grew hourly higher, and she was at times delirious. Three days, which to me seemed like an eternity, thus passed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth I hastened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the aid of the celebrated Dr Starke, who was my intimate friend, and of whose medical skill I had the highest opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to save a life so dear; and this reflection has been my sole source of consolation in the midst of my despair at her loss.

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Heaven only knows what I suffered on this expedition! My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the most dreadful images which, though then merely ideal, were, alas! but too soon to be realized.

My friend was so good as to return with me immediately, and I was back again at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. He found my Frederica very ill, but yet, did not think her case by any means hopeless, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and diaphoretics were administered. She was become, from delirium, very peevish and obstinate, nor would take anything but from my hands. Oh, with what trembling hands did I reach her the glass with the medicine, but she kissed me when she had taken it, and my soul could not but find some consolation in this testimony, that amid the frowardness of disease, and wanderings of distraction, her affection for me remained pure and undiminished as ever.

On this day my drama of 'Misanthropy and Repentence' was performed. I mention this circumstance only to introduce an anecdote, which, even amid the anguish I then endured, gave me a sensation of pleasure. About eighty of the students at Jena came over to see the play. It was the usual custom of these young men upon such occasions, after having attended the theatre, to have a jolly supper together somewhere, and about midnight to return home, not without much noise, and hallooing and clapping, all which we used to hear in full perfection, as their route lay through the street where I lived. On this night alone, not a single carriage or horse passed my house, the whole party went quietly out of town by some other road, that they might not disturb my suffering wife. I mentioned this circumstance to her in the morning, she seemed pleased with the attention, and I take this opportunity of publicly returning my grateful acknowledgment to the gentlemen for it.

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On the twenty-first and twenty-second, my Frederica continued much the same. I sent an express both mornings to Dr Starke, with an account of the situation of his patient. I scarcely ever quitted her bedside, and experienced some satisfaction at finding that she did not in general, appear to have any apprehension of danger. Once only as I embraced her, and laid my cheek to hers, not being able to restrain my tears, she seemed for a moment to be struck with a degree of anxious solicitude. This, however, soon vanished again, as I wiped my eyes, and endeavoured to resume a countenance of hope and serenity. Indeed, her delirium was commonly so strong, that it was impossible for her to be sensible of her situation.

On the twenty-third she was easier and better. This gave me very flattering hopes. I went to bed much more composed, and, for the first time since her illness, had some quiet sleep. But the next morning, about half-past four, I was awakened by the maid, with the dreadful intelligence that her mistress was much worse. Oh God! with what horrible feelings did I spring out of bed, and hasten to her room! I found her extremely uneasy. She complained of excessive pain at her heart, in her breast, in her back, and particularly in her right side about the lungs. She breathed very short, and her cheeks were extremely flushed. For some days I had observed this symptom with great anxiety, but the day before had been much consoled about it.

I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, for I thought her almost at her last hour, and knew not what was to be done. The nurse and maid were the only people in the room with me. The latter I dispatched to Mr Buchholz, who was so good as to come immediately, and soon after, came my mother and madame Musæus, the widow of my excellent friend the professor. We rubbed the body of the poor sufferer all over with flannel, particularly those parts where she complained most of pain. She found this

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a considerable relief, the pain abated, and she assured us she was much easier.

Oh, how my heart in these anxious hours tossed about between hopes and fears! Yet so horrible to me was the idea of the irreparable loss I was about to sustain, that how much soever appearances threatened that event, I could not persuade myself that it was possible it should take place. A still, small voice, seemed continually to whisper in my ear, this cannot be!—the affliction were too great to be endured!—fate cannot inflict upon thee so severe a misfortune!—She may deprive thee of thy children, of thy property, but assuredly she will spare thy wife! Ah that I could but have trafficked thus with fate!—could thus have purchased from death his devoted victim.

The physician hoped that the alarming symptoms which had appeared, preceded only the breaking out of an eruption. How did I watch my beloved wife every moment, to examine if nothing of this kind was to be perceived! when, about noon, after repeated disappointments, some spots at last appeared. My transport was inexpressible. I ran immediately to both physicians with the happy tidings, and wept like a child. They shared in my joyful hopes, and conjured me, for God's sake, upon no consideration to let her be taken out of bed. Hitherto she had frequently got up to have her bed made, and however we sometimes wished her not to be disturbed, she was so extremely desirous of it, that it was scarcely possible to put it off. I now therefore never stirred from her room, since her love for me was so much more powerful than her disease, that when I tenderly intreated, she even gave this up. At night I lay down in the room with my clothes on; when madame Musæus, who, upon this melancholy occasion, proved herself a most sincere friend, promised faithfully, that if she appeared the least uneasy, I should be instantly awakened.

At five o'clock I arose. I received the joyful in-

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formation that my poor Frederica had passed a quiet night, and I found her easy when I went to her bedside, and kissed her as usual. This much increased my flattering hopes.

Since she appeared so well, madame Musæus went home early, and I lighted my morning pipe and retired for a short time to another room, that I might not disturb my wife with the fumes of my tobacco. I had not been there long before the maid came to me, half breathless and pale with horror, bringing a handkerchief all over blood, which my Frederica had thrown up. What a new source of alarm and anguish! I hastened to her, and found her with a short cough and spitting of blood. I ran with all possible speed to the physician, he ordered her a composing draught, which I gave her; the cough soon abated, and she began to doze.

My strength was almost exhausted. The morning sun shone on the opposite houses, the air was warm, the heavens serene. I resolved to avail myself of my wife's being asleep to breathe a little fresh air. I turned my steps towards Belvedere. Were I to describe all my thoughts, my feelings, my prayers, my hopes, my fears, upon this walk, they would fill a large volume of themselves. Is it not a strong argument in favour of the immortality of the soul, that our thoughts and feelings are not confined by time? That they pass with such rapidity, that a single moment suffices to revolve in idea what would occupy years in action? That no man can say such and such a portion of thoughts shall pass in my mind in such a number of minutes, but that the acts of ages are involuntarily compressed together in one momentary perception, and yet appear as clear to the mind as though every object, every circumstance, were embodied before the eyes? What then can be this principle, that requires neither space nor time for its operations, yet works so all-comprehensively within us? Can it be aught but spirit?

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Powerful are the charms of nature. Even on this awful day her enchantments for a moment engrossed my senses, and lulled my anguish to rest. The warm serene sunshine assimilating itself with what it found congenial in my bosom, some rays of reviving hope, they for awhile, by their combined power, suppressed the tumults that raged there. "Ah!" I suddenly exclaimed aloud, "all will yet be well!" Fancy supported this blessed idea, and raised within me a crowd of transporting images. I saw the bloom of health once more spread itself over the cheeks of my beloved Frederica. I saw her walking up and down the room, somewhat weak indeed, but supported by my arm, apprehensive of no farther danger. I sought out for her the best old Rhenish wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire restoration, and when this anxiously desired object was finally attained, I thought of solemnizing a little festival to commemorate the blessed event. My eldest boy I determined should learn a poem by heart, two orphan children should be clothed, and a circle of select friends invited. After dinner, as we were sitting round the table, a band of music should strike up, in the next room, "Lord God, we praise thee!" When we, filling our glasses, and raising them up towards heaven, I, with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would sing in chorus, "Lord God, we praise thee!"

Oh, flattering fancy! for one moment didst thou here make me happy! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to struggle with new sorrow!

Amid these musings, I insensibly reached the castle of Belvedere, about half an hour's walk from Weimar. I bought a nosegay for my wife, and a rose-bush in a pot, for she was always very fond of flowers. The nosegay I carried home myself. I reached my house about half past one, when I found my Frederica still asleep, nor had she coughed during the whole time of my absence. About two o'clock she awoke: I gave

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her the flowers: she seemed pleased with them, but it was only a momentary pleasure, she soon relapsed into her accustomed indifference to everything. The eruption meanwhile continued, and this kept my hopes still alive. But in the afternoon the cough and spitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, yet she breathed very short, and scarcely knew anybody. Leeches were applied below her right breast, but she did not appear to feel them. The rose-bush I had bought in the morning was brought in, and placed by her bedside, but she paid no attention to it. I am silent as to my own situation; it may be conceived, it cannot be described.

About ten o'clock she seemed to be in the last agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were fixed, and the physician, as well as myself, thought there was every symptom of approaching death. My friends intreated me not to stay and see her die, and reminded me that I owed to our children the preservation of my life and senses. I was so stupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard nor saw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myself upon her, and pressed my burning lips to hers, did she seem in some degree sensible, and returned my kiss very faintly. This token of her love gave me the sudden relief of tears, they streamed down my cheeks: I kissed her again and again, and rushed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that these were the last kisses I ever should give this beloved wife.

I was solicited to leave the house, but while any hopes of her life remained that was impossible. I threw myself upon a bed in another apartment, where I continued in a state of mind little short of distraction. My mother remained in the room with my Frederica.

How shall I describe this long and miserable night! Every moment I expected to receive the last fatal

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tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breast, and all my limbs shook—I expected it to be the messenger of death. About midnight I heard the sound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God! this seemed an assurance that all was over, that those who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themselves!

A thousand times had I resolved to go and satisfy myself upon this dreadful subject, but anguish held me back; the idea of seeing her corpse, the corpse of my Frederica, was perfect agony. Still, still, thought I, a ray of hope remains in my bosom, shall I deprive myself of that by rushing on a dreadful certainty? Amid these horrid reflections, I continued tossing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by those of hell. No! the sensations of a criminal, whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half so dreadful.

Yet one more transient interval of hope was in store for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguished, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This seemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again as the flame of the lamp.

Four o'clock had just struck, when I heard the door of the sick chamber open, and my mother's footsteps approaching mine. My senses were nearly gone. I could hear my heart beat. I looked wildly at her as she entered—"She is still alive," were the first words she spoke. What a balsam were they to my wounded soul! I burst into a shower of heart-relieving tears. I had no power of speech, I could not ask a single question, but my mother told me, with a countenance of consolation, that immediately after midnight the dreadful situation in which I had left my wife began to amend, she became easy, and had not coughed since; she now knew everybody, and had asked several times for me. With one spring

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I was in her arms. Oh God, what a blessed change! she knew me, she smiled, she returned my kisses, and said sweetly, "I can kiss thee now joyfully: awhile ago it was painful to me!"—She was perfectly rational, and assured me she found herself better. I brought her the rose-bush, she seemed highly delighted, and even reached out her hand to smell to it.

My transport was unbounded, and I inwardly thanked God for his mercy with an ardour seldom perhaps experienced. I considered my wife as saved. I thought within myself whatever has ascended to the utmost height it can reach, must inevitably fall again. My Frederica's disorder had last night reached that summit, and now is in its descent. I waited with impatience the dawning of the day, when I hastened to the physician, who was astonished beyond measure to hear me say, "My wife is still alive." He recounted over all the symptoms of approaching death that had appeared the preceding evening; and, since these had subsided, he ventured to hope with me that the crisis was past, and she might yet be restored.

He ordered her some medicines, with which I will own I was not satisfied, since I could not help apprehending that there was great danger in the exertion of taking them bringing on again the cough and spitting of blood. But since they were recommended by both physicians, and I had great respect for their judgment, I yielded my own opinion, and had them prepared. But alas! what I had feared actually ensued: she immediately began again to cough. I hastened once more to the physicians, though with much less sanguine feelings than before, and told them what had happened, when they desired that all attempts at medicine might be relinquished.

Alas! never shall I be able to banish the dreadful idea, that had she been suffered to remain quiet that morning, and not been disturbed in this way, her youth and excellent constitution might at length have

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worn out her disease. Yet let it not be thought that I mean to cast a reflection upon our two worthy physicians. I am confident that they were scarcely less anxious than myself to save a life so dear to us all; and I doubt not were actuated by the fear of omitting anything at so important a moment that had the remotest chance of proving beneficial. But, when a house is burnt down, people are very apt to say, that a pail of water thrown earlier on this or that spot might have saved the whole edifice. The world must not be severe with a man under misfortune.

I sent once more to Jena, to beg my friend Dr Starke's attendance. I charged the servant to make the utmost possible haste, and to return instantly with the doctor. The honest fellow, who loved his mistress sincerely,—and who, indeed, did not love her?—was gone no more than three hours and a half. He brought me a note from Dr Starke, with a promise that he would be with me himself in the afternoon.

It was now noon. Exhausted with fatigue and anguish I had lain down on the sofa, and endeavoured to sleep; but when I heard the sound of the horse galloping along the street I sprang up, and hastened with the note into the sick chamber. There I found the same symptoms of approaching death as the evening before, the same rattling in the throat, the same fixed glare of the eyes, and the same despair in the countenances of all the attendants. The looks of the physician, too, plainly confessed that his art could do no more for her.

Ah! he could not!—and God would not!—Why he thus tore asunder one of the happiest couples that ever were united!—Why he separated two souls that only wished to live for each other! Into those things we are forbidden to enquire!—But, oh! let not any one impute it to me as a sin that I complain!—The Lord gave her to me!—The Lord hath taken her away!—I am no dissembler—I cannot add, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

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Of what passed in this and the following hours, I have but a confused recollection. How I kissed her for the last time, without even receiving a like faint return, as the evening before; how I rushed out of the room, unable to support the idea of beholding her last struggles; how I ran to the house of a friend a few doors off, and what horrible feelings there rent my bosom—all, all these appear to me as the harassing images of some dreadful dream.

Not many days before I had said to this friend, that I was confident my senses never could support the loss of my wife; and earnestly entreated him, should this dreadful catastrophe actually take place, to think and to act for me, and endeavour, for the sake of my poor motherless infants, if possible, to rescue from despair a father who had himself stood for three years upon the brink of the grave. I charged him, when the last fatal stroke should be over, instantly to order a chaise, and fly with me, no matter whither, only to take me from the place that had been the scene of all my sorrows—from the place where every joy must be buried in the grave of my deceased wife. He promised to comply with my request, and kept his word. He went himself to my house, my wife had breathed her last, and he sent instantly to the post.

I repeat it, that I have no clear idea of my own feelings. My brain was all confusion: overpowered with anguish, I could not remain a moment in the same spot; every place seemed too confined for my bursting bosom; no tears came to my relief; I ran half frantic into the street, a bleak north-wind blew directly through it; yet even there I felt as in a burning furnace.

I told my friend I would wait for him at the gate of the town, and thither I hastened, though I scarcely know myself how I reached it; neither am I certain, whether by the way I met any person with whom I was acquainted. I only recollect, since of this my

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anguish reminded me, seeing the postillion who, a few weeks before, had driven my wife and me to Leipsic.

I remained for two hours without the gate, accompanied only by my own anguish and distraction. The weather was cold, rainy, and stormy, but I was insensible to it. I walked up and down by the side of a ditch endeavouring to collect my scattered senses, and to reflect calmly upon my situation, but it was impossible. Once or twice a few tears came to my relief, but they were few. Heaven was sparing of this lenient balm.

After awhile, an old man in a soldier's uniform, probably a pensioner of the neighbouring hospital, whose attention I suppose had been excited by the wildness of my appearance, came up to me, and asked if I was ill. I answered, Yes, and passed on. "Ah! that's plainly enough to be seen!" I could hear him say in a compassionate tone, as I continued walking forwards. I know not whether it was this appearance of participation in my sorrow that gave a new turn to my feelings, but I burst into tears, and wept violently for some minutes; yet this was soon past, and I relapsed into my former state of gloomy stupefaction.

At length, towards evening, I saw my own travelling carriage approach, the same carriage into which I had so often handed my Frederica; in which I had enjoyed so many happy hours by her side. I got hastily into it, the little dog which had been my wife's favourite was there, and jumped upon me, wagging his tail. Oh God! what painful recollections did it call into my mind. Every thing in the carriage bore some reference to my Frederica. In one pocket was a stain, made by a bottle of medicine which she had once broke. Here was a needle with which she had been at work; there, the mark of powder from her hair: and yet what was absent, reminded me of her far more painfully than what was present. At our

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departure from Reval, I had a couple of small pillows made, covered with leather, to rest our heads against on the journey. On these my wife had lain during her illness, as she found the pillows belonging to the bed too warm—on these she died!

We proceeded onwards; the clouds began to disperse, and the moon appeared. Not a word was spoken. My friend felt sensibly that, at present, any attempts to console me were vain; he was silent therefore, and in my heart I acknowledged this as an obligation. I fixed my eyes steadily upon the clouds, which the wind blew into a thousand varied forms, at first only with a vacant stare, but after awhile they caught my attention, and my fancy found a melancholy gratification in likening them to such images as were most accordant with the situation of my soul. In one, I saw a coffin; in another, a funeral procession; in another, a hat with a long crape hatband. I found in the heavens whatever I sought: never was my imagination so fertile in forming resemblances. At length, about eight o'clock, we arrived at Erfurth.

Soon after I had left my house Dr Starke arrived, and opened a vein in my poor Frederica's arm, but in vain. Nothing could snatch from the grasp of death the sweetest, gentlest victim he ever seized. For the first time since our union did she give me an uneasy sensation—she died!

I was afterwards informed by letter, that the fever occasioned by the milk had fallen upon her lungs, and was the origin of her disorder. A thousand tormenting reflections upon this subject oppress my heart. It is true, I do not doubt that my Frederica now bears testimony to our great Judge, that I did everything the tenderest love could suggest to save her; yet I cannot shake off the idea, that if this or that thing had been done or omitted, she might yet have been alive; so often does the rescue or destruction of a man hang upon a single thread—upon some

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accident, apparently of the most trifling or insignificant nature.

I am eternally haunted by the recollection that, in the last days of her illness, my beloved wife called very often, it is true only amid the wanderings of delirium, for the Russian medicine. She frequently endeavoured to explain herself more fully, and used every possible effort to make me understand what she meant, yet never could think of the right name: she could only say the "Russian medicine." I perplexed myself in vain at the time to conceive what it was on which her distempered fancy dwelt, but it has since occurred to me, that she doubtless referred to a powder in very common use in our country, which, though the physicians may declaim against it, and consider it as quackery, has most certainly often achieved wonders. And since I believe we owe the life of a son, given over by the physicians, to this powder, it is very probable that his poor mother might feel confidence in its power to restore her also. Oh heaven! who knows what might have been the effect of this powder's being administered on that last fatal day, during the short interval when her breath was easy, and her cough quiet! But how should I have assumed courage to recommend it! since, if she had then died, I had considered myself as her murderer, and been even more wretched than at present.

Alas! it was determined by a higher than mortal power, that thus it should be, and no otherwise. The great wheel that guides our destinies is not to be stopped by a blade of stubble. She is dead! and all my hopes and joys died with her!—I look for no more happiness on this side the grave! I may yet perhaps sometimes laugh, but my heart will never more be really cheerful! Many years may yet pass ere I shall be re-united to the only treasure of my soul—I may drag on a procrastinated existence, but never can I really live, since I am deprived of the better part of

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my life's support! What remains of me will only hope, will only sigh for the time of its re-union, to this perished half, and the sole consolation my sorrows can ever know, will be in constantly looking forward to that blessed period.

"Thou pious soul, belov'd, ador'd,
Oh draw me in love's bands tow'rd thee!
Draw me to thy heart, sweet angel,
That I an angel too may be!"

Before I proceed farther, I must beg a few minutes' indulgence of my readers, while I enter on some defence of my behaviour upon this fatal occasion. My friends have tormented me incessantly with reproaches for so hastily quitting my home, my family, my connections. I should have remained at Weimar they say. But why? This is a question they cannot answer. Letter after letter followed me on my flight—they were still in the same story. One said, "We all hope, that when your sorrow is abated by time, you will think more reasonably upon the subject, and return amongst us." Another says, "You owe it to your own character speedily to return, else it will be believed that you only fled to banish every melancholy object, every unpleasant recollection from within the circle of your own observation."

From my soul I detest such scannings of the conduct of others; such "They say!" and "They believe!" nor shall I concern myself about them as long as my conscience does not unite her voice with that of the public. But never was my astonishment greater than at hearing of these censures, for never was anything more unexpected.

And what should I do at Weimar? Who will answer me this question? Who, under like circumstances, would not have acted as I did? Who would not have fled the place that had proved the grave

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of all his peace and happiness, when bound by no particular connection or obligation to remain in it? Oh, how I pity the wretched mortal who perhaps is constrained by some office, or still worse by his poverty, to remain on the spot of earth that entombs the object of his fondest love! I pity him, and return thanks to heaven that, severe as is my lot, I am not doomed to such aggravated distress.

I have long enjoyed an office under the empress of Russia. This magnanimous woman, even in the midst of her battles and victories, could condescend to pay attention to an unfortunate servant, whose health had long been materially injured by the cold and damp climate upon the shores of the Baltic sea. She allowed me a year's absence for my recovery. I spent the summer at the baths, and in the autumn returned of my own free choice to Weimar, in the hope of spending a happy winter with my Frederica, in the bosom of my family. Happy this winter cannot now be, and of all places Weimar is the last in which I can hope for the restoration of my lost health.

Once more, then, why should I return thither? What should I do there?—Oh, I know but too well how my time would be passed! The church-yard would be my daily resort, my principal abode. There, in a vault, lie the remains of my father, whom indeed I never knew, since I was but just born when he died; but whose memory, from the character I have uniformly heard of him, I tenderly love and respect. There, by the side of that wall, slumbers the corpse of the worthy Musæus. Oh, my good, my beloved friend, hadst thou been living, thou hadst not judged thy pupil so severely!—And last of all! oh most fatal of all!—there is now the grave of my only treasure, of the best, the most amiable, the most affectionate of wives. There rest the happiness of my mortal, the hope of my immortal existence!—My father, my tutor, my wife, all, all are enshrined

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within the walls of that church-yard: is that then a place for the re-establishment of a debilitated frame and shattered nerves, or for restoring to its proper tone a mind tossed about with a tempest of agony?

"There is no occasion to go thither," methinks I hear observed, by some sage, cold-blooded, insensible hearts.

"Would it be in my power to control myself?" I ask. "Could reason or friendship restrain me? Or, if I did put such a constraint upon my feelings, would that diminish my agony? or would not this constant struggle rather prove a perpetual aggravation of it?" And perhaps all I should gain at last by such conflicts, would be the sneering appellation of a sentimental fool.

And, supposing I abstain from going to the church-yard, whither else should I go? Is there a spot in Weimar or its neighbourhood that I have not traversed with my Frederica, and shall I now traverse them alone? Shall I take a walk in the park? That was my Frederica's favourite resort; not a foot of ground is there within its extensive circuit over which I have not wandered with her on my arm, not a bench on which we have not sat together, not a prospect that we have not admired together! There, at a river, have we fed the Muscovy ducks, swung our little William in the swing between the trees, or at the bridge bought fish out of the trunks; every where I should find something to recall my Frederica to my remembrance!—everywhere should I see the image of my Frederica!

Into the park, then, I can as little go as into the church-yard, though in both I might find relief to my wounded heart, for it must break!

Shall I fly to my mother's house!—There I have lived with my wife, there too every object must remind me of my lost happiness. At that table we breakfasted together—at that toilette she used to dress—from that harpsichord she drew tones, soft and

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sweet as her own heart! That was the place where she sat at dinner; on this sofa we have reclined together while she read to me, when I was too ill to attend to anything but her loved voice. That was her sleeping-room, and in that room—she died!—No! no! he has never loved who can importune me to spend another hour in that house!—It is to me a yawning grave, and though I can no longer find any charms in life, I must not forget that I have children.

What then would remain for me? To mix with society. But society I cannot at present bear, at least not the society of persons formerly known to me. Nothing is so dreadful as the thought of going among those who would pity me, who would perpetually be asking how I find myself? who would endeavour to console me, would talk to me of the wise decrees of heaven, of reason, of piety, of resignation. I know I have friends there who would cordially sympathize in my sorrow, but they could not secure me from the intrusion of unsolicited comforters, and these I cannot help seeing in imagination accosting me at every step with their common-place saws, which would drive me to distraction.

Away, then, with the idea of such consolers! I do not wish to be consoled, neither do I wish any one to weep with me. These things sound well, but are in fact fine sounding phrases only. Who can indeed weep with me, for who can feel like myself what I have lost? I am more composed amid a crowd of unknown faces, who are ignorant of the heavy calamity I have experienced, than surrounded by those who have been accustomed to see me in happier circumstances. Here, I am not afraid of being assailed by remarks that would only irritate and inflame anew those wounds, the smart of which is beginning in some degree to abate. Here, I can weep alone and unmolested, no one observes my tears, or aggravates my sorrow by attempting its alleviation.

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Strange that I should be reproached with endeavouring to fly from melancholy recollections!—And who would not fly them?—I am advised to remove this suspicion by returning.—No! this suspicion is well founded, and I neither can nor will refute it. I fled Weimar, that my sorrow might not be perpetually nourished; and how this conduct so natural, so consonant to human feelings, should injure my character, is to me incomprehensible. That in flying that scene of woe, I have not forgotten my beloved wife, these pages will sufficiently testify. The vicinity of her grave is not necessary to remind me of my Frederica: who would rush into the flames when he only seeks to warm himself?

But it may be urged, that I have children at Weimar, who have a claim on my attention. It is because I feel their claims so deeply, that I am exerting every effort to restore my mind to such a state as may enable me properly to fulfil the sacred duties of a father. At present, they are placed in situations that render my immediate care unnecessary. The eldest is with a very worthy and respectable man at Schnepfenthal, who possesses both the will and ability faithfully to discharge the duties of a guardian. Far better is it for him to remain there till his father's mind be composed, than for his infant heart to be made a witness of sorrows that might throw clouds over the cheerfulness of youth which no time could disperse. To the youngest, at present, the attentions of a nurse are more necessary than those of a father; she is with her excellent grandmother, she cannot be in better hands; indeed, I will freely own, that my bosom must experience many a severe conflict before it can be reconciled to the daily sight of this child. She cost her hapless mother her life! and can I behold her, though innocent, without recurring to this recollection?

Let not then my flight be considered as having interfered with any of my duties. I am satisfied that

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it was the only means of saving my reason, perhaps my life, and am firmly resolved never more to revisit my once-loved native town. I here return my grateful thanks to those of its inhabitants with whom I lived in social and friendly intercourse, for the many happy hours passed in their society. I return my grateful thanks to those who loved and valued my Frederica; particularly are they returned to the two worthy physicians for every moment of ease their skill procured her during her last painful illness! And thou, my best of friends, G——, the warmest effusions of my gratitude are thine. Thou art a man of no common cast, for thou didst prove, what is so rarely to be found, a friend in need! I cannot be lavish of words, let silence speak for me!

Thus I take an eternal farewell of thee, thou scene of happiness to the boy, of misery to the man! Within thy walls I first received existence—within thy walls that existence was again lost, since, what remains to me of life, I scarcely can count as existence. Hope and joy accompanied me as I entered thy gates,—despair and misery drove me out from them again!—Mayest thou never become the scene of like misery to any other of thine inhabitants!

At Erfurth we went to the sign of the Black Thorn The last time I was there we had put up at the Roman Emperor, but my Frederica was then with me, and I could go there no more.

At the Black Thorn, we met the baron von O——, a very pleasing and well-informed young man, with a head and heart of the true coinage. I begged him to accompany us. He was affected by my situation. He is perfectly at his own disposal; he needed not much entreaty, but immediately consented to my request, and getting into the chaise with us, we proceeded onwards.

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November 30

On this day we arrived at Mentz. Even winter cannot deprive the country around that town of its charms. He who could not, though labouring under the pressure of severe affliction, feel the beauties of the prospect in descending the hill from Hochheim, where the noble Rhine appears proudly embracing the lovely, though less stately Maine, as his bride, with the magnificent town of Mentz spread along the banks of both rivers, and the vine-covered hills by which it is surrounded—he who could not feel these things must be a wretched man indeed. Such a one I truly pity, he is even more wretched than myself!

December 2.

I was separated from the excellent G——. He returned to Weimar to a wife whom he tenderly loves! Heaven reward his kindness to me by sparing that treasure to him!—I desired him to take back my carriage, it had been the scene of many happy hours spent with my Frederica, and I could not bear to proceed in it. Everything unnecessary too I also sent back, resolving to proceed in the diligence with my friend O——, harassing myself with as few incumbrances as possible. The little dog alone I could not dismiss. I used to dislike this poor animal, but now I feel that I cannot part with him as long as he lives.

December 3.

A melancholy morning. The image of my Frederica was never absent from me for a moment. To give vent to the anguish of my soul, I began to write the detail of her illness. It occupied my mind, and I found it some relief. I will therefore continue it—'tis a soothing though painful employment.

I this day became acquainted with a man who had long appeared to me in an amiable light as an author,

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and now does not seem less amiable as a man. This was professor Heinse, author of the 'Ardinghello.'

December 4.

Conducted by the last-mentioned person, in the morning I visited the library of the hereditary prince, of which he is superintendant. The rooms are built with taste and elegance. We saw there the oldest monument of printing, the first bible by Guttenberg, a very finely printed collection of the different sorts of writing that have been in use in the world, superb editions of the classics, the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, some of the finest and most expensive works in natural history, with various other things worthy of a princely collection.

But what pleased me more than all, was the enchanting prospect from the balcony. Beneath us was the Rhine, with the noble bridge of boats, and a crowd of moving masts. On the other side, the suburbs of Cassel, and Hochheim in the distant scene. To the right, the confluence of the Rhine and Maine; to the left, a beautiful island in the Rhine; farther off, the castle of Bibrich; and quite in the back-ground, the whole Rhinegau. Never did I see anything more charming: he who wishes to prove whether his soul be endued with any of the inspiration of poetry or painting, has only to spend some time on this balcony, and if still this matter remain doubtful, he may be satisfied. The true poet must involuntarily break forth into poetic effusions, the true painter must irresistibly sketch the landscape.

My friend and companion O——— this day received letters from Weimar. He told me that all was quiet in my house. Oh, how these words pierced my heart!—Quiet indeed!—What so quiet as death!—The intelligence was kindly meant to console me. I made no answer to it, but how often, in the midst of tumult and dissipation, has the dreadful idea rushed upon me, that all was quiet in my house.

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December 5.

In the evening I received a letter from Weimar myself. The moment I cast my eyes upon it I was seized with a sudden trembling. I had not power then to open it. I laid it by till morning, but this was no relief to me. I passed a miserable night!—and the morning——

December 7.

We set out at eight o'clock in a hired chaise for Mannheim. It was a delightful day. The heavens were serene and unclouded, and the bright rays of the sun played on the glassy surface of the Rhine, along the banks of which lay our road. The prospect around was smiling and cheerful, though in the midst of winter. Hills covered with vines, islands in the midst of the river, convents always erected in the most enchanting spots, and high mountains to the left in the distant horizon, adorned and diversified the scene. A thousand times was my soul harassed by the agonizing wish that my Frederica were but by my side—a thousand times was I assailed by the most painful comparisons between my present journey, and that which I took with her when we returned into Germany. How often did I then rest my head upon her lap, or against her shoulder, to court the gentle slumbers my ill-health required! How often press her lovely hand to my lips!—No! never, never, can I be happy again.

My creative fancy, the most faithful friend I have received from nature, did not this day forsake me. I formed to myself a vision, or rather built a castle in the air, which amused my distracted mind for more than an hour together. It took its rise from a beautiful island in the Rhine, which as we passed it strongly attracted my attention. I supposed myself a god, or at least a semi-deity, endued with the power of calling my Frederica back to life on condition of passing the remainder of my days with her on that island, without ever visiting the opposite shore our-

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selves, or receiving visits from others. I saw the boat that carried us over, we quitted it, the boat returned, and we remained there alone. Yet not entirely alone!—Love had fluttered over with our boat, esteem and friendship clipped his wings ere he could depart again, and he remained our companion.

We then began to establish our domestic economy. I built a little cot amid a group of flourishing trees; my Frederica laid out a garden, which we sowed and planted, and in time were repaid by its ripened fruits. There, in the meadow that smiles on the river's banks, our cattle grazed, and there too our infants sported and played. But lest they should fall into the water, we planted a hedge by its side for their defence. Smile, reader, if thou wilt!—Yet deny me not the momentary pleasure I receive from such delusions of fancy!—they are my sole pleasures.

We arrived at Mannheim towards evening.

December 8.

I was invited this day to dine with Iffland, but was too ill to accept the invitation. As I thought, however, that this attention gave me some claim upon him, I taxed his politeness with furnishing me entertainment for the morning, and begged one of his manuscripts to read. He was so obliging as to send me the 'Autumn Day,' which I found an excellent piece, and well worthy of its author.

In the evening my 'Natural Son' was performed. I did not go to the theatre, for oh! never can I bear to be present again at the representation of that play. My beloved Frederica used to perform the part of Amelia on our private stage, I instructed her myself in my ideas of the character, and every association and recollection connected with it would plant a dagger in my heart.. Besides, I have put into the mouth of the pastor such a picture of wedded happiness as I can no longer bear to think of. I remained therefore alone, and passed a melancholy even-

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ing, wholly occupied with reflections on my late calamity. Some books had been brought me from the bookseller's, but I could not read, I could only walk up and down the room almost in a fit of delirious enthusiasm. With tears did I implore the spirit of my Frederica to appear to me, and so wrapt was my imagination, that I was for a moment surprised she did not yield to my request.

I afterwards sketched the design of a monument, which, at some future period, I shall erect to her in my room. These were melancholy hours, yet hours that fascinated my senses very powerfully.

December 9.

I received letters both from Weimar and Reval that made the blood gush anew from my unclosed wounds. My mother told me that the new-born infant had been baptized under her mother's picture. Oh God! why was this only to be written to me?

In H———'s letter from Reval, was inclosed one from his wife to mine, whose intimate friend she was. It was directed to my dear Frederica. Tears started into my eyes as they were cast on the direction—that dear Frederica was lost for ever.

A poem was this day sent me by an anonymous hand upon the representation of the 'Natural Son' on the preceding evening. The plan of it was this: Art invited Nature to see the performance of a master-piece, to which Nature replied, that it must then be a piece written by me, and acted by Iffland, Bock, and Witthoft. Such gross flattery is insufferably nauseous. 'Tis strange that whoever seeks my acquaintance seems to think he must necessarily accost me with a compliment to some of my writings. Must a poet then always be approached with a full mouth, as an eastern monarch with full hands? Oh, that people could but feel what a grievous tax it is to be continually returning such compliments with the common-place ceremonials of "pardon me, sir!" or

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"you do me great honour!" or, "your commendations give me great encouragement!" and the like. Yet let it not be supposed that I am absurd enough to make a pretension of indifference to public approbation and applause, only I wish to be spared the embarrassment of answering these courtly flourishes.

I dined with madame von D———, a lady of much spirit and vivacity. One specimen of her wit shall be given, because it contains a very just observation, to which those whom it concerns would do well to pay attention. It was observed by somebody at table, that the players in their performances often help themselves out with an Oh! or an Ah! "'Tis a dramatic staff," said the master of the house, "on which these gentlemen lean for support."

"Rather," replied the lady, "a dramatic cudgel that they make the audience feel soundly."

December 10.

We saw the Hall of Antiques. From the title, I expected to have found a collection of real antique statues, but it reminded me of a trick once played at Erlangen. Over the door of a house a board was placed, saying, "An elephant is to be seen here." The inhabitants crowded to behold this curiosity, when, behold! the print only of an elephant was exhibited.

In like manner the Hall of Antiques contains nothing but casts after the ancient works of art, most of which are to be seen, much better executed, in Rost's shop at Leipsic. I was however pleased with the Hercules, the Laocoon, and the celebrated Torso.

An ignorant fellow, employed as a model to the academy here, went about with us, to explain the figures. "And there," said he, pointing to one, "is Voltaire, who died some time ago at Paris."

"Who was Voltaire?" I asked.

"A poet," he replied, "and a great scholar, who did not believe anything till he was upon his death-bed, and then he believed everything."

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What infinite trouble have the priests taken to convince the world that Voltaire was a convert in his dying moments!

Hence we went to the picture-gallery, which is indeed very fine. Ah! I sought everywhere among ten thousand faces, one that I could imagine bore some resemblance to my Frederica, but none such could I find. This gallery contains many pieces of the Flemish school. I was more especially pleased with Rembrandt's famous picture of the reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines, through the interposition of the Sabine women who had been carried away by the Romans. 'Tis a pleasant thing that the name of the artist is here affixed to every picture. This is not the case either in the collection at Dresden, at Dusseldorf, at Cassel, or at Sans-Souci.

In the evening 'The Virgin of the Sun' was performed. Iffland played the High Priest, and gave the author a proof that his highest expectations of excellence in the actor could be exceeded. Mademoiselle Witthoft also, though she only played the insignificant part of Idali, evinced that a great actress may render even a trifling part important. The dresses and decorations were splendid and shewed great taste. I cannot tell, however, why Rolla carried a club. A people who could build such a temple, were, it may be reasonably supposed, past that æra in nations, when the warriors combated with those weapons.

December 11.

At noon we proceeded in the diligence to Strasburgh. I chose this conveyance, which was then only known to me by report, partly from economy, partly because, amid such a medley of company, there would probably be more to engage my attention, and dissipate thought. We found five people seated there already, and as we came somewhat late, we were consequently obliged to be content with the worst places. Our company consisted of:

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Imprimis,—A young merchant who had stuffed up every corner of the carriage with Champagne bottles. He bore the appearance of strong health in his countenance, from not troubling himself with thinking much.

Secondly,—Next to him sat a lovely girl from Landau, who spoke both German and French, and talked at a great rate with the young merchant. Sometimes they gave themselves out as husband and wife, and indeed from sundry little circumstances, which I leave the reader to guess, the presumption that they were so, appeared very strong. Such, however, was not really the fact.

Thirdly,—An officer from the garrison at Mannheim, who, notwithstanding the established prohibition against smoking in the diligence, puffed his tobacco in monstrous clouds into my face, without shame or remorse.

Fourthly,—A person who appeared like a Dutch clergyman, and who was undoubtedly the most companionable man of the whole party.

Fifthly,—An ugly, insignificant, stupid woman.

The officer amused me with relating to the company, that the baron von Kotzebue had been some days before at Mannheim, and was present at the representation of his 'Virgin of the Sun.' He prattled a great deal besides about me and my writings, but since no one joined in the conversation, he afterwards adverted to a more general subject, and made many ingenious remarks upon the bad quality of the spring-water at Mannheim, on which the young merchant, with a smile, cast some oblique glances at his Champagne bottles.

The embarrassment of my servant too, was not a little entertaining. He was now, for the first time, in a carriage with me, his knee squeezed against mine. Besides, this eight-seated vehicle, and the introduction of his little person among a company of gentlemen and ladies were altogether so new to him, that an expres-

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sion of deep astonishment was very legible in his full fat face. On this journey he frequently ate at the same table with me, and I think I can now assert from experience, that this species of condescension, or of confidential intercourse, if it may be so called, extremely increases the attachment of servants to their masters. It seems to give them a certain feeling of consequence in their own eyes, though without lessening the respect due to those they serve, provided the conduct of the latter be such as not to degrade their own respectability. Ah, why have we bound the good old patriarchal manners in the chains of an over-weening pride!

We slept at Neustadt. From this journey, and the manner in which it was performed, I had received infinite entertainment as well as benefit, since the shaking of the vehicle was good for my health, and the weather was so mild that I felt the air extremely salutary, had not the state of my mind embittered every enjoyment. Never could I shake off the recollection of why I was travelling, why I wandered thus up and down, without any fixed object in view. I was in pursuit of peace and composure of heart, two friends which I could not hope soon to find.

December 12.

At four in the morning we proceeded on our journey. Of the company that set out with us, only the young Champagne merchant and the pretty girl remained. So much the more commodiously were we seated.

At nine o'clock we arrived at Landau, the first town on our route occupied by a French garrison. We were only allowed half an hour for breakfasting, which breakfast was only to be procured at the coffee-house, which coffee-house was at a great distance from the post-house. 'Tis a silly institution in France that coffee is to be had only at the coffee-houses.

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If I had not previously known that this was a French frontier town, I must immediately have discovered it by the extreme affectation of *politesse* that reigns throughout. Smoking is a thing not allowed at the coffee-house. I asked who were the people that chiefly frequented the place?

"*Les Officiers,*" was the reply.

"And do not the officers smoke?"

"*Non, Monsieur.*"

"And cannot endure the fumes of tobacco?"

"*Non, Monsieur.*"

When the half hour was elapsed, we proceeded on our journey, but alas! no longer in the best seats. The young lady remained at Landau, and, oh terrible! her place was to be supplied by seven other persons, making our total complement of passengers, ten.

I confess, at the first moment, my heart revolted so much against this squeeze, that I was about to descend from the carriage, and hire a post-chaise. It was a truly formidable sight to behold one after another tumbling in, arranging, crowding, compressing themselves together, and when it might reasonably be supposed that the whole cargo was stowed, and no room remained even for so much as a lap-dog, to see yet another and another head appear, like herrings, ramming down for salting. However, all was so ordered, that, at last we were tolerably well packed, and those in the back seats, at least, but little incommoded.

Among our new companions, was the mayor of a neighbouring village, who was very eloquent in haranguing upon his office, upon decrees, the notables, and the like. He was recently elevated to his dignity, and having been taken from the plough to be placed at the head of the people, prided himself not a little upon the distinction. Politics were the principal subject of conversation, in which we, of course, did not join. Thus much appeared pretty plainly, that however the revolution may in general be ap-

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plauded, the new order of things affords little real satisfaction. The tree pleased while it looked beautiful, covered with blossoms, but no one likes the sour fruit.

After awhile, growing tired of politics, I had recourse to the more agreeable prattler Jean Jacques, whom I carried in my pocket. With him I amused myself till the evening began to close in, when I put by my book, and opening the little window next to me, tucked myself into the corner of the carriage. The diligence has eight windows, one in front, one behind, one on each side, and a little one scarcely as big as my two hands at each corner.

It was a lovely evening. The crescent of the waning moon shone bright in the heavens, the greatest part of the company fell asleep, and all being still, my fancy began again to form visions. I looked around for the image of my Frederica, intreated her spirit to appear beneath the shade of the next tree by the road side; and when I did not find it there, eagerly looked forwards in hopes of espying it beneath a more distant one. Oh! how my heart beat if then a white post, beheld through the twilight, for a moment half deceived my senses with the idea of having found what I sought!—Was this an impulse of fear?—Ah, no! the apparition of a beloved object cannot raise apprehension in the bosom of him who loves. My heart feels a painful longing, but for one moment, to behold the spirit of my Frederica! I would give my whole life for such a moment, since it would change into conviction what now is only hope, that I shall hereafter be re-united to her, hereafter behold her again, press her again to my bosom.

Late in the evening we arrived at Hagenau. We supped in a spacious hall, where eight large tables were set out, filled with company, eating, drinking, or playing. Many, indeed, were already drunk. All was mirth and jollity, to which, perhaps, its being

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Sunday, contributed not a little. The patrole once made its appearance among them, but the severity of those gentlemen was easily subdued by a glass of wine.

I asked an officer of the garrison of Strasburgh, one of our travelling companions, whether that, pointing to the dress of the patrole, was the national uniform?

"*Mon Dieu!*" he replied; "are you not acquainted with that yet? Why, it is to be seen everywhere."

From this answer I concluded, that the national guards, and the regular military, were not particularly complaisant towards each other.

I was farther confirmed in this opinion, from overhearing some of the former, at the next table, recounting over many heroic deeds of the officers, which evidently were designed as sneers. Our travelling companion very judiciously took no notice of their impertinence, and by this silence best asserted the honour of the stronger.

December 13.

We set out again at six in the morning. One person more was added to our company, an old man with the cross of St Louis, a fowling piece, and a pointer. He amused us with relating stories of various horrible murders that had lately been committed in that neighbourhood, and illustrated his narrations by the many newly thrown up graves and wooden crosses which we found by the way. This was poor consolation to the harmless traveller proceeding quietly on his route, especially since everything now remains unpunished, even though the criminal be well known. Yet what has the poor forsaken wretch to fear, who has already lost his all!

We entered Strasburgh about noon, and alighted at the Red Horse, upon the beautiful parade. Here everything is already national. I observed, as we passed along the streets, a national pharmacopœia, and even a national hatter.

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My ill stars would so ordain it, that in going from the bureau of the diligence to the inn, I was witness to a melancholy accident. A pair of unruly horses in a carriage threw their rider, and dragged him the whole length of the street, stamping upon and kicking him all the way. Never was a more horrible scene, it turned me sick, and I was ready to faint. I heard nothing around me but dreadful exclamations of he's killed! he's killed! The horrible image of the man, dragged as I had beheld him, haunted me all day!—Oh God! was not my soul sufficiently oppressed before with horrible images!

The guard passed our windows. The march they played was sweet, yet this struck me as not the proper character for a march; it bore too much resemblance to an air. Greater solemnity had been more appropriate. I observed, that the cannoneers wore shoes and stockings with their uniform instead of boots, and that no two had stockings alike: this appeared to me truly French.

After dinner, we visited the shop of Amand King, the bookseller. He is a polite and pleasing young man, and I here make my acknowledgments for the disinterested attention he shewed me. He is at present printing a French version of my 'Adelaide of Wulfingen,' executed by a madame de Rome at Paris. This he gave me to look over, and the reading of 'Adele de Wulfing' afforded me much diversion. It is truly frenchified in every part. At the end, Adelaide is discovered to be the daughter of Mistivoi, substituted for count Hugo's, consequently not Theobald's sister. But the translator has not esteemed it worth while to trouble herself with removing the striking improbabilities in the way of such an incident.

I was particularly surprised, that any expectation should be formed of this piece being approved upon the French stage. But Mr King assured me, that it could scarcely fail of pleasing, since every possible

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method of rendering priestcraft odious, was now eagerly sought.

Mr King, too, was in the national uniform. I cannot say but that it is very smart, and has a good effect. On the buttons is engraved *la loi, et le roi.* I asked, whether *le roi* was not added merely for the sake of the rhyme?

December 14.

On this morning also we set off at six. We chose for our conveyance the diligence to Paris, which was to reach that capital on the evening of the 16th.

Never in my life did I take a more unpleasant journey. I will freely own, indeed, that the distempered state of my mind throws a gloom over everything around me, and that I am now captious and peevish under inconveniences at which, in my happier days, I should only have laughed; but here many things are really insufferable.

In the first place, the boasted commodiousness of the carriage itself, is altogether empty vapour, or at least must be received with very great allowance. If it carried no more than four, or perhaps six, there would not be any great reason to complain; but unfortunately, its full complement is eight, and woe to him who happens to be one of those eight!—Woe, woe indeed, if they be all thin! but inevitable death should they be fat!

Three sit forwards, three backwards, and one against each door. It seems not at all taken into the account, that men have arms and legs. A maimed soldier, deprived of these conveniences, might sit with tolerable ease. How then to stow all the legs, occasions no small perplexity; for, they who happen to be among the last that get in, will scarcely find a place not pre-occupied by another pair. A toe, that may unfortunately be tormented with a corn, has a very good chance of becoming a footstool to a neighbour, till its owner, no longer able to endure the torture, will be extremely glad to draw up his leg like

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that of a bird of Paradise. In this situation, however, 'tis impossible to remain long without the contracted limb becoming so insupportably stiff, that it cannot be moved again but with extreme difficulty; and when at last the happy moment arrives that brings a temporary release from this confinement, he is perhaps scarcely able to get out of the carriage.

Another convenience of this squeezed mode of travelling, is the almost insurmountable labour of getting a handkerchief out of the pocket. This is indeed such a herculean task, that big drops of sweat stand on the forehead ere it can be accomplished. A pickpocket could never be so effectually secured against carrying on his trade as in this diligence. In the front or backwards the press is the most intolerable, consequently they who sit against the doors are the least incommoded with respect to elbow-room; though otherwise they are in far the worst situation, and besides run the hazard of having their necks broken, supposing the doors not to be properly fastened.

The vapour of so much breath pent up together is another agreeable circumstance. There are indeed six windows to the carriage, but unless in very warm weather, it is scarcely possible to endure more than one or two open, which is totally insufficient to remedy the evil. The impossibility of the passengers within opening the doors, is an additional grievance; they are, as it were, shut up in a prison, or cage, from which they can be released only by the gaoler.

Thus is a coach full of men carried about from town to town, as the higglers carry a basket of fowls; and as a consummation of their misery, when they arrive at the bureau, seven or eight minutes are perhaps suffered to elapse before the driver will be pleased to open the door of this black hole, during which they endure all the torture of that impatience, unavoidably attached to such a teazing species of procrastination. Of all things under the sun, confinement is to me the most vexatious, and a confinement

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like what I have described, the most vexatious of all.

Many people consider a cold as healthy. He then, who has not had the satisfaction of enjoying such a token of health for some time, need only take a journey in this diligence, and he may be tolerably secure of obtaining the desired gratification. As every passenger pays for his place, and as it has been long a universally established maxim, that one man's money is as good as another's, so each individual thinks he has equal right with his neighbour to regulate the opening of the windows, at least of that by which he sits. Thus, instead of entering into a general compact for the advantage of the whole company, each, with the true selfishness of human nature, considers merely his own private interest, and perhaps makes such draughts of wind, that 'tis only wonderful how anybody escapes cold.

The fare at the inns is, besides, very bad and very dear. For terribly insipid bouillé with soaked bread, disagreeable to the eye and still more disagreeable to the palate, sodden, tasteless beef, and vegetables dressed with oil, we commonly paid half a dollar. Gladly would I have resigned, for a tolerable piece of beef, or a roast leg of mutton, the dessert that even in these miserable inns always succeeds the dinner. This consists of wretched dry biscuits, chesnuts, and fruit. Never in my life did I taste anything more nauseous than a sort of biscuit they called echaudé: it has the flavour of foul air.

To dirt the table cloth is impossible, since, according to appearance, it has made a visit up the chimney before it be spread. This is accompanied with forks no less filthy, and very uninviting for taking up the food; and as to a knife, no such thing is to be had. Every traveller is expected, like a German peasant or butcher, to carry one in his pocket, and to use it at his meals, first whetting it on his breeches. The wine is the best thing brought to

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table, though only a light country wine, but this is drank out of beer glasses, to which I have a mortal aversion.

Inconvenient as this journey must necessarily be at all times, it is rendered ten times worse by being taken in winter. To provide a room with a fire against the arrival of the diligence, is what nobody thinks of, and the only resource against perishing with cold is to adjourn to the kitchen. But this is a very partial remedy; he alone who fortunately is among the first that enter, and understands how to manage, has any chance of obtaining a tolerable birth, and even he can only choose whether to warm himself in the front or the rear, for to do both is impossible. This is another advantage for the lovers of colds. Nor is this all: they have yet a third chance: these places are never floored, only paved with brick, from which a chill pestilential moisture is constantly rising: to this may be added, all the water thrown about, people spitting, and dogs doing what dogs ever will do; which all together form an assemblage of damps that may fairly be considered as reducing the matter to a certainty.

Two hours is the time allowed for dining, and the diligence ought also to stop for the night. But since in winter the roads are frequently bad, and it must be at Paris at the time appointed, it often travels all night, or at least rests for so short a time, that it is scarcely worth while to attempt going to bed, though 'tis a sufficient delay to weary and fatigue the passengers, unless they happen to be blessed with that propensity so common to travellers, of being able to eat and drink at any time, even in the middle of the night.

And should it happen, that five or six hours are allowed for rest, a man must be somewhat practised in witchcraft to be able to sleep. The best accommodations to be procured are a perishingly cold room, where the wind blows in at every corner, fur-

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nished with a bedstead ready to break down, to which are attached old tattered hangings, and a feather-bed shaken up high at the feet, somewhat lower in the middle, and lowest of all at the head. If, spite of all these preventives a doze should begin to steal over the traveller's wearied eye-lids, he may rely upon being quickly awakened again, either by the noises of the inn, or the howling of the wind in the chimney.

But most terrible of all, is the situation of the poor valetudinarian, who from the state of his health cannot, without inconvenience, experience a privation of his customary habit of sacrificing every morning to a certain subterranean divinity held in great respect among the Romans—or, to put the case in another point of view, who wishes not to forego the performance of what, if neglected, would, according to Montaigne, transform even a Seneca into a fool. The shaking of the vehicle has perhaps rendered it doubtful whether this can be accomplished or not, and should he wish to counteract these bad effects by a cup of coffee and a morning pipe, either there is no time for taking them, or if he be disposed to rob himself of an hour of rest, and rise early, that sufficient time for the purpose may be secured, where is the coffee to be had? In the inn, it is never furnished; and at the coffee-house, the people are never up so early. But he may give the waiter at the coffee-house a trifle to rise on purpose. So he may, and the waiter will make very liberal promises over night, which before morning will be entirely forgotten.

After this general description of what may be expected in the diligence, the picture of which is faithfully sketched, and in no respect overcharged, I proceed to a detail of the particular inconveniences we had to endure. Our company consisted partly of people going all the way from Strasburgh to Paris, partly of chance passengers taken up only for short distances. Among the first class were:—

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Imprimis,—A merchant from G———, who was so extremely satisfied with himself, that he thought all other people must be equally satisfied with him. He pretended to know everything and to have been everywhere, and kindly gave us ample instructions what we should do at this place, what see at that, with other like useful information. He was besides infected with the disease of speaking French, imitated the French manner of clipping words, and speaking through the nose, to which his vile Thuringian dialect was a great addition. He had besides the insufferable habit of saying *comment?* or *plait-il?* at every word addressed to him, although it was obvious that he was no more deaf than myself. But worse than all, if by chance he stumbled upon some dry dull joke, he mumbled it, and tortured it about, till it was disgusting as the drink made by the South Sea islanders with chewing the roots of yams.

Secondly,—A Fleming, by name B———, who had lived for twelve years at Petersburgh. He had the perfect physiognomy of a Calmuc. Never did I see a man who could always drink, always laugh, and always talk ribaldry like him. He seemed to have abundance of vermin about him, and sung *chansons* when they were troublesome. He was pleased, as an excellent joke, to confer the title of 'monsieur le baron' upon his neighbour the merchant. In what this profound piece of humour originated, I did not learn; but this I know, that 'monsieur le baron' was rung in my ears till I was so fretted that I heartily wished I could have jumped out of the window to escape from it. I have commonly found the barons themselves more fatiguing than their titles, but for this time the case was reversed.

Thirdly and fourthly,—A couple of honest citizens from some little town either in Alsace or Lorraine. One of them was a fat portly gentleman, the other had a brown sturdy visage, with a superabundance of black beard. In the countenance of the former, the

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space between the nose and mouth formed a complete semicircle. This is said to be a certain indication of self-importance; and, indeed, he seemed to take upon himself entirely the part of Mentor to his companion. If the latter opened his mouth, and appeared in the most trifling or insignificant circumstance to differ in opinion with his fat companion, an immediate snub was the consequence. They gave us to understand, that they were travelling upon public business. Probably they had something to lay before the National Assembly, and the fat man was to be the orator, for he often leaned his head against one of the windows, with his eyes closed, while his lips were moving.

Fifthly,—An officer of the national guards, of whom I have nothing more to observe, than that he understood the best of any of the company how to manage at the inns, and was always one of the first at the fire.

Besides these, we had several chance passengers for a short time each. Among others, a Jew from Nancy, who, at early morning, in the carriage, conformably to the custom of his religion, stretching out his arms, and bundling up both them and his head with a variety of wrappers, offered his prayers to heaven, without concerning himself about the inconvenience he might occasion to his fellow-travellers.

A young officer, who also accompanied us a part of the way, and seemed to think himself a great wit, began to display it upon the poor Jew most unmercifully, stringing together silly and insulting jokes, and branding the whole race of Israel as rogues, till at length I could not suppress my indignation. I observed, that it was extremely indecent and unlike a gentleman to attack a man who had no means of defending himself; and added, that I had no doubt there were many very worthy and respectable people among the Jews. The officer on this gave me a full and expressive stare, which seemed, when translated, to mean, "O, ho! what, you also are a Jew?"

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Thus my benevolent feelings towards an insulted fellow-creature had probably drawn like insults upon myself, had not the young son of Mars, as is commonly the case with such stupid conceited jesters, had more mouth than heart, and been somewhat frightened by my reproof. As it was, he was awed into silence, and let the Jew rest, only now and then casting oblique and significant glances upon him. My protegé, however, did not appear very deserving of this interference in his behalf, since he manifested no signs of being any way affected either by the warrior's insults, or the correction they had received.

The rest of our chance passengers are not worth enumerating. They did nothing but squeeze our bodies and fatigue our understandings.

This first day, the 14th, we dined at Phalsbourg, and reached Blammont in the evening, where we stopped some hours to rest.

December 15.

We arrived at Nancy about noon, passing through Luneville and St Nicholas. By this time the diligence was become so absolutely insupportable to me, that I resolved to quit it for four-and-twenty hours at least. Gladly would I have gone post all the remainder of the way to Paris, had we not taken our places at Strasburgh, and paid twelve new louis-d'ors for them.

I hired a cabriolet to Toul, in which my companion, my servant, and myself, proceeded forwards the next morning, and found it tolerably commodious. The diligence had now gotten the start of us very much. We passed through St Aubin, Barleduc, and Vitry, to Chalons-sur-Marne, where, at ten o'clock in the evening, we were so unfortunate as to overtake that miserable vehicle again.

Post-horses are intolerably dear in this country, and the regulations with regard to them are to me wholly inexplicable. In Germany, if we pay for

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three horses, the postmaster often adds a fourth gratis: and it is the same in Poland and Russia. But in France, on the contrary, if we pay for three, which are charged at twenty-five sous the mile each horse, we are seldom allowed more than two; or, if the third be required, then they are charged at thirty sous each. In my opinion, the justice of the thing would be, the more horses we have, to pay so much the less by the head.

Then, since we had no chaise of our own, we were generally required to pay the price of another horse for a little inconvenient postchaise, so that in all we paid for four horses while we used only two. At Vitry they told us, that they had only a very heavy postchaise, so that we must pay for an additional horse. We did so, and still we had a horse the less. Of this we complained, when the postmaster said, "*Messieurs, c'est une grace qu'on vous fait, puis qu'il fallait payer trente sous par lieue.*" I replied, that I had heard much of the *politesse* of the French nation, and after this instance I could not doubt of its truth.

We travelled here as expeditiously as in Russia. Whether this will remain so much longer may be a question, as since the revolution the roads have been very much neglected, and are daily getting worse and worse.

December 17.

In the morning we were re-committed to our prison, and proceeded to Epernay, the most famous place in the whole country for champagne Even over me might this nectar have extended its exhilarating influence, had not an accident, which, trifling as it was, made a powerful impression upon me, thrown me back into my former state of annihilation, even at the moment when I began to feel my heart and spirits reviving.

The walls and windows of the room in which we dined, were scratched over with names and verses, after the idle custom so prevalent among travellers.

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I was amusing myself with examining them, when unluckily my attention was caught by the letters F. E. with a cross, at the corner of a window.*

Vanished like a flash of lightning were the artificial spirits that the wine had for a moment inspired, and I fell into a state of the most gloomy abstraction. These letters, and the horrible cross, seemed to reproach me that I could yet be sensible to the joys of wine, when those of love were lost to me for ever. He who was never in a like situation, may perhaps smile when I relate that I secretly entreated pardon of my Frederica for having tasted the wine. O God! what will become of me, if every trifling occurrence can thus torture my heart!

We stopped this night at Chateau Thierry. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived there, and we quitted the place again at three the next morning.

I ordered a room to be prepared for me directly, and a fire to be made in it, for my present humour was ill assorted to the noisy mirth of my companions. Here I walked up and down, talking to my Frederica, while they were eating and drinking below. The night was tempestuous, and the roaring of the wind was the more awful from the town being situated very high, so that there was nothing to break its force. To this raging of the storm without, was added the crackling of the fire within, and the perpetual creaking of the door, that altogether my soul was impressed with sensations I can hardly describe. The war of nature was congenial with my feelings; the hours I passed here were melancholy, but composing. When I am thus alone, my Frederica seems with me: I talk to her as though she were present, and pour out to her all my heart. Ah! perhaps she may be really present!—perhaps she hovers about

* The cross subjoined to the initials is considered as indicating that they were inscribed by somebody who had just lost some very dear connection.—TRANSLATOR.

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me as my guardian angel? Oh, why does she not appear for one moment, to give me assurance of her existence! How often have I intreated it! and on this solemn evening I intreated once more!

Chateau Thierry is the birth-place of the admirable La Fontaine. This rendered it much more interesting to me than the celebrated bridge over the hills at Nancy.

The night was passed entirely without sleep; and so it must have been from the storm, even had my own uneasy thoughts not kept me waking. A more violent hurricane, indeed, I scarcely ever remember. It was as if Boreas had unloosed the messengers of his fury into my room.

December 18.

We left Chateau Thierry, dined at Meaux, and at length, about six in the evening, weary of our journey, weary almost of life, arrived at

PARIS.

I was inexpressibly mortified that it was already dark; yet the shops on both sides of the streets, prettily set out, and handsomely lighted, had a very good effect. The custom of announcing, in large letters, over the door of each house, the name and trade of the inhabitants, pleased me extremely. This practice, indeed, may be observed from the moment of entering the dominions of France. Almost all the houses have also signs, and these are usually something golden, as 'The Golden Apple,' 'The Golden Bowl,' 'The Golden Lion,' 'The Golden Key.' A strong characteristic feature of French ostentation.

The taste our forefathers had for gaudy colours has been considered as a sign of the infancy of a nation. May not this passion for gold be the distinctive stamp of that period of old age when it is falling back into its second childhood? This favourite *or* (gold) seems now, however, in some degree to be supplanted by the more fashionable 'nation' and

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'national.' A few days ago I saw over a door '*traiteur de la nation.*' A desperate undertaking, I thought within myself, to feed a whole hungry nation!

December 19.

Were I not in the very vortex of dissipation, the present day must fill me with nothing but melancholy images, since it is the anniversary of the institution of our private theatre at Reval. All is now in that town mirth and jubilee. On this day last year, my 'Virgin of the Sun' was performed for the first time, when my Frederica played Amazili. How becoming was the wreath in her hair!—Oh God! what anguish of heart lies in these recollections!

Towards evening, we went to walk in the Palais Royal. Schulz has described it so well, that I can add nothing to his description. It made a pleasing, but not a grand impression upon me. The fine range of shops at Petersburgh is little inferior to it.

A man invited us, with a very earnest and noisy eloquence, to come in and see *un homme sauvage* and *une jeune Alsacienne*, for only twelve sous. The *homme sauvage*, who was taken upon the Lord knows what island, had as little of the *sauvage* in him as myself. He was a handsome young fellow, with a physiognomy similar to that of Jesus Christ. He had a black beard, which had been suffered to grow, and the rest of his dress was truly laughable. Round his head he had a wreath of artificial flowers, and his outer garment, if garment such a thing might be called, was a large packthread net. What stamped him a savage, as far as I could find, was simply that he eats stones, as many a man has done before, without incurring the like distinction. He first crushed the flints with his teeth, then opened his mouth wide, to shew them champed, then swallowed them, and afterwards let us feel his stomach, where, in truth, we could hear the clatter of a tolerable depôt. There appeared to me no deception in all this: the only

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thing that wore the semblance of deception was, that he pretended not to be able to speak.

Next appeared the young Alsacian. She was a girl about twelve years old, painted like a Christmas mask, and as dirty as a pig, who wanted to exhibit some common every-day tricks upon the wire. I begged to be excused the performance, and, paying my twelve sous, departed.

Another man was no less vociferous in recommending to our notice a collection of wax figures as large as life, which, indeed, we found well worth seeing. There were the king, the queen, the dauphin, with madame Royale, la Fayette, Baillie, Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr Franklin; the two celebrated and interesting prisoners, Maseres de la Tude and baron Trenck; the Indian ambassadors, who were once here; madame du Barré asleep, and scarcely half clothed; Maria Theresa, Clermont Tonnerre, and a multitude besides, all dressed according to their proper costume, and all, as was generally agreed, extraordinary likenesses. What would I not have given for such a likeness of my Frederica!—Yet am I not a fool?—as if her image were not impressed on my heart much more accurately, and in much more forcible colours, than she could be represented by any artist! But had I such a figure, I would place it by my side at table, as the Egyptians used to do with their mummies. Ah! this was surely an excellent custom.

I could not forbear smiling at seeing Voltaire and Rousseau sitting together very familiarly at a little table, appearing as if they were demonstrating some proposition, perfectly at their ease, and not caring for anything or anybody.

It is amusing to go into the coffee-houses in the Palais Royal. They are full of *affiches*, *annonces*, and *avertissemens*, some of which are very curious. For instance, one announced a servant wanted, who, besides his mother-tongue, French, must understand German, Italian, and English. He must also be able

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to shave, to dress hair, to cook, to take care of horses, to drive a cabriolet, &c. &c. &c. I wished very much to know what could be included in the *et cetera*.

Here, and everywhere, there is such an eternal ringing of changes upon liberty, and whatever has any relation to it, that it is really fatiguing. Our hair-dresser, who is a member of the national guard, and a most zealous democrat, never calls the king anything but *le pauvre homme*, and the queen is commonly *la coquine*, *la miserable femme du roi*. If he be in a particularly complaisant humour, however, then it is *la femme de Louis XVI;* and if in a particularly sarcastic one, then *la femme du pouvoir executif*. No scruple is made of saying, that it was a very great pity the queen escaped on the sixth of October, when her fate was so nearly decided.

The people are in great alarm, lest the emperor Leopold should send troops into France. It is said, that a letter was lately laid under the queen's napkin, threatening that, in case her brother should dare to take any steps against French liberty, her head should be sent to him upon a pike.

Some days ago, a dreadful scene took place at the opera. The piece performed was 'Iphigenia.' At the chorus *chantons, célébrons notre reine*, the duchess of Biron, and some others in the neighbouring boxes, clapped, and applauded extremely, and called *encore! encore!* which is not usual at the opera. The performers however ventured to repeat the chorus, when the duchess threw a laurel wreath upon the stage. This was enough, and more than enough, to rouse the people's fury. They hissed, they cried, they gave the duchess very opprobrious epithets; they got oranges, apples, and pears, both hard and soft, and pelted her, so that her box was soon like a fruit-shop, and she herself was all over bruises; fortunately, a knife that was thrown, missed her. Some among the populace, more wanton than wicked, brought in a bundle of rods to chastise her before the eyes of the

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whole public. She had sufficient presence of mind to keep her seat, and let them go on, with perfect composure. Had she quitted her box, they had probably broken into the saloon; and had she attemped to say a single word, or to make any offensive gesture, they had probably broken into her box.

At length all was quiet. The duchess had all the apples, pears, and oranges, and above all, the knife, collected together, and sent them the next morning to the marquis de la Fayette, with her compliments, and she had sent him some striking testimonies of French freedom, which she requested him to offer upon the altar of liberty, in her name.

On the following day, Enné, the player, who was the principal offender in the repetition of the chorus, was compelled to make a very submissive apology for his conduct, and to trample the laurel wreath under his feet.*

Proofs of the licentiousness of the people may be collected daily in abundance. The driver of the *fiacre*, in which we returned yesterday evening to the Russian and English hotel, where we lodge, called my companion *mon ami*. The latter asked with a smile, "Do you really believe me your friend?"—"Ah, bah! bah!" said the driver; "we are all equal."

Our *valet de place* also, after having called us a coach to go to the opera, desired leave, without any

* Without considering the conduct of the people as justifiable, yet surely the duchess de Biron's was highly censurable. It appears, that to encore at all was very unusual in such a performance, and to select for this purpose a passage, which, in the then temper of the times, must be obviously offensive to the populace, was throwing down the gauntlet, and absolutely inviting the disturbance that ensued, when no possible good effect could arise from it. If a person of her rank could so far degrade herself as to court a contest, was it to be expected that the less cultivated mass should decline it?—TRANSLATOR.

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ceremony, to get in, " because," he said, " the weather was very bad."

I was pleased with the opera itself, but several other things crossed and teazed me. Though we went by five o'clock, the house was already full, and we could only with difficulty get places in the balcony, that is to say in a sort of very large box of which there is one on each side the theatre. For these seats we gave ten livres, half a louis d'or—dear enough in my opinion. However, I should not have complained had we seen well, but that was by no means the case, for even this place was so crowded that it was impossible to see over more than half the stage.

In the boxes I must own, there was a considerable display of beauty, but it was artificial beauty. Ah! nowhere did I see a Frederica! nowhere the expression of artless goodness so conspicuous in every feature of her face!

A very polite young man who stood next to me, shewed me madame Gouverné, who, he said, was esteemed the handsomest woman in Paris. He might be right. She did indeed appear extremely handsome, and had much of that gentleness and grace, without which no woman can be attractive in my eyes.

The performance was ' Les Pretendus,' a comic opera. The music and singers were excellent, and the latter were also good actors and actresses, which is seldom the case on our German stage, and is a great disadvantage to the piece. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the splendid ballet of ' Psyche,' at present a reigning favourite with the public. The general impression it made upon me was not powerful, but with particular passages, and parts of the machinery, I was extremely charmed. I must instance particularly that where Psyche is carried away by a zephyr, in a cloud, from the top of a rugged rock, when just as she disappears, a long and beautiful stream of light is left behind—again, where she is sitting at her toilette, with little cupids flutter-

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ing round her—and where also she appears as the scholar of Terpsichore. All these made, in part a strong, in part a pathetic, impression upon my senses.

To the dancing, that is to say, to the throwing the arms and legs about, and the jumping and bounding, I am not very partial, nor could I feel much pleasure even in Vestris's solo and *pas-de-deux* as Amor. But I was extremely pleased with the zephyrs, which indeed seemed rather to fly than to move as human beings. Hercules was the very counterpart of the stone-eater we had seen in the morning. Some things appeared to me too horrible for a ballet. For instance, the manner in which Psyche is pulled about, and the contortions into which her body is thrown when she falls into the hands of some dozen or two of devils, as well as her being precipitated from a high rock into the burning Phlegethon. The woman who played Psyche was a lovely creature indeed, and assumed so much innocence in her appearance, that no one could have supposed her a dancer at the great opera at Paris.

I could not at last decide whether the performance, take it altogether, was worth half a louis-d'or; but this I know for certain, that I would not for ten louis d'ors endure again what we went through after the entertainments were finished. We had prepared ourselves for waiting half an hour, before the crowd could be sufficiently dispersed to permit the leaving our box; but alas! we had to spend another fatiguing half hour in the saloon ere we could venture to seek our servant in the hope of getting away. Here we stood, surrounded on all sides by draughts of wind, and if we attempted to get out of them by going into a box, we were almost suffocated by the smell of extinguishing the lamps. To complete the matter, when we did find the servant, no *fiacre* was to be had, which considerably prolonged our torments, and when, at last, even this difficulty was surmounted, we were assailed with such a piercing wind and snow, blowing

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directly in our faces as we came out of the house, that for myself, poor hypochondriacal valetudinarian as I was, I thought it would have sent me again to the brink of the grave.

At getting into the carriage, I was presented with a new trait of French vanity, at which, notwithstanding my ill-humour and my frozen cheeks, I could not forbear smiling. A Savoyard came up, begging something to drink, as he had procured the carriage. I told him that was done by my own servant. He asserted to the contrary, when at length the lacquey confessed that he did not like to dirty his stockings, so had sent the Savoyard instead of going himself. I told him that he was very welcome to send whom he pleased, but then he must be pleased also to pay him himself. In this he acquiesced after some opposition, and we proceeded homewards.

We had not gone many steps, before we were stopped by a voice of complaint, when our driver begged that we would permit a gentleman, who was going to the Palais Royal as well as ourselves, to take the fourth place in the carriage, the third being occupied again by our valet. We very readily consented, and a well-dressed man got in, who with the true French ease was acquainted with us in a moment, and had run over every possible topic of conversation in a quarter of an hour.

We expressed a wish to be present at a debate in the national assembly. He told us that we could not be admitted without tickets, but as he was himself a deputy, he should have very great pleasure in procuring them for us: an offer which we accepted with many thanks. I do not even now know who this man was, for 'tis one of my sheepish follies that I never can ask any person his name, and I as little like to give my own to another. I did however give him both that and my address, and hope to hear farther from him.

Our fellow-countryman Schulz lodged in the very

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same hotel that we inhabit, and is remembered here, as he always will be wherever he goes, with kindness and attachment. Both our host, and the barber who had the honour of dressing his hair, call him *bon enfant*, and probably think they confer a great honour upon him, as a German, by giving him so familiar an appellation.

December 20.

Tin, leather, and paper, have often been stamped as money in times of necessity. At present scarcely any other money is to be seen here but scraps of paper, called *assignats*, stamped with the head of the king. The least are for two hundred livres.

I was this morning with my banker, monsieur Perregaux, to get a bill of exchange for two thousand livres discounted.

"What shall I do with these?" said I, as he was paying me with this new-fashioned coin.

"We have no other," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"That is melancholy," said I.

"Extremely so," he rejoined; and wished me good morning.

I lost five per cent in getting my paper exchanged, yet to exchange it was absolutely necessary, since there are a thousand trifling expenses below the sum of two hundred francs. I now understand perfectly what the Savoyards meant, who assailed me by dozens the other day in the Palais Royal, crying, *Voulez-vous de l'argent, monsieur?* at the same time clinking their full purses in my ears. I thought at the time it was only impertinent banter.

This day we went to the Boulevards to see *les grands danseurs du roi*, who indeed are no dancers at all. They have scarcely even so much of the great in them as the king their master, and as little deserve their pompous title as the archbishops of Chalcedonia, Tarsus, Joppa, and others. How they came by it, heaven only knows: but the king can certainly never have seen his *grands danseurs*.

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The theatre would have done some credit to a little provincial town in Germany. The best places were only thirty sous, about six times less than the opera.

"And the performance is six times less entertaining?" perhaps it may be asked.

To that I make no answer. We went thither about half after five, when we found a parcel of very dirty unhealthy-looking children dancing upon the rope, which they called an entertainment, though I could not find that it entertained anybody. However, we will not quarrel about a name: 'tis ever thus in the world at large.

At six the regular play began; it was 'The Oyster Fishery.' Four women scolded and abused their husbands unmercifully, often using very indecent language, particularly, gross and broad double entendre. Yet the performers played with an ease, vivacity, nature, and truth, that was truly admirable; and such as I never witnessed upon the most celebrated German stage. They were always ready with repartee, never hesitating, or wanting the assistance of the prompter; yet their wit was not pointed improperly, as is so commonly the case with our German performers. In short, they kept me involuntarily in a constant laugh.

I have observed that many of the Parisian theatres have no prompter, and even where there is one, he does not sit in the cursed bee-hive as among us, but is sunk so below the stage that his eyes are just parallel with it, and his head is concealed by the lamps. I wish the vile custom of prompting were entirely abolished, and then players would be constrained to study their parts thoroughly, nor would our ears any longer be offended with their eternal blunders and hesitation. Here the performers were all so perfect, and had so completely acquired the tone of conversation, that all idea of previous study was lost, and they had exactly the appearance of a number of persons met together, and actually conversing.

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After 'The Oyster Fishery,' was performed a little piece, called 'L'Abbé Court-diner.' It was wholly devoid of plot, but contained many truly comic scenes, and by the perfect ease of the performers was rendered extremely pleasant.

The entertainments concluded with a pantomime in four acts, entitled 'The Metamorphoses of the Benevolent Fairy.' It was a true Italian comedy, with a harlequin, and fatigued me exceedingly. The machinery was bad, the dresses dirty and devoid of taste; and in short, I had seen the same kind of performance, in a far better style, at Petersburgh, in the year 1782. In spite of the ridicule of my friends, I seldom missed the Italian comedy there, for I could always laugh at it heartily; and I own I like a laugh, even though reason may not be on my side. The world in general had no conception how anybody could be amused with such absurdity, yet all the world went, and all laughed as well as myself. The difference was, that they were ashamed to confess they found it laughable, and I confessed it at once, without any shame at all.

I return to the *grands danseurs du roi.* The conclusion of their exhibitions was a very licentious piece called 'Les Quatre Rendezvous,' closing with a *fête champêtre,* in which these *grands danseurs* danced very vilely. Yet what better could be expected for thirty sous?

December 21.

On this day a wretched culprit was broken upon the wheel in the Place de Grêve. I cautiously avoided stirring out the whole morning, lest my stars should lead me in the way of so horrible a scene.

I constantly devote a part of every forenoon to the Palais Royal, spending it sometimes in the Caffé de Chartres, to read the German newspapers; or in Cussac the bookseller's shop; or among the busy bustling crowd, where my ears are deafened by the noise of a thousand criers, and my eyes distracted by

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a thousand elegant objects, which luxury, united with the love of gain, places in the shop windows.

We spent the evening at mademoiselle de Montansier's theatre in the Palais Royal. A little opera was performed in the usual style of such pieces, poor both in body and soul; that is to say, both in music and dialogue. The only comic part was a gormandizing abbé who, in a humourous song, complained that the ecclesiastics had been deprived of their property. Such strokes are always received with peals of applause.

This little opera was followed by 'Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge plein,' a comedy, or rather a farce, in three acts. Yet as a farce, it is of a superior kind, and I think, would be well received upon the German stage. In one scene, where the action passes in two different rooms at the same time, the scenery was uncommonly well managed. In the front was a dining-hall, with some steps in the back ground leading to a chamber, about half of which was visible through a window into the dining-hall; a mode of building not unusual in old mansions. Behind this window a part of the action was going forward, connected with what was passing at the same time in the front room, and had an extremely good effect. At the end of this scene the deaf man drew the curtain again before the window, and then the stage appeared undivided.

I was afterwards introduced to the author of this piece, monsieur des Farges. It is not yet printed, but he was so polite as to lend me his manuscript, of which I may very probably make some use.

December 22.

This morning I received a visit from madame de Rome, the translator of my 'Adelaide of Wulfingen.' She had put her translation into the hands of the performers at Monsieur's theatre, and was in daily expectation of their decision upon it. For my own part, I am thoroughly convinced, that if, for the sake

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of some scenes, the piece in its original form deserved to live, Frenchified as it now is, it deserves nothing but damnation.

Madame de Rome has an idea of honouring me farther with translating 'Misanthropy and Repentance,' but this also must undergo a purgation. "An adultress! No, that will never do! She must only be a little indiscreet!"

"*Bon!*" say I. Then there are too many characters; some of them must be discarded. The general, the old man, and Bittermann, cannot by any means be allowed a place in the French 'Misanthropy and Repentance.'

That also might pass; but, besides, there are not confidants enough in the play, and the fair translator must supply my deficiency. Upon which among the dramatis personæ will it be supposed her choice has fallen for filling this important office? Neither more nor less than master Peter, whom she thus exalts into the pivot on which the whole intrigue turns. He is the major's confidant, and the friend and companion of Francis, with whom he plots and contrives till the misanthrope is made to dance to their pipe, and the *denouement* is brought about.

This is fine indeed!

The only really superfluous person in my drama—I mean Charlotte—is to be retained. Indeed, if this plan of translation is carried into effect, nothing will remain of 'Misanthropy and Repentance,' but repentance in my bosom for having written it. If it be not suited to the French stage as it came out of my hands, rather may it remain untranslated.

"It cannot remain as it is," said madame de Rome: the French are too far removed from nature to endure it. A very high eulogium on me, I thought within myself; if on that account alone they deviate from the spirit of my work.

For the rest, madame de Rome interested me extremely. She appears an amiable and cultivated

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woman, and talks both much and well. She belongs to the party reprobated here as aristocratic, for her husband was an officer, and a chevalier of the order of St Louis, a man somewhat advanced in years, and precipitated into his grave by the commotions of the revolution. For five days and nights, she assured me, they never thought their lives secure in their own apartments a single moment. Sometimes her husband was menaced with death, sometimes the populace wanted to place him at the head of a band of mutineers, sometimes they threatened to plunder and burn down the house. Besides, the national assembly, she said, had deprived her of a pension; "And not only that," she added with great eagerness, "but I must not even retain my arms. If I want to seal a letter, I must press it together with my thumb."

I imagine that she now maintains herself principally by writing, though her appearance was smart, and not a syllable of complaint, or hint of a wish for assistance from any other hand, escaped her lips. She assured me that she might earn a great deal of money if she would only enlist among the wild crew who are daily inundating the public with pamphlets against the court, in which the queen is called nothing but *l'execrable Antoinette*, and *la miserable femme du roi*. Madame de Rome also confirmed what I have mentioned before, that the mildest appellation ever given her, is *la femme du roi*, and this is considered as an uncommon exertion of forbearance.

She presented me with a copy of the 'Anecdotes of Joseph the Second,' which she had translated, and of which scarcely a hundred had been sold. She ascribed the ill success of this speculation to the mortal hatred indiscriminately borne here towards every member of the house of Austria.

By her I was informed, that a snuff-dealer at Nancy has an idea of publishing a German theatre. Woe to us poor Germans!

But nothing during my interview with this lady

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pierced my bosom so deeply as when she mentioned the loss of her husband. There, indeed, she touched a string in my heart that vibrated most feelingly in unison with her own; and yet, how much happier was she—how much happier was her husband, than myself! They had lived together in the joys of wedlock for five-and-twenty years, and she became not a widow till advanced in life. I possessed my Frederica only six years, and want yet some months of being thirty years old! All the happiness I can ever experience was compressed together within that short space. Ah! why were my days of bliss so few!—Why did not fate reserve some drops of transport to soothe me in the vale of declining age! Since we are then once more children, the toys of nature, why is it denied me to do like children with their cakes and sweetmeats, to reserve the most delicious morsel for the last! Or, since I perhaps am to be early called away from a table, where for me there is no enjoyment, it may be that my Frederica is only summoned, first to wait and receive me at the door, where I have long been standing, that I may hear it closed behind me without repining, nor feel too deeply the voices of my poor infants as they strive to call me back.

Oh heaven! how the least circumstance leads me back to this one fatal point!

Let me—let me return to Paris, where every one enjoys, and no one feels!—where every one participates, yet no one sympathizes!

The morning was very fine, and we went out to take a walk. We passed through the busy tumultuous Rue St Honoré to the Place de Louis Quinze, and thence to the Tuileries. The genial mildness of the weather had invited many others, like ourselves, into the air. A number of people were reclining beneath the wall on the left hand of the gardens, particularly women and children, to enjoy the faint wintry rays of the benignant sun. The sight was soothing and interesting. I thought of the well-known horrors

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committed by the prince de Lambesc on the very same spot, and could not forbear contrasting them in idea with the tranquil scene before me. It was a contrast by which the latter did not suffer.

I remember once reading, but where I cannot recollect, of a little rural cottage, which, placed amid the pompous ruins of some magnificent building destroyed by an earthquake, makes an undescribable impression upon the traveller. I figure to myself that I must have felt much the same impression at the scene I beheld in the Tuileries.

We went for a few moments into the inner court of the palace. We found Swiss soldiers and national guards every where keeping sentry indiscriminately; yet methought they cast oblique glances at each other, like good and evil angels waiting together the departure of a soul which both have stretched out their arms to receive.

On the banks of the muddy Seine we took a coach, and drove to the Pont Neuf to pay our devotions at the statue of Henri Quatre. Thou excellent king!—on thy countenance is also legibly impressed the excellent man!—and the one is no less valuable than the other.

Thence we proceeded to the Palais, as it is called, where sentence is pronounced on criminals. We found the court full of horse-guards, and our driver said, in a careless and jocose manner, *On donnera à un pauvre diable à déjeuner et à diner.*

The meaning of this was, that the court of justice was about to condemn a culprit, who was immediately to be executed. I shuddered at this hardened indifference to so awful a scene. Our valet was much in the same story, and spoke with equal composure of an execution, as of dancing on the rope.

We ascended the great staircase. I saw nothing in the Palais but what Jesus Christ drove from the Jewish temple, buyers and sellers in almost as great abundance as in the Palais Royal.

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At the end of an angular gallery we at length found the hall of judgment, which we entered just at the moment when the poor criminal's sentence was reading. But the place was so full and so hot, and the whole scene gave me such an impression of horror and anguish, that I turned back immediately. The offender I did not see, and of the judge I saw nothing but his Spanish hat.

Our coachman now drove us through the Place de Grève, where the dreadful instrument of destruction, a wheel with a ladder, was already prepared, and thousands of people were crowding about it. Oh, how rejoiced was I to turn my back upon this execrably celebrated place! Were I offered the most sumptuous palace in the world in the Place de Grève, as a present, upon condition of living in it, I should reject it with disgust and horror.

In the evening we went to the Italian theatre. A very fine room, commodious seats, vile decorations, good singers, moderate actors. The entertainments were, 'La Fausse Magie,' and 'Sargines.' The first is a silly insufferable thing, with very insipid music by Gretry. The second is also well known in Germany. It is pleasing, and the music good, but the father of Sargines looked like a periwig-maker, and his fair cousin like a lady from the Palais Royal.

As in the part of Sargines some tragic passages occur, we had now a specimen of the French talents in that way. It was such a dreadful sawing of the air, flourishing of the arms, bellowing, and catching of the breath, as was scarcely to be endured for a moment.

Heavens! what an unaccountable thing is taste! I could not forbear laughing at all these passages, while the company in general wept, and clapped, and cried bravo!—And how happens this? The French are a discerning people, and by no means wanting in taste; why, then, do they and we differ so widely? The truth seems, that we love nature, and they art.

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But yet, I cannot understand how it is possible with their irritable feelings not to love nature, or to admire that art which does not imitate nature. I, for my own part, have never considered art as admirable but in proportion as it approaches nature. I am not in the habit of writing essays, therefore I cannot explain this matter: I only know that it is so. I will next attend the Theatre de la Nation, to see a tragedy, and laugh till I be weary.

It is true, that before a French public, no sentence, no fine sentiment, no well-described feeling can be lost. All of these occasion bursts of applause, as a spark dropped among gunpowder makes an instant and tremendous explosion. Yet, when I reflected upon what I had heard in the morning, I could not feel attracted towards a people, who, with perfect levity, could call a sentence of death a breakfast, and an execution a dinner,—who might be shaken with a word of sentiment, while at the same time a deed of horror was regarded with indifference.

In 'Sargines' are many passages, which, at the present moment, have a powerful effect upon the audience, and might be supposed to call forth a particular manifestation of their sentiments. For instance: *Il faut vaincre, ou mourir, pour son roi.* From the applause with which this sentiment was received, it might well be presumed that every soul in the house was burning with desire to testify his loyalty, and die for that king whom, in their common language, they call nothing but *Le pauvre homme.*

Among the actresses was a charming young creature, by name Rose Renaud. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen years old, and had such mildness, such gentleness, such innocence, in her countenance, that I could not forbear asking my neighbour whether it were possible that this expression was not deceitful? Whether she could really be as innocent as she appeared? He assured me she was so, and I inclined to believe him, how improbable

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soever it might appear, especially as my belief was much strengthened by her modest carriage and demeanour upon the stage. She seemed to feel an uncommon degree of timidity, and it was not till after abundant applause and encouragement from the audience, with whom she appeared a great favourite, that her voice lost the tremulousness her apprehensions had occasioned. This diffidence, I think, speaks a yet uncorrupted heart, and I put up my prayers to heaven that it may ever remain so! If it be possible on a French stage, may the allurements of seduction never acquire any influence over her, but may she continue to turn with disgust from the poisoned cup of voluptuousness! Her voice is so flexible, so soft, so free from all straining, that her singing makes an irresistible impression upon the heart; but she is little or nothing of an actress.

My companion was perfectly enchanted with her. He could talk of nothing else when we returned home, and in the middle of the night suddenly started up to write down a quatraine on this lovely young creature, to which his brain had just given birth.

December 23.

The new-born offspring was this morning sent to mademoiselle Rose. She received it with a smile, and I shook my head. It seemed but another of the clouds of incense by which her virtue is daily encompassed, and which perhaps will stifle it at last.

I had sent for a tailor to make me a suit of clothes. He kept his hat on all the time he was with me, *sans ceremonie*, and the cockade in it seemed to cry aloud, "We are all equal."

The evening hours were whiled away at the Variétés Amusantes. It is the handsomest theatre I have seen. Everything about it displays taste and elegance. The performers, however, were much below my expectation. The play was 'The Two Figaros;' a pretty, but very intriguing piece, the

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author of which is a member of the theatre at Bourdeaux. It is, properly speaking, a critique upon Beaumarchais' 'Figaro,' who is reproached, that with all his ingenuity, he only strives to overreach such poor stupid mortals as count Almaviva and doctor Bartholo. In this piece, on the contrary, Figaro himself, notwithstanding all his cunning, is repeatedly outwitted by the other Figaro, as a disguised cherub. The afterpiece was 'L'Enrôlement Supposé;' a hackneyed subject, void of wit, humour, or spirit.

December 24.

This morning we received a visit from the abbé de R———, the gentleman who had offered to procure us tickets of admission to the National Assembly. He had an uncommon number of questions to ask of us. In France he was perfectly at home, but, with the true French egotism, seemed totally ignorant of everything beyond his own country. France was, in his ideas, the kingdom of heaven, and Paris the central point of all that was desirable in that kingdom. Russia seemed to him as perfect a *terra incognita* as to me is Prester John's country. He supposed Livonia to be a part of the Polish dominions, and believed that travellers in Russia carried a compass in the winter, as a guide through the snow. Probably, he supposed the villages to be buried in snow above the chimnies, and that it was no uncommon thing to tie a horse to the top of a church-steeple, like baron Munchausen.

As I was turning over some books in Cussac's shop about noon, an old man upwards of eighty came in, whose feet, it is true, seemed no longer to afford him much service, but whose countenance bespoke perfect cheerfulness and good-humour. Cussac expressed great pleasure at seeing him so cheerful. "Oh!" said he, "I have experienced many troubles in the course of my life, but I never felt remorse."

I was pleased with this answer, and on enquiry

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afterwards learnt that he was monsieur de la Place, author, or rather translator, of a voluminous collection of romances and other writings.

But, indeed, if what Cussac told me were true, he might fairly be called an author. This was, that he had so much improved Tom Jones in his translation, that it had been re-translated from that into English. I could not forbear smiling.

After staying about a quarter of an hour, monsieur de la Place was quitting the shop. He had already got the door in his hand, when suddenly turning round, as if some new idea occurred to him in the instant: "Give me pen and ink," he said, "to write down an impromptu."

The pen and ink was brought, and he produced the following *quatraine*, which I transcribed as soon as he was gone.

Pour que de deux parties les noms mieux entendus,
Dans l'état divisé peuvent moins troubler l'ordre;
Les enragés, sont ceux qui furent trop mordus,
Et les enrageans, ceux qui voudraient encore mordre.

That the two parties' titles well explain'd,
May less divisions in the state excite;
Th' incens'd, are those who were too tightly rein'd,
Th' incensers, those who'd rein them still more tight.

Enragés and *enrageans* (incensed and incensers), it is well known, are the nick-names given to the two reigning parties that at present divide France.

Among the *affiches* of to-day were two that particularly attracted my notice. One was as follows:

"A young man, about thirty years of age, of good family, but constrained by circumstances to retire to a pleasant country situation, at the distance of a league from an agreeable town, and about twenty leagues from Paris, upon an income of a hundred louis, wishes to associate himself with a female of good education, and with a fortune of about half his own, who would be willing to pass her days with him;

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not in the way of marriage, only as a companion. An answer is requested in the 'Mercure de France.'"

Are these the general ideas of the French upon the subject of marriage? or is this only the caprice of a single individual? If the former, I must detest such a licentious people; if the latter, I pity the misguided young man. But suppposing he be really in head and heart a man, and should meet with a gentle amiable creature, willing to live with him upon the proposed terms, I prophesy that in a year she will become his wife. He may set out upon this plan, to try her temper, and whether they can live happily together, and she may consent to his wishes to gain herself an interest in his heart, till by degrees they will grow accustomed to each other, become warmly attached, and unable to live asunder. It is absurd to talk of possession weakening love. He who ceases to love after possession, never has really loved at all. Love is the regular food at the table of Hymen, enjoyment but a glass of wine or a sweetmeat, which may be pleasant, but can well be dispensed with.

Yet after all, such an advertisement proves incontestably, that an unbounded licentiousness reigns among the people, since they dare thus publicly to avow sentiments militating so strongly against good morals. It was not a little curious, that in the very same *affiche* was an article of a similar kind, only with this difference, that the man, who gave himself out as *très agé*, wanted a well-educated young woman as a companion and housekeeper: his meaning was not, however, enveloped in so thick a veil but that it was very plainly to be understood.

Another article, which I cannot give at full length, contained a most affecting anecdote, and on that account alone I have alluded to it. Among other effects produced by the fever of liberty, it has occasioned many pieces to be brought forward upon the stage, which before were neglected, and scarcely even known. On the Théâtre de la Nation, formerly the

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Théâtre Français, in particular, scarcely is the representation of anything endured, excepting of tragedies that have some reference to revolutions, and that place tyranny and fanaticism in an odious light. 'Brutus,' 'William Tell,' 'the Death of Cæsar,' 'the Deliverance of Rome,' and 'Jean Calas,' are repeated night after night with thunders of applause. The tragical history of the latter has, indeed, within a short time, been brought before the public in every possible form.

But while the stage resounds with the name of Jean Calas, the people are not aware what agonizing wounds are thus torn open. The poor widow of this unfortunate man has, for the last fifteen years, lived, together with her two daughters, in the Rue Poissonniére, at Paris. She has never laid aside her mourning since the loss of her husband, nor has ever wound up the clock that stopped on the day of his death. Whenever a sentence is proclaimed in the streets, the maid always hastens down to the criers to beg of them not to proclaim it within hearing of that house, since the sound always throws her poor mistress into a swoon.

I was inexpressibly affected by this anecdote. Never would I be present at the representation of 'Jean Calas.' It is impossible for anything to increase the impression made upon me by the single, simple circumstance, that the widow has never wound up the clock that stopped on the day of her husband's death.

But, though not to see the performance of this popular tragedy, I went in the evening to the Théâtre de la Nation. I found it a very splendid building. 'Brutus,' and 'Le Revil d'Epimenide à Paris,' where the pieces performed. I entered the house somewhat unwillingly, but left it very well satisfied. Not that the performers disappointed my expectations in their sawing the air, flourishing their arms, and catching their voices, but because I had an opportunity of witnessing the unconstrained bursts of feeling of a whole

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nation, and because I can never hope again to hear such bold things repeated on any stage.

The last observation principally refers to the after-piece, since many passages in 'Brutus' that were extremely applauded, were only striking from their application. Let me beg my reader's patience while I enumerate some of those that appeared the most popular.

Destructeurs des tyrans! vous, qui n'avez pour rois,
Que les dieux de Numa, vos vertus, et nos loix!

Ye patriots, who no other kings obey,
Than Numa's gods, your virtues, and our laws!

Nous avons fait, en lui rendant hommage,
Serment d'obeissance, et non point d esclavage.

The oath we took, when we our homage paid him,
Was of obedience, not of slavery.

Sous un sceptre de fer, ce peuple abattu,
A force de malheurs, a repris sa vertu.

Beneath an iron yoke this people crush'd,
Their virtue, through misfortune, have resum'd.

——— Je porte en mon cœur
La liberté gravée, et les rois en horreur.

Within my heart the name of liberty
I bear engrav'd, and kings I hold in horror.

Sois toujours un héros!—sois plus, sois citoyen!

Be a hero still!—be more, a citizen!

Arrêter un Romain sur de simples soupçons!
C'est agir en tyrans!

Arrest a Roman only on suspicion!
That were to act as tyrants!

Dieux! donnez-nous la mort plûtot que l'esclavage!

Ye gods! oh rather give us death than bondage!

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The two following passages had a very different effect upon the audience; the second nearly proved the occasion of a tumult.

Quel homme est sans erreur, et quel roi sans faiblesse?
Est-ce à vous de pretendre au droit de le punir?
Vous, nés tous ses sujets, vous faits pour obéir?
Un fils ne s'arme point contre un coupable père,
Il detourne les yeux, le plaint, et le révere.
Les droits des souverains sont ils moins precieux?
Nous sommes leurs enfans, leurs juges sont les dieux.

What man is free from error? or what king
Exempt from weakness?—Is it then for you
T'assume the right of punishing his faults?
You, born his subjects, made but to obey him?
No son takes arms against a guilty father;
He mourns his failings, yet respects the parent.
And shall a sov'reign's rights be deem'd less sacred?
His children we, his judges are the gods.

Scarcely was the actor allowed to finish this speech, or the following, which set the powder into a yet more violent explosion.

Rome a changé de fers, et sous le joug des grands,
Pour un roi qu'elle avoit, a trouvé cent tyrans.

Rome has but chang'd its bondage, and beneath
The yoke of nobles, finds that, for one king,
She crouches now before a hundred tyrants.

At these words some flaming loyalist in the second tier of boxes, more bold than discreet, clapped vehemently. The whole pit was in commotion in an instant, every one rising up, hissing and exclaiming, *Ah, que cela est bête!* All eyes were turned immediately to the spot where the clapping was heard, with menaces, execrations, knocking and stamping. The players stopped to wait the event, and by degrees the storm blew over; for how could a single offender be distinguished among such a crowd? and that he was single was very plain from the sound. Happy

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was it for him that none of his neighbours betrayed him, since, if discovered, he had doubtless expiated his folly—for folly it was, not spirit or courage—*à la lanterne*, without having rendered any service to his shadow of a monarch.

After such a proof of republican jealousy, no one ventured to take notice of any passage that was not orthodoxly democratic. Yet 'tis surely hard that this intolerance should prevent the company in the boxes, who, by paying their money have purchased the privilege of delivering their free opinions, from testifying their approbation or disapprobation of striking passages, when the gentlemen in the pit assume a right of clapping or hissing at pleasure, till their hands and throats are sore.

'Tis truly laughable to me, that the French, who have so little of the Roman in them, should uniformly apply to themselves what is said of that great people. Every soldier of the national guard now believes himself a Titus, and sees a Brutus in each deputy to the national assembly. At the words,

Be a hero still!—be more, a citizen

not a tailor's heart but palpitates in his bosom, delighted to find that 'tis so easy to be a hero.

Enough of Brutus!—only one word more upon the performance of the piece. It was completely French. Brutus screamed so beyond all bounds that he wounded my ears deplorably. Titus had much to recommend him; a pleasing yet manly voice, which in many places affected me extremely. He was very successful in expressions of the great or the noble, but his passion was caricature. The good Tullia looked too much like an own sister of the lascivious Tarquin, and Porsenna's ambassador had that abominable peruke-maker physiognomy and those peruke-maker graces and airs, so common among French actors, and which accord so ill with the plumed helmet.

The costume was observed with taste and accuracy,

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though this must be understood only with regard to the leading characters. Brutus's toga with the purple stripe was truly Roman, as well as the fashion of his hair and beard. His shoes and stockings only, and his snubbed nose, reminded me that he was monsieur such a-one. Valerius Publicola united to his Romish dress such a true ancient Roman countenance, as represented upon gems, that this was a much more complete deception. As to the senators, the lictors, the populace, and the rest, I have nothing to say about them, excepting to remark upon the folly of spending a great deal of money in getting up a play, and then rendering the whole expense nugatory, by saving in a few trifles.

When the curtain drew up, and exhibited the Roman senate seated in full assembly, on hearing the words, *destructeurs des tyrans*, I could not help looking round upon these magnanimous heroes, whom I found indeed in one uniform toga, but with their hair finely be-frizzed and be-powdered, white cotton stockings, and red slippers. There was an end of all deception at once: I thought of the famous picture of Dido upon the funeral pile, with her courtiers standing round in Spanish hats.

But to proceed to the afterpiece, 'Epimenides awaking at Paris.' A short sketch of the plan of this little comedy may perhaps not be unentertaining to the reader.

The scene is in a walk in the Tuileries. Aristus relates to his daughter Josephine, that Epimenides, after having lived for a time, always falls asleep for a hundred years, and then wakes again to a new life. "By this means," he adds, "he has been a spectator of all the revolutions in the states of Greece and Rome, and has often witnessed also, in France, how the monarch and the great men have, with unbridled power and licentiousness, oppressed the people, and trampled them under foot. He saw how Louis Quatorze made his subjects the slaves of his fame, and yet,

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while everything was sacrificed to that phantom, how artfully he contrived to make himself idolized by a people, of whose misery he was the author. This Epimenides," he continues, "will soon awake, and behold less ostentation but more truth; will behold vanity and folly dressed in their mourning weeds, and the people at length considered as of some account."

Epimenides soon appears, and expresses his satisfaction at contemplating once more the garden planted for the great Louis. "Pity," said he, "that the monarch should prefer the gloomy palace of Versailles to this pleasant and smiling abode."

Aristus answers, that a successor of the great Louis, now the idol of France, has come to live there among his people; that his presence has diffused peace and happiness among them; that he is surrounded by no foreign guard, but that all things in the nation had assumed a new face.

The shouts of the audience at this passage, almost everpowered the voice of the speaker, and the cry of *encore! encore!* resounded so from all parts of the house, that he was obliged to repeat it again.

Epimenides then asks, "whether all abuses had been reformed?"

Aristus answers with hesitation, and a shrug of the shoulders, "Many."

Epimenides.—"The courtiers, then, have adopted a different system?—Dost thou not deceive me?"

Here was a grand exclamation of *Non! non! non!*

Aristus.—"A wise monarch does not take counsel of his courtiers."

Epimenides.—"Of the parliament, I suppose?"

Aristus.—"Not so, neither."

Epimenides.—"Of whom then?"

Aristus.—"Every honest man is now his counsellor, for each province sends its deputies to the court. Yet all things cannot be completed in a moment. Many people have played very shameful parts; but that is past, and the heavens begin to look brighter

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around us. Who, therefore, would think more of the storm? At present, all goes on well; the free people love and obey their king, and he reveres the laws."

A long and loud thunder of applause succeeded this speech.

In the seventh scene, Epimenides expresses his surprise that the news-writer, Gorgi, not having the fear of the Bastille before his eyes, should venture to put forth false intelligence. How great his astonishment, when he learns that this fortress is levelled with the ground! "How!" he exclaims, "those walls rased which great Condé besieged three months in vain?"

Josephine answers him very smartly, "We order these things better now! Two or three hours are sufficient for the purpose. A number of brave citizens took upon themselves the task of freeing the nation from that abode of horrors—that receptacle for the vengeance of tyrants, the suspicion of ministers, and the caprice of mistresses."

The eighth scene is very curious. Madame Brochure is selling various papers and handbills, no longer songs and like productions, but all politics—nothing but politics. Epimenides enquires after the celebrated poet of his time, Molière?

Madame Brochure.—"Oh, his day is entirely gone by."

Epimenides.—"How! are such admirable writings no longer esteemed?"

Madame Brochure.—"His plays are sometimes permitted at the theatre. But those are always considered as meagre days"

Epimenides.—"But Corneille"——

Madame Brochure.—"Heaven forbid!"

Epimenides.—"Racine"——

Madame Brochure.—"Is no longer read. Every century has its peculiar folly. For ten years the Encyclopedia was all the rage"——

Josephine.—"To which succeeded chemistry, and at length, a whole train of economists appeared in the

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state, but no economy. Now politics have their turn; every one assists in conducting the important business of government; and even the coquette has the 'Rights of Man' lying upon her toilet."

In the tenth scene, monsieur Rature, ex-censor to the king, appears, whose place has been abolished and no pension allowed him, which naturally sets him very much at variance with the new order of things. He is advised to endeavour to get into such or such a service. These he rejects, and at length confesses, that, though he may perhaps have condemned Voltaire or Jean Jacques, he never in his life could write.

"How! and what did you do then?" it was asked.

"Condemn," he replies, and runs off.

Epimenides observes, that he thinks the abolition of the censorship a very great benefit to the nation. "It has answered no other purpose," says he, "than to surround the king with miserable mutes. It has been the instrument of tyrants for chaining the powers of the mind, that the multitude might be the more easily oppressed."

In the fourteenth scene, a nobleman appears, meeting a farmer, whom he asks, why he is come to Paris? whether he has a suit to carry on?

"Oh yes!" the farmer replies, "the united peasantry of France have been carrying on a great suit, which, heaven be praised! they have gained. We were formerly stupid and ignorant as beasts, the strongest had made the laws, and we were compelled to submit to the bit and bridle, the Lord knows why! But now things are otherwise. We respect the worthy nobleman who is assiduous to promote our happiness, and labour for him willingly, but we will not be trampled under foot by a scoundrel. We are not ignorant of the natural 'Rights of Man.'"

The nobleman returns, that to hear a fellow talk in that way, it should seem as if all men were equal. Formerly France was a country worth living in. The marquis bowed to the duke the courtier to the mar-

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quis, the country nobleman to the courtier, and so on in regular gradation. He concludes with the resolution of seeking some corner in the wide world, where the taste for slavery still flourishes in full vigour, and if no such spot could be found, as a last resource, he must throw himself into the next river.

In the fifteenth scene, a singing abbé warbles forth a lamentable ditty upon the loss of his benefice, and declares that, contrary to his inclination, he had been constrained to make the nation the heirs of his wealth, even during his life. "For my part," he proceeds, "I can live upon anything, but what will become of those who were maintained at my expense. I have always supported suffering beauty, and gave a thousand dollars monthly to my poor female relations."

D'Harcourt.—"To your female relations? Why to them only? Why might not those of the other sex share your bounty?"

The Abbé.—I have no relations save two fair cousins, lovely amiable orphans. And what aggravates the distress of our order is, that while our money is taken away, our duties remain the same."

D'Harcourt.—"But, my good sir, every rank has experienced a change; 'tis but just therefore that the ecclesiastics"——

The Abbé.—With all my heart, if the process had only been reversed."

D'Harcourt.—"As how?"

The Abbé.—"If they had released us from our duties, and left us our money!"

In the seventeenth scene, a dancing-master laments the decline of his business. "France is degenerated," he exclaims in despair: "the people no longer dance—they write! they write! Everybody is now a soldier, and even the young courtiers are become statesmen. How many men are lost to the noble art of dancing; all my friends have taken refuge among the Sarmatians!"

Nota bene.—My worthy countrymen in Germany

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are the people honoured with the title of Sarmatians. "Among the aristocrats," he proceeds, "were my best scholars, and they, alas! are compelled to fly." He concludes with announcing an entertainment according to the fashion of the times—a national ballet, which he is going to prepare, and then dances off the stage.

D'Harcourt observes on this, that times will be better. He confesses, that through the pressure of circumstances, the cheerfulness and amiable urbanity of the French have, for the last five or six months, been somewhat banished from the nation, but declares that he has no doubt of their being soon restored in full perfection.

I indeed could not help secretly asking myself, why he confined it to within five or six months, and only allowed them to be somewhat banished.

In the eighteenth scene, a furious democrat appears, who thunders vehemently against all aristocrats, and even suspects Epimenides of planning a conspiracy. He is told that Epimenides has been asleep for a hundred years. "So much the worse," he exclaims impatiently. "He must then have lived under Louis the Great, whose court was not popular; and who knows but he may be even a secret emissary"——

"From the other world," Josephine replies, with a sarcastic smile.

"Hold!" cries Aristus; "these eternal suspicions furnish evil-minded persons with pretences to scoff at the laws, and give them but too plausible reason to exult in those disgraceful actions, at which France will long have cause to blush. Liberty does not give us a right to affront our neighbours, nor must its abuses be confounded with the thing itself."

In this scene many other good things were said, to which 'tis much to be wished that the French may pay attention.

In the twentieth scene, appear an officer and two soldiers of the national guard.

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Epimenides.—" What do these people want?"
Aristus.—" You desired them to be sent for."
Epimenides.—" Heaven forbid! I wanted a taylor."
The Taylor.—" Behold him, as a fusileer."
Epimenides.—" And an attorney."
The Attorney.—" Here, at your service, as a grenadier."
Epimenides.—" And a notary."
The Notary.—" He stands before you as a captain."
D'Harcourt.—" We are all soldiers. The king has as many warriors as subjects."

The piece here closes with a finale, in which the following strophe was loudly encored, and repeated with long and eager bursts of applause.

J'aime la vertu guerriere
De nos braves defenseurs;
Mais d'un peuple sanguinaire
Je déteste les fureurs.
A l'Europe redoubtables,
Soyons libres à jamais!
Mais soyons toujours amiables,
Et gardons l'esprit Français.

I the martial virtue love
That our brave defenders fires,
But detest the lawless fury
That a bloody race inspires.
Formidable to our foes,
Here let freedom ever reign,
But at home still amiable,
French urbanity retain.

Next followed a ballet, danced by national guards and smart lively girls. The latter ornamented the hats of the former with national cockades. A whole company of the national guards appeared, presented their arms before the public, flourished a white standard, on which was inscribed the word " Libertas," and the curtain dropped.

I think this piece excellent in its way, and likely to

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be of particular utility at the present time. The beneficial parts of the revolution are brought forward in a brilliant and striking point of view, and no severity spared in reprobating its evils. The animated applause with which even these reproofs were received, is a strong argument how much might be effected by the stage, were it never suffered to deviate from the purpose for which it was originally intended—as a school of morals.

But I could not forbear often remarking upon the great inconsistency displayed by the mass of the people during this evening. In the drama of 'Brutus, whenever Tarquin was mentioned, they seemed to recur with no very favourable sentiments to their own king, yet in the afterpiece, the house resounded with their transports at this same king's no longer living at Versailles, but in the midst of them.

At our return home, it being Christmas Eve, we found all Paris illuminated. But to me, who had seen an illumination at Petersburgh, this appeared very poor and petty. There the streets are wider, the houses more magnificent, and there is a much greater profusion of lights. In comparison with the Russian capital, Paris cannot be considered as a fine town. Here are indeed a number of palaces, but they are scattered about, not arranged together; nor is there a street that can exhibit such a perspective as that of Newsky, at Petersburgh. Were it not for the innumerable concourse of people, and the multitude of shops, Paris, from the narrowness of its streets, the blackness of its houses, and the heaps of oyster-shells scattered about, would make a very melancholy appearance.

The chimneys here are also built in a very extraordinary manner. They project in the form of long walls on the outsides of the houses, and give them the appearance of prisons. This is principally the case on the Quay St Augustin, and its environs.

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December 25.

This morning I returned madame de Rome's visit. I found her translating 'Crell's Annals of Chemistry,' in which she is employed by some literary person. We seated ourselves before the fire, on the chimney-piece to which lay several German works. Our conversation soon fell, as is commonly the case now in Paris, upon politics; and since madame de Rome is a confirmed aristocrat, she in her zeal called the national assembly, their twelve hundred majesties.

The baron von O——— and myself went to court about four o'clock, to see the king and queen go to mass. We stood in the hall, where a hundred Swiss were keeping guard. They were tall fine men, carrying long pikes, and in the old costume of Henry the Fourth. We waited a full hour, and I cannot say that the sight was worth waiting for.

At last the folding doors were thrown open. The king waddled by us with an expression on his countenance which seemed to say, *ce n'est pas à mon goût*. The queen sailed along, accompanied by the ladies of the court, all in such monstrous hoops, that they looked at a little distance like flying Montgolfiers. They came from dinner, they were going to mass, thence to cards, thence to supper, and thence to bed. Oh heavens! what an insupportable kind of life!

The king of the French has now the least troublesome and most lucrative office in Europe. He has a revenue of five-and-twenty millions of livres, for which he has only to say "Yes," when a decree is brought for his sanction; and even for this he sometimes keeps the officers waiting a long time.

As all other spectacles, excepting *Les Ombres Chinoises*, in the Palais Royal, are shut up on Christmas-day, we went thither, but I could not endure it above a quarter of an hour. I expected to have found this petty kind of drama here in great perfection, but was extremely disappointed. The theatre is little and miserable, the scenery gaudy, the figures stiff and

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awkward, and the wires by which they are moved often visible.

Among other things, a scene was represented, in which a Russian wife complained to a friend that her husband seemed no longer to love her, since he had not beaten her for three days. On this the husband appeared, begged pardon, and excused himself by saying, that he had mislaid his stick, which he had now found again; and at length, as a proof of his penitence, gave her a hearty drubbing.

"That is truly German!" observed somebody behind us. Good heavens, thought I, it is rather truly French ignorance! Strange! that any one should believe the old nonsensical idea, that a Russian wife had rather be beaten than kissed by her husband.

The orchestra consisted of one boy, who played upon the dulcimer. The room was stuffed so full of company, that it was scarcely possible to breathe. We began to draw our breath with difficulty even at the door.

The concert in the national circus commenced at seven. This circus is the largest room I have yet seen. It is a hundred and fifty feet in length, and being for the most part under ground, is lighted by sky-lights. It contains a very fine orchestra, a number of benches for the audience in form of an amphitheatre, a sort of rotunda, where are a variety of refreshments, *boutiques*, billiards; in short, a world in miniature.

The number of persons present might be computed at several thousands. The hall, I have no doubt, would contain four thousand. They were walking about, for the most part, dressed in a slovenly manner, and in hats. When the music began, one of the national guards came up, and begged me to take off my hat. I started and looked round, nor was aware till then that the herds had been all uncovered in a moment. Indeed, I cannot but consider it as somewhat ridiculous that we should be obliged to sit without

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our hats here. In the theatre there is a very obvious reason for it, that the view may not be intercepted to those behind. But why it should be done at all at the concert, if not at the first entrance, which indeed appeared to me a very proper and natural thing, I cannot comprehend. I could not forbear asking the soldier whether it was customary here to salute the music? to which he did not know what to answer. The symphony commenced in B sharp. It was the first B sharp to which I ever in my life had taken off my hat.

Though the band was certainly a good one, yet it struck me, and the idea was soothing to my pride as a German, that the orchestra, on the whole, was certainly not so well filled as some in my own country; that at Mentz, for instance, which I had visited not long before. I began after awhile to grow weary, as indeed I commonly soon find myself in a large company; and though I might also have had a ball for my six-and-thirty sous, I was much better pleased with the solitude of my own room. I therefore retired, leaving my companion at the concert.

"Alas!" I said to myself aloud, as I entered the coach, "I will go home to my Frederica;" and for a moment my imagination deluded me so strongly, that I half expected to find her there. I have hitherto been but seldom alone, only for an hour or two in the morning, as I rise early; but never am I by myself, without thinking that she is with me, talking with me, and reminding me of a thousand happy incidents in our lives. I ask her, whether she does not hover about me? Whether she hears me? I look to the right and to the left of the air, in hopes that my fancy at least, may see her image among the clouds.

It is said, that there are no such things as spirits, but that they may be created by a lively imagination, if it wish to behold them. Ah! then have not I a lively imagination? for a thousand and a thousand times have I implored my fancy to deceive me, but

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in vain. I must look only into my own heart, if I would behold the image of my wife.

December 26.

I learned this morning that Vaillant, the interesting traveller into the interior of Africa, has left this place some months. He found Paris insupportable. The deserts he had been accustomed to traverse had for him far greater charms than the Champs Elysées, and he preferred the African hut to the palace of the Louvre. But among the human beings, the difference appeared still greater. He might certainly have sought in vain in the Palais Royal for a Narina. Dubrowsky, who was his frequent companion, describes him as of a gloomy turn, silent, and wrapped in himself, but unassuming, and often sitting with his eyes fixed, as if forgetting Europe entirely. He even seemed to have little more interest in this quarter of the world.

At last, his longing to return among his Hottentots became so powerful, that he suddenly decamped one morning, only leaving a note upon the table, informing his wife that he was departed for Africa, and should never see Europe more. If he had nothing else of the French character about him, he was at least a true Parisian husband.

This evening we were at the Théâtre de Monsieur, in which there is little remarkable either as to its exterior or interior. The performances were, 'The Trial of Socrates,' and 'The Universal History.' Oh mighty Socrates! how was thy memory degraded! Had Mendelsohn been among the audience, he must either have laughed or fretted himself to death.

The mild philosopher mouthed, sawed the air with his hands, reviled his judges, uttered the grossest impertinences with the grossest audacity, was inconceivably vain, scoffed at all the gods, and preached pure deism. In short, he appeared as little like the genuine Socrates, as the figure of an old man with a

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globe in his hand resembles the great God of heaven. The judge sat in an awkward old-fashioned easy chair, that looked like a chair of particular convenience. The Grecian soldiers were in long Turkish trowsers, with their hair well powdered and pomatumed in the true French style. But the most curious thing of all, was a painted chimney in Socrates' prison, with the tongs and fire shovel, and some tobacco-pipes lying upon the chimney-piece.

It may well be supposed here that I am embellishing my story, but I can assure my readers, that this is by no means the case, that I have stated nothing but what is literally fact. "That is truly German!" said my neighbour yesterday, when the Russian beat his wife. That is truly French, could I have said to-day, when I saw the tobacco pipes upon the chimney-piece.

Even the ring which Socrates gave at last to the gaoler was in the newest French fashion, a longish blue stone, or glass, set round with brilliants. Xantippe pleased me more than anything else in the play. Greater pains seemed to have been bestowed on the drawing of her character than on any other. She was not represented as the termagant described in children's little books, but as a hasty, yet good-hearted woman, which was really the fact. The part was besides extremely well performed, and nature, by making the actress uncommonly plain, approaching indeed to ugliness, had suited her more particularly for the character.

The rest of the performers are scarcely worth mentioning. They all flourished their arms about, screamed like madmen, and were repaid with unbounded applause. Indeed, of all the theatres I have yet seen, I think the audience here were the most lavish of their tokens of approbation. They were bountiful even to prodigality. Incessant claps, incessant exclamations of bravo! resounded from all parts of the house, almost to the deafening of those

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few among the audience who did not join in them; and still at nothing—and again at nothing.

The second piece in some measure exonerated us for the disgust occasioned by the first. 'The Universal History' is a pretty little opera, intended to shew that every inhabitant of the earth, from the richest to the poorest, from the king to the beggar, complains of the miseries of life, and complains unjustly. This universal repining, and the many not unusual accidents of life which are generally the cause of it, as a lost suit, infidelity in love or friendship, ingratitude in children, and the like, are brought forward and examined with much wit and humour. The airs have some very comic touches, and are well set. At the conclusion, a hermit appears among the assembly, and instructs them that man ought always to be cheerful and happy, since there are no positive ills but what he himself creates.

The author must, however, excuse me, if I cannot assent to his position. There is certainly much real physical evil in the world. I will grant, that perhaps in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that restless unsatisfied creature man, may be his own tormentor. But I wish that some one from among the multitude had stepped forwards and addressed the hermit, "My friend, death has torn from my arms a wife on whom I doated;" for I should much have liked to hear what answer this merry advocate for the non-existence of evil could have given. Probably he had sought refuge in some common-place saying, some pious reflection.

I have a practical standard by which to measure unhappiness, that rarely deceives me. Whenever anything unpleasant occurs to me, I ask myself whether, in a year's time, I shall think of it any more? Will it then have any influence upon my fate? If I must answer these questions in the affirmative, I have then reason to consider it as a misfortune; if not, I concern myself no more about it.

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By this standard have I measured the loss of thee, my beloved Frederica! and I pronounce it an inconceivable misfortune; for were I to live to the age of a hundred years, never could I forget our cruel separation: my soul would still be torn with anguish whenever I reflected upon thy being so prematurely taken from me.

December 27.

This evening was spent amid the most horrible sensations of *ennui* at the Théâtre de Beaujolois. It is a little, miserable, cold, inhospitable house, the performers were ugly, and croaked like frogs, and the piece was one of the most wretched productions of the commencement of the present century. It was called 'L'Antidramaturge,' a comedy in three acts, of which not fewer than three were superfluous. A cold and feeble essay upon dramatic poetry, interwoven with a love intrigue, miserably flat and insipid.

The second piece was 'Le Bon Père,' a *petite pièce* in one act. He might be a very good father to his children, but he was insupportably *ennuyant* to us. The music was little better than might be heard in any alehouse. Not one among the singers seemed to understand a note, and woe to them if, at the day of judgment, they are to give an account of every false tone they have uttered here below!

The whole concluded with 'Le Deguisement Amoureux,' also an opera, but in two acts, otherwise twin brother to 'Le Bon Père.' We had perseverance enough to stay to the end. I cannot claim much merit in this, for I have not yet by any means obtained the object for which, night after night, I visit some place of amusement, that of dissipating thought. Never was thought so little dissipated. The whole evening I could almost fancy that my wife was sitting by my side, nor did I wish for a moment to awaken myself from this delusion.

Here, as in all other places of the like kind in Paris,

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was the public laughably prodigal of applause. Once they were absolutely so shameless as to encore a contemptible chorus; and this encore was itself pronounced in such an insipid and tasteless manner, that it involuntarily reminded me of their fricasees. Still more nauseating to a German ear is the manner in which the Greek and Roman names are pronounced by a Frenchman.

December 28.

The 'Petites Affiches de Paris,' of which abundance come out daily, scarcely ever fail of producing something worthy of observation; and whoever would give himself the trouble of selecting from them regularly such things only as would be interesting at all times and in all countries, might publish annually a very tolerably sized volume. I have already collected many things, and mean to continue the practice.

The following quatraine is from one of the *affiches* of to-day. The thought is brilliantly expressed, however untrue.

O honneur! O chimere! en vain l'homme t'implore;
Helas! pour être heureux, ses vœux sont superflus.
En esperant, il ne l'est pas encore,
En jouissant il ne l'est déjà plus.

Oh happiness! chimera! thee in vain
Does man with wishes and with sighs implore;
In hoping, he must still unblest remain,
And in enjoying he is blest no more.

I deny both assertions. How! Cannot hope make us happy? then were we wretches indeed! Hope is the childhood and youth of happiness. It supports a man as leading-strings, sings him to sleep, amuses him with gay pictures. And though, when at length the bridge to reality is passed, things may not appear altogether so smiling as in prospect, yet undoubtedly that moment, at least, when we consider hope as actually exchanged for possession, is one of true and exquisite delight.

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Heaven only knows what kind of enjoyments floated in the poor poet's ideas! If those merely that depend upon the senses, he may be right. But the man who could advert to such alone, had doubtless never experienced the only true happiness to be found in this mortal life, domestic peace and content. He does not know how truly, when the heart can boast of these blessings, weeks seem but as hours, nor can he be aware that though in such a state everything goes on in a regular and uniform routine, that peaceful uniformity soon becomes the dearest thing on earth. Thus circumstanced, it is true, a man knows constantly at one hour what is to be done in the next, yet does he not therefore apply to it the less willingly —the less joyfully. He always returns home eagerly, and is never so happy as at home. As he returns, he pleases himself with the idea that he shall see his beloved wife in such or such a room, busied at such or such an employment, and feels not the less pleasure from its being one at which he daily finds her. What delicious transport thrills through his soul when greeted by her smile; how eager is he to tell all the little incidents of his absence, all the news he has heard, and to learn how the domestic affairs have passed during the time, though that absence may not perhaps have exceeded an hour. With what ardour does he engage in his daily occupations, when assured that his toils will be repaid by a kiss and smile of good-humour! Oh! he who has tasted these sweets, never could assert that happiness was not to be found in the world!

No! the poet doubtless never was married!—Or, if he have been, his wife was not a Frederica. He deserves pity; he has mine.

The French, however, delight extremely to play with words. This poet plays with his *esperant* and *jouissant*, as the people at large with their *constitution* and *fedération*. I even to-day heard *bonbons à la fedération* cried. France appears to me at present

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like a grand *bonbonniere*, and all the sublime and beautiful ideas of the French, like *bonbons*, which they take into their mouths, suck, and mumble about, by which their palate is gratified, but which produce no effect upon the interior.

The daily *affiches* generally contain, among other articles, one head, entitled, "Goods lost and found." The superscription is inaccurate, it should be only "Goods lost," since I never could learn that any were found again. No great recommendation of Parisian honesty.

To indemnify us for the *ennui* we had experienced the preceding evening from the *Comediens de Beaujolois*, we went to-day to the grand opera, and I must confess that I have seldom received such varied pleasure from any entertainment, partly arising from the splendour of the spectacle itself, partly from adventitious circumstances.

We went at four o'clock, that we might secure good places, and accomplished our view. We had providently furnished ourselves with books to amuse the time of waiting. The opera was Gluck's 'Alceste,' a most delicious treat both for the ear and eye, though not indeed a balsamatic medicine to my heart. Scarcely had the piece begun, before my diseased fancy employed itself in tracing similitudes to my own situation. In Admetus I saw myself: Admetus was in a state of sickness, so was I—his wife had sacrificed her life for his; I was obliged to travel for the restoration of my health, my wife accompanied me, and lost her life upon the journey. Had she not sacrificed her life for me? Might she not have been now alive, had she been left behind?—I myself smiled, at this enthusiasm, while tears at the same time ran down my cheeks, and whoever can smile otherwise at this passage, for God's sake let him shut the book!

The orchestra, the music, the singing, the dresses, the decorations, vie with each other in taste and splendour. The band consisted of about a hundred

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and eighty persons. The costume was in general extremely well preserved, both in the dresses and the building, but why must the effect of the whole be always in some measure destroyed by omissions in trifles?—Is there no one whose proper business it is to order the dresses of the singers and dancers? or am I the only one whose feelings are hurt by the least thing that lessens the deception? *Parturiunt montes*, perhaps many will say upon what I am going to observe, and think the criticism indeed a mouse. I cannot help it, but the large broad new-fashioned buckles worn by the dancers, in which they were dancing before Admetus in a Grecian palace, offended me terribly, and awakened my senses from the delusion in a very unpleasant manner. I would fain have forgotten them, but they were so conspicuous that it was impossible, and the more I wished to keep my eyes away, the more they involuntarily strayed towards them. A distempered fretfulness took possession of me, which pursued me even to the temple of Apollo, and before his flaming altar, for wherever I looked, I could see nothing but monstrous new-fashioned buckles.

The ballet that followed the opera was taken from the 'History of Telemachus,' and contained nearly the first book of Fénélon. It was divided into three acts. Monsieur Gardel, the composer of 'Psyche,' was its author, and indeed he has produced two things that may almost be pronounced perfect in their way. But 'Telemachus' must have been the most difficult task, since, excepting Telemachus, Mentor, and the little Cupid, the dancers are entirely women.

'Telemachus,' like 'Psyche,' keeps all the senses in a kind of fascination. How charming is the grouping of the lovely nymphs! how exquisite is their dancing! what grace is in all their motions! yet I must consider their wearing under garments of flesh-coloured silk, as a superlative refinement in coquetry.

But nothing entertained me more in this evening

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than the astonishment of my Ehstonian servant, whom I had taken with me, that the poor fellow might have some amusement; for, since he does not understand a syllable of French, he sits moping by himself the live-long day, and must be intolerably tormented with the vapours. I previously gave him the choice of the money or the diversion. He chose the latter, and returned home so extremely delighted, that he did not appear by any means to repent his choice.

I made him sit by me, the better to observe his feelings, which indeed changed with as much rapidity as the decorations upon the stage. He looked anxious and distressed at Telemachus's shipwreck, but his countenance was illumined by a smile of expressive satisfation at his rescue. When the nymphs began their race, and the most beautiful reached the summit of the rock, and soon after with her arrow shot a milk-white dove upon a pole, he appeared quite in ecstasies, and began talking eagerly to himself. But when Venus and Cupid descended in a cloud, his eyes were fixed, and he remained motionless with astonishment. Nor did he appear less forcibly impressed with the burning of the ship, or Telemachus's being thrown from the rock. To contemplate the natural workings of an uncultivated mind at such representations, is always to me matter of great interest.

December 29.

The public prints of to-day announce a tutor wanted for a young man of rank, who must be of a *religion eclairée*. What is meant by this enlightened religion is not however explained.

We went towards noon to the institution for the relief of the blind, to be present at their public exercises. Schulz has described this institution so well, and so circumstantially, that little remains for me to add. I must confess, that though I cannot but admire the ingenious manner in which they are taught to

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read, to write, to print, &c., yet on the whole it appears a very useless kind of sport.

To read with the fingers is, even to the most practised, so extremely difficult and tedious, that no blind man can ever acquire much taste for it. And indeed it would rather be matter of regret that he should, since there are so few books for him, that in a hundred years his library could scarcely amount to ten volumes. Of what use, then, is this mode of reading? —merely an idle waste of time.

It is precisely the same with printing. One of these blind people would set about three words in the time that a practised compositor would set an octavo page. Useless again.

With music 'tis no better. As they can only read the notes with their fingers, it must naturally take a very long time to learn a new piece, unless assisted by the ear. None of them, however, appeared to receive much pleasure from music; they all played very ill, and seemed scarcely able to perform anything but the usual chorus, which they are obliged to scrape twice in the week to gratify the curiosity of strangers.

Of geography the same must still be said. I may be surprised to see a blind man point out a town or country in a map, but I must still recur to the original question, *cui bono?*—Accounts might appear at the first glance to be an exception to this general condemnation, yet from all I saw, I am of opinion that a man might reckon much more quickly by his head alone.

But what appears to me worse than useless, truly laughable, is, that these blind people are set to instruct children who can see. In reading, this might pass tolerably, since when the child knows the letters, his blind instructor has only to follow him with his fingers to know whether he be right or not. By what means they first teach the letters I did not comprehend. When, however, we hear a fine boy of not more than four years old examined in grammar by a

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blind man, it is difficult to say whether our pity or laughter be the most excited. The poor infant is required first to run over the names of the parts of speech, and then to explain what is meant by a noun a pronoun, a verb, &c. &c., all which is done with such rapidity, question and answer succeeding like blow and retort, that it is too apparent the whole is gabbled by heart on both sides. What then can be said of such things, but that they are mere *charlatanerie*.

Far however be from me any wish to derogate from the merits of the founder of this institution, who appears so happy in the enjoyment of his good work. Enough is still left to procure the worthy man a place in the kingdom of heaven. The spinning, the making belts, the knitting, all the manual employments, are extremely useful, and are very tolerably executed here. They contribute towards the maintenance of these unfortunate people, and keep them from idleness and begging about the streets.

One little anecdote I must relate. Two blind men were to bring us a specimen of their printing, and the inspector desired us to give them a short sentence. I gave, *Vive la liberté*. They began immediately to set it, when one brought indeed his *Vive la liberté*, but the other produced—*quand elle est sans abus*. Perhaps the inspector had, unobserved by us, whispered him to do this.

At the conclusion, one of the oldest members repeated us a poem, which, he said, was his own composition.

Hence we went to the place where the Bastille formerly stood. Scarcely is a trace of it to be discerned. No remains of the high and gloomy wall, nothing horrible, nothing that makes the soul involuntarily shudder. 'Tis now a fine area, where only a heap of stones here and there give any indication of its ever having been the scite of a building, and even these vestiges we found many people employed in removing

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The sensations experienced in standing upon this awful spot are not to be described. Can one forbear reflecting with horror, that every stone one passes over has perhaps served as a pillow to some wretched fellow-creature; that every shovel full of earth which the labourer throws upon his cart, has perhaps been moistened with the tears of heart-rending misery?

Since 'tis impossible to mention the Bastille without recurring to the unfortunate De la Tude, whose sufferings have rendered him so well known to the world, I must here notice the following letter, which was inserted some days ago in one of the public papers:—

"TO THE PUBLISHERS.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have in general received so much ill-treatment from mankind, that I feel it particularly incumbent on me publicly to express my gratitude when I experience the reverse. A short time since I sent a copy of my memoirs to the committee for regulating the French theatres. Our present Rosciuses have such fine opportunities for supporting freedom, and rendering tyranny odious, that I thought it right to impart to them a detail, which the almost unexampled sufferings of forty years, three months, and fourteen days, gives me ample right to call the Archives of Despotism."

He then proceeds to make warm acknowledgments to the king's comedians, for the liberal manner in which they have brought him and his benefactress and deliverer, madame le Gros, forward to public observation. My God! what language do not Parisians in these times venture to put forth, even in the public prints!

Monsieur de la Tude is now an officer in the engineers. What must be his feelings whenever he passes over that large open space, within which he formerly inhabited a small dungeon of only a few feet square?

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What more, particularly when he seeks, and perhaps finds the very spot, where that dungeon lay? Every stone must be to him an object of painful recollection, for with every stone he might probably claim a miserable acquaintance of forty years.

In the evening we visited Les Ambigus Comiques, and were as well entertained as could be expected, considering that we had been the day before at the opera. We saw 'L'Epreuve Raisonable,' a piece in one act; and 'Bekir et Niza,' a Persian drama, in two acts. In both the fable was simple, but well handled, and the pièces were tolerably performed.

A pantomime, called 'The Man with the Iron Mask,' concluded the evening. It was founded, as will be supposed, upon the well-known story of the mysterious prisoner confined so many years by Louis the Fourteenth. If the poet had any authority for the story he has made, the mystery so long concealed is now unravelled. The iron mask in the pantomime, is the king's brother, and both are in love with the same woman, who probably is some princess. The king is the rejected lover; he finds his brother at the feet of his beloved, they fight, the guards disarm the prince, the iron mask is put on, and he is hurried away.

Most of the anecdotes that have been circulated relative to this extraordinary prisoner, are here brought forward. The governor always ready with a pistol to shoot him in case he should attempt to make himself known; the silver plate on which he wrote, and threw it out to a fisherman who could not read, with many others.

But from the third act to the end, the piece is only an uninterrupted succession of improbabilities. The mask sits and plays upon the guitar, and is answered from below by a flute. He then descends, God knows by what means, and returns with his mistress, who has made her way into the prison, God knows how, and learnt as unaccountably, that behind a stone in the

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wall are concealed a dagger and a pistol. With the latter the gentleman arms himself, while the lady takes the former. The governor is shot, and the guards acknowledge the prisoner for their king. He flies, God knows whither, and is pursued, God knows by whom; finds assistance, God knows where; fights bravely, conquers, and at last, with his lady, looks quietly on at a dance of peasants.

The music was very pretty. It was indeed taken from a hundred different operas, but what does that signify, since it was appropriate to the purpose?

Yet, altogether, a pantomime is not a thing much to my taste. Too much is left to conjecture. The imagination wanders about in the dark, and the performers must have uncommon talents to give every motion the expression intended, so as to make it intelligible to the audience.

December 30.

This evening a new musical drama, called 'Euphrosyne, or the Tyrant Corrected,' attracted me to the Italian theatre. It was announced in the affiches, as having been performed six-and-twenty nights within a very short time. The house was, notwithstanding, very full, and I found it not unworthy of its fame.

Three sisters are brought to a court, where the caprices of a despot hold absolute sway; where no subject dares to approach his prince; where no passion is known but insatiable thirst of power; no pleasures but hunting, fighting, and tournaments; and where every gentler feeling is a crime. The eldest of the sisters, Euphrosyne, undertakes, with much caution and circumspection, to transform this savage despot into a good prince; this ferocious knight, into a gentle and fond lover; and her purpose is effected.

Such is the outline of the piece, which contains some very excellent scenes, particularly that in which the tyrant first begins to feel his new passion, which fills him with alarm. He sends for the physician, to

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whom he relates the particulars of his malady; and is informed by him, that 'tis the same which caused the destruction of Troy and the expulsion of her kings from Rome—LOVE. Another scene may also be instanced, in which the prince armed for battle, with helmet, shield, lance, and sword, repairs to Euphrosyne's apartment, and declares his love to her. She dissembles terror at beholding him so arrayed, and disarms him, piece by piece. He then asks whether she is pleased with him? to which she replies, No; he is too tall, she must look up to him, and that is painful to her neck. He takes the hint, and falls at her feet; by degrees she restores him his arms, and at length appoints him her knight.

The music is also good, almost fine. A duet in particular, which from its nature must be acted as well as sung, was received with unbounded applause. An envious countess endeavours to make the newly-enamoured prince jealous; he becomes so, she is transported, and this jealousy, and malicious joy, give occasion to a raging duet, in which, as neither could rise above the other in singing, both began to scream without accent or note, in such a manner, that it perfectly thrilled through and through the auditors! This seemed to be considered as the height of excellence, and the thunder of applause, joined to the clash of the music, all together made such an uproar, that one could almost have supposed the last day coming on, and the world about to be crushed to atoms.

Both parties sank down at last into their seats on each side of the stage, with their breasts palpitating as if they would burst. One of my neighbours indeed asserted, that this was only grimace, to excite sympathy in the audience, but I believe they really were both exhausted; I am sure I was nearly so myself with hearing them.

I must here observe upon a fault in the French performers, which never struck me till to-night. When

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a noble pride is to be assumed, it is always shewn by turning indignantly away from the person addressed, and making the oration to the wall. Such was the case here between the prince and the countess—such between Titus and the ambassadors of Porsenna, the other night at the Théâtre de la Nation—and such between monsieur Socrate and the high-priest. Strange! that the most polished people in the world should not be able to devise any better expression of elevated pride, than turning their backs on each other!

We had besides a little opera in two acts, which was extremely pleasing. Indeed the performers, both vocal and instrumental, in this theatre, are in general excellent. In Germany, where we are not so liberal as in France, the second piece would have been omitted, since Euphrosyne contained three acts, and the performance lasted two hours and a half. But two hours and a half would by no means content the Parisians; they must have four hours of amusement, and they are in the right. Formerly, it was the same with us, but the higher our performers rise in their profession, the less attention they think due to the public.

The little, lovely, innocent, Rose Renaud played again to-day. Methinks I see a smile upon the countenance of many of my readers at the word innocent. But oh, let me cherish this sweet delusion, if delusion it be, for it gives me such delight to think her innocent, that I cannot relinquish the idea. To whatever may be objected against it by experience and knowledge of the world, I oppose this consoling truth, that no general rule is without exception, and Rose Renaud is an exception. At least she has not laid aside the uniform of virtue, modesty of demeanour; and while she retains that, I must hope that she truly serves the leader whose uniform she wears.

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December 31.

Once more let me recur to the public prints. The following extracts are taken from a paper of this day:—

EXTRACT THE FIRST.

"A noble deed of the minister of Ternan, near St John d'Angely.

"The unfortunate La Tierce, lord of the castle of Varaise, stood trembling amid a multitude of assassins, who fell upon him with knives, sickles, sythes, and clubs, when suddenly an ecclesiastic, the minister of Ternan, rushed in between him and his murderers; his presence for a moment repressed their fury. He addressed them in the language of the God he served, the language of peace! represented to them in forcible colours the heinous nature of the offence they were about to commit; urged, that the laws alone had a right to punish in the name of heaven, and proposed their carrying monsieur La Tierce to prison, till he could be properly tried. His remonstrances were however vain, the throng that pressed around their victim increased every moment, and their rage grew every moment more unbridled.

"At length the ecclesiastic perceived the door of a house open, against which he and La Tierce were already nearly thrust. He therefore ventured to make a bold experiment, and pushing in the latter, followed himself, and shut the door hastily, in hopes by this means to escape.

"But in vain. The mob presently broke into the house, and tearing La Tierce from the arms of his protector, dragged him again into the market-place. The ecclesiastic still regardless of all danger to himself, pressed forcibly among the assassins; and since he could no longer make them listen to his expostulations, threw his arms round the trembling La Tierce, hoping to serve him as a shield. But at that very moment

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the unfortunate victim received the stroke of a scythe over his head, and a ball in his breast. He fell, sprinkling his magnanimous defender with his blood."

EXTRACT THE SECOND.

"On the twenty-ninth, the Royal Agricultural Society held their public sitting. Among the prizes they awarded, was a silver medal of a hundred livres to madame Rattier, the wife of a car-driver. The occasion for which it was given, affected the whole assembly with a pleasing emotion.

"A child was, five years before, confided to the care of this admirable woman, of whose parents she has never since heard. She has four children of her own, and an income of not more than fifty dollars, which her husband earns by the sweat of his brow. Often has she been advised to send her little charge to the Foundling Hospital, but never would forsake her; and though the constant rising of all the necessaries of life has reduced her to great shifts and want, she has uniformly continued to do the same for this poor orphan as for her own children."

Instances of similar generosity and magnanimity are, thanks to heaven! not rare among any people. 'Tis only to be regretted that they are not always equally known and rewarded.

A third extract from the same paper, does not, alas! reflect quite so much honour upon the nation.

"A young woman of pleasing deportment, who can read and write, and who understands washing, wishes to engage herself as companion to a single gentleman."

In our country, a female who could with such shameless effrontery offer herself as companion, or in plain terms, as mistress to a single gentleman, would be a marked object of public contempt.

As I was breakfasting this morning with baron

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G——, the widow Calas sent to inform him of the death of her son, her last support in life. Unfortunate woman! I felt at this moment, that there are sufferings in the world far greater than my own. 'Tis true, that in the death of her husband, she did not lose more than I did in the loss of my Frederica; but the horrible manner in which his days were ended, was a dreadful aggravation of the blow. Scarcely can I comprehend how it was possible for her to survive such a stroke, at least to retain her senses, and I could almost exclaim with Lessing, "They who do not, under certain circumstances, lose their understandings, can have no understanding to lose!"

Nor is this wholly inapplicable to the present case, since baron G—— informed me, that she had been for some years in a very debilitated state, with little feeling for anything that passes around her.

My acquaintance with this baron G—— was not commenced entirely without prejudice on my side, since I had but a short time before been reading the 'Sequel to Rousseau's Confessions.' I found my expectations by no means deceived. He is one of the most amiable old men I ever saw. Mild and engaging in his manners, he charms even at first sight. Possessing a mind richly endowed with all kinds of knowledge, he never intrudes it upon any one, but only employs it to season his conversation in the most natural and unassuming manner.

Many other visits did I make this morning. Among them was one to the king's library, but I might as well have staid at home; for he who knows that it contains three hundred thousand volumes of printed books, and a hundred thousand manuscripts, knows just as much about it as I do.

To make a visit of half an hour to a large library, appears to me just as idle as to make a formal visit of the same length to a celebrated man. The most valuable book carries in its exterior nothing by which it can be distinguished from the most contemptible

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production at our Leipsic fairs, nor does the most profound scholar carry about him any distinctive external characteristics, by which to discriminate him from the dullest of his brethren. Three hundred thousand men may be manœuvred so as to afford a spectacle somewhat interesting to the spectators, but three hundred thousand books can only stand dully in rows.

The manuscripts on papyrus, and on waxen tablets, I, however, contemplated with interest, and asked myself whether yet a mouldering grain of dust remained, of the hands by which they were written? The large pair of globes, which are so much celebrated, nevertheless appeared to me smaller than the Gottorp globes at Petersburgh, though our guide strenuously asserted to the contrary.

This guide was an abbé, whose name I have forgotten. Instead of shewing us the curiosities of the library, or even answering our questions, he was so bitten by the dæmon of politics, that there was no getting him away from them for a single moment. He proved me, what I was before fully convinced of, that the peace with Sweden was a master-stroke on the part of Russia; he developed a plan for a treaty of alliance between France and Russia, towards the execution of which it was little in the power of either of us to contribute; he touched slightly upon the relations of the several European courts towards each other; and in short, finally sent me full drive out of the library with the flaming sword of his eloquence.

The library of the Sorbonne, which we next visited, is small, but possesses many rare and valuable manuscripts. Some of these had recently been stolen, and the librarian, who went about with us, remarked that the theft must have been committed by some of the members of the Sorbonne themselves, since they alone having keys of the library, nobody else could come in. If the charge be well founded, I cannot think the gentlemen much to blame, since they

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expect every day a decree of the national assembly, by which this collection, now their own private property, is to be declared national property.

Cardinal Richelieu's monument, in the church of the Sorbonne, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture. The cardinal rests in the arms of Religion, and at his feet is Wisdom, in the form of a woman, veiled and weeping. These are things which cannot be described, they must be seen. I should, however, like much to know, since Greeks and Romans, French and Italians, have all agreed in representing Wisdom under the form of a woman, why a learned woman is always to be made a subject for mirth and ridicule? Is it only in marble that we can endure to see a female endowed with knowledge?

As I saw some people at work upon scaffoldings among the arches of the church, I asked what they were about.

"Taking down cardinal Richelieu's arms, which are scattered everywhere," was the answer.

"And by whose order?" I asked.

"By order of the national assembly."

"And why this order?"

"Because arms are forbidden throughout the kingdom."

This is curious. But Richelieu has created himself a name of which no national assembly can deprive him, though they may destroy all his arms.

The façade of the church of St Genéviève transported me. Could I at the same time have closed my eyes against all the little miserable huts round about, my imagination might have led to believe myself transported to Athens, for indeed there is nothing in this church, and its tower that seems to kiss the clouds, which can remind one of the Most Christian King, and the eighteenth century. But the fine large area in which it stands, is—how shall I express myself?—hedged round with huts.

A new drama was announced for representation

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to-day at the Italian theatre, the title of which, 'The last Moments of Jean Jacques Rousseau,' irresistibly attracted me thither. The appearance of this truly eccentric man upon the stage affected me exceedingly. All the speeches put into his mouth were taken from his writings, all that he did was founded upon historic truth.

The scene was laid in Rousseau's chamber, at Ermenonville. It was decorated with a harpsichord, a writing-table, and the picture of madame de Warens. Theresa, Rousseau's wife, and his nurse of fourscore years old, were discovered waiting his return to breakfast from his usual morning's walk, and were meanwhile conversing together upon the melancholy fate of this persecuted philosopher, and on the repose which he then happily enjoyed.

Rousseau himself next appeared. The player who represented him must, doubtless, have copied him very faithfully, since a tumult of applause instantly resounded through the whole house. Probably most of the audience must have known, or, at least, frequently have seen the original. A unanimous bravo! saluted the actor, and Rousseau's widow, who was in the house, actually fainted away.

He was dressed in a complete grey suit, with a round hat. His knees were somewhat bowed, his step slow and circumspect, and his whole appearance mild and serene. He brought under his arm a bundle of plants, and in his hand a bird's nest, in which he shewed his wife six young birds. Theresa reproved him for the barbarity of taking them away from their mother, when he related, with a truly affecting simplicity, how he had watched this nest every morning for a fortnight, how he had seen the mother that very morning feeding her young, and how she was immediately after, in seeking more food, devoured by a sparrow-hawk. Then did he take the nest, for the purpose of intreating his wife to take care of the young ones.

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"And what will you do with them?" asked the wife.

"Give them liberty as soon as they are able to use it," answered the philanthropist.

This was followed by a burst of applause, and as the piece proceeded, the clapping continued to increase, till my ears were half stunned. I did not join in the clapping, but I wept.

Rousseau then sat down to breakfast with his little family, exactly as he describes himself, in the 'Confessions,' at the time he lived near the maréchal de Luxembourg. I cannot express how much I was affected by the scene. Tears gushed involuntarily from my eyes; I resigned myself wholly to the interesting delusion, which had been much more impressive, if it had not been so perpetually interrupted by ill-timed clapping.

The breakfast ended, Rousseau desires his wife to go and visit a poor woman, who was lying-in of her eighth child, and was in great necessity. Soon after, a young journeyman joiner enters, bringing home some work for Rousseau. The philosopher perceives traces of deep sorrow on his countenance, enquires into the cause of it, and learns that his father is in danger of being carried to prison that very day for a debt of three hundred livres. The consequence of this must be, that the son would lose a maiden with whom he was about to be united, since her father would no longer consent to her marrying into a family he considered as dishonoured. Rousseau laments his inability to relieve this distress, when the youth begs him to intercede in their behalf with the lord of the estate, monsieur Girardin, which he promises.

Just after the joiner's departure, when Rousseau was beginning to revolve in his mind how to execute what he had undertaken, monsieur Duval brings him a letter, with three hundred livres, from his bookseller Rey. By the way it must be observed, that monsieur

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Duval had a national cockade in his hat: an anachronism so gross, that it had an astonishing effect in lessening the delusion.

Rousseau, extremely rejoiced at this accident, enquires of the nurse whether they are at present in want of money, and learning that they are not, he sends immediately after the young man, to whom he gives the whole sum. The latter supposes this to be a present from monsieur Girardin, an error in which the philosopher leaves him;—a beautiful stroke indeed!

The youth, in his gratitude for the supposed intercession, endeavours to throw himself at Rousseau's feet, but is repressed. "That were degrading, both to yourself and me," says the philosopher.

"May I?—may I?"—stammers the youth, as he spreads out his arms towards the philanthropic patron.

"Why not?" says Rousseau, and clasps him eagerly to his heart. Few eyes remained dry at this scene.

The youth now flies to his father to free him, and Rousseau in the meantime receives a visit from monsieur Girardin, to whom he observes, that he feels his last hour approaching, that his eyes are become dim, and that he has been endeavouring in vain to read. He thanks the worthy man for all his kindness, particularly for having granted him an asylum where he may die in peace, and recommends his wife to his protection. He then presents him, as a memorial of their friendship, with his own manuscript of the 'Social Contract,' which Girardin receives with transport, presses to his lips, and—now comes a specimen of true French gasconade—asserts, that the work was dictated by God himself. 'Tis in future therefore to be considered, I suppose, as a fifth gospel.

The young joiner then appears again, with his father, and his maiden, who all overpower Girardin with their expressions of gratitude, which he of course

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does not understand, nor knows therefore how to reply to them. Rousseau enjoys this delightful scene in silence, and when Theresa explains the riddle, they all surround his chair, and load him with caresses.

He still continues to feel, with greater and greater certainty, the approach of his last moments. He desires the window to be opened, that he may see the sun once more, and for the last time admire the beauties of creation. "That is God!" he exclaims; "God, who now calls me to himself!"—With these words he sinks back in his chair, the company present form an interesting groupe around him, and the curtain falls.

This is indeed a tragedy. The first French tragedy ever written in prose, and in which the actors played naturally and rationally, without sawing the air The extraordinary applause they obtained might serve as a lesson to them in future, that this, as being the way of nature, is the only way which can please all times and nations. When the curtain dropped, a thousand handkerchiefs were in motion, a thousand tongues vociferated their satisfaction, and two thousand pair of hands clapped. "The author! the author!" resounded from all parts of the house, pit as well as boxes.

This continued for a long time, before any one thought proper to appear upon the stage. But as the cry redoubled, the curtain at length drew up, and a performer came forward, who addressed the audience: "Gentlemen, the author is monsieur Bouilly, the same to whom we are indebted for 'Peter the Great.'"

The curtain dropped again, but still the cry of "The author! the author!" continued. After waiting ten minutes longer, since the audience would not be quiet, a player again appeared, and said, that the author had been sought for, but was not in the house.

"He is here! he is here!" they unanimously ex-

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claimed. How they knew this so certainly I cannot tell; perhaps he might have been discovered behind the scenes during the representation. But since there was no possibility of appeasing the audience, he did at length appear, with extreme modesty and timidity, and made a low bow, which was received with a perfect tumult of applause, when he was retiring.

"Jean Jacques! Jean Jacques!" was now vociferated with equal vehemence, till the actor who had played Rousseau came forwards. The author took him by the hand, both bowed respectfully to the public, then embraced each other, and went off arm in arm. The noise that succeeded must have been heard to obtain any idea of it.

The other two pieces performed this evening, 'Lucas et Luzette,' an opera in one act, and 'Felix,' an opera in three acts, were absolutely insupportable. Insipid music, insipid dialogue, and insipid plots. I could not forbear laughing at an old nurse in 'Felix,' intended for a German, but the poor soul had entirely forgotten her mother tongue, and tortured her words in such a deplorable manner, that it might as well have been the language of the Hottentots.

The 'Journal de Paris' of this morning contains so high an encomium on the fishwomen, that I cannot resist giving it a place here.

"Les Dames de la Halle"—such is the name given to these ladies—"were admitted at the opening of this sitting, and presented their good wishes for a happy issue to the labours of the national representatives. The assembly received their wishes with satisfaction as the voice of the people. It is known, that the Dames de la Halle have often stepped forward in this revolution, and always full of patriotism. Their character, at all times prone to independance, their freedom of speech, which was pardoned even at a time when little was pardoned, must naturally give them a distinguished zeal for liberty. How ignorant then must they be of the motives which have influ-

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enced late events, who can doubt the purity of theirs! The time has been, when such observations would perhaps have called forth the smile of contempt from people of *ton*, and they might have served as subjects for their witticisms. But what now is this *ton*? What became of it from the moment when the proud and manly voice of freedom made itself heard!"

This *ton* in truth is vanished. But whether the fishwomen have substituted anything better in its place, every one can judge who has since that time spent only three days at Paris.

January 1, 1791.

Receive my friendly salutations, thou first day of a new year!—God be thanked! I have now turned my back upon the most unfortunate year of my life! Certain am I that the coming year cannot bring me any calamity so great as the last produced—it cannot rob me of a second Frederica! The future can deprive me of little, but it may restore me much. I have no more hopes in this world: what I have lost is irreparable! Yet welcome, thou new year, for thou bringest me one step nearer to the joys of a better life!

On this day twelve months, as I was sitting in my study, my little William came in, and repeated courageously, and without hesitation, a pretty little new-year's wish taught him by his mother, who herself stood at the door to listen whether or not he repeated his lesson correctly.

I caught her in my arms—she wept. "Why weeps my love?" I asked.

"Alas!" she said, "a year ago I wished the restoration of your health, but in vain—and I fear that my wishes now should prove equally vain."

"Make yourself easy, dearest Frederica," I replied; "I am notwithstanding happy. Many a joyful day have I experienced in this year, and for the most joyful I am indebted to thee."

Yes, I was indeed happy in spite of my debilitated

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frame. My health is now amended, but my happiness is gone for ever. The only enjoyment that remains to me, is in recurring to the past; my only hopes are in futurity,—that futurity that will re-unite me to her—to her, who alone among a thousand women could make me completely happy. Ah! why was she given me only to lose her again! And yet I would not for all the treasures this world could bestow, strike out of my life the six years of bliss I experienced with her! would not for a moment lose the recollection of the most trifling joy we have shared together! The waters of Lethé appear to me an ill-invented fable. Do we not find everywhere, and even hereafter 'twill doubtless be the same, that the recurrence to past joys forms one of the primary sources of those we deem present? Yes, my lost, adored Frederica! doubtless a part of thy happiness consists in thinking of me!—Perhaps thou art so occupied on this very day, if yet thy time be measured by days and hours; perhaps at this very moment, when the tears called forth by these recollections stream down my cheeks, falling on the little dog, once thy favourite. Ah! this poor animal now lies constantly on my lap; an indulgence which, in former times, he, as thou knowest, was never allowed.

I was this morning in the ancient church of Notre Dame. It is an old, tasteless, Gothic building, yet awakens in the heart a kind of solemn and reverential awe. It contains some very excellent pictures. The catholic churches are in general much handsomer buildings, and much more richly ornamented than those of the protestant religion. One is irresistibly excited to devotion, and most irresistibly, when a solemn silence reigns throughout, interrupted only at intervals by the soft whispers of a single voice pouring forth its pious orisons. This silence is never observed in a protestant place of worship. It seems the idea there, that piety must be kept constantly in motion, lest the thread should snap. Thus, hymn,

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psalm, prayer, and litany, course each other so closely, that they are in danger of producing a surfeit; and when all is over, the church-doors are closed, and God is not permitted to give audience to those who would like to kneel and pour out their souls to him in private. That I may not be reproached with partiality, I must add, that I am myself a Lutheran.

In the great church of Notre Dame we found several people on their knees, who did not seem at all to heed us. By one of the pillars sat a nun, with six little girls, all dressed alike. Our guide told us that they were foundlings, and that the Foundling Hospital was close at hand.

We immediately went thither, and I thank God for the delightful feelings with which I there commenced the new year. We were conducted into a large room, where stood a hundred little beds ranged in four rows, in each of which lay a child of above a year old, all as clean and neat as possible. The air in the room was perfectly sweet and wholesome, without the least bad smell whatever.

An old nun came towards us, and received us with the most frank serenity. "You come," said she, "to visit my numerous family. I am a happy mother: I have just received a new-year's present of ten additional children."

These she shewed us. The attendants were then washing and feeding them. A number of girls grown up, all foundlings, sat round the chimney, and by their care of these newly-arrived guests, strove to repay the kindness they had themselves received. It might have been expected that a hundred children would make a great noise and crying, but they were all perfectly quiet, and seemed perfectly contented; an additional proof that they are well taken care of, and want nothing

Five thousand eight hundred and forty-two children were received into this hospital in the course of the last year. Seventeen hundred nurses are retained

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in its service in the country; but the good old nun complained that it was now difficult to get nurses, as she could not pay them, since she had not received any money for a long time, and the national assembly had not yet taken the institution into their hands She shewed us how the children were fed with rice and milk; a method she did not approve. Some years ago, she said, the nurses were all discharged to introduce this new mode of feeding; but a little experience sufficiently proved that it would not do, and the purpose was of necessity relinquished.

This nun is certainly one of the happiest of people, not only in Paris, but in the world at large. Never did I see in any countenance so much sweet composure and serenity. She carries a heaven in her heart, the effect of her mildness and patience here on earth. Towards the grown-up children her deportment was equally like one of the most affectionate of mothers. They all appeared to place unreserved confidence in her, and spoke without any shyness or distrust. She shewed us a pretty little girl, and begged of us to ask her where she was found.

"In the snow," answered the poor little creature.

Over the door of the room is inscribed, upon a tablet, "My father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord hath had compassion upon me."

One room contains the linen of these little orphans. It was an interesting sight to see it entirely filled with clean linen, as white as snow.

We parted from the good old nun with tears in our eyes. I never shall forget the hour that I spent there. Oh! had my Frederica but been with me! What a feast would it have been to her gentle and benevolent soul! I could almost fancy I see her now with tears of pleasing sadness streaming down her cheeks.

The papers of to-day contained the following witticism:

"We have been informed, but we do not pledge ourselves for the authenticity of the intelligence, that

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in the village of Romecourt, near Mezières-la-vie, a woman was lately brought to bed of three boys, to which were given the nicknames of la Nation, la Loi, and le Roi. La Nation and la Loi are dead, but le Roi is alive, and likely to do well."

It was our intention to have passed the evening at the Théâtre Français Comique et Lyrique, where a favourite piece, which has been very often repeated, called 'Nicodemus in the Moon,' was to be performed. But we went too late, and found the house so crowded that it was impossible to get places.

Our evil genius, therefore, led us on to the Théâtre Comique des Associés, where we found places with difficulty, where we were assailed on all sides by heat and stinks, and where a perpetual noise behind us, and before the door, deprived us of the few crumbs we might otherwise have picked up.

But it was no great loss, since there was nothing, I believe, worth hearing, for a more miserable theatre I have not seen in my Parisian pilgrimage. The first piece was 'L'Honnête Homme,' in one act. It contained so little of novelty, that, though I saw it now for the first time, I could have fancied it the hundredth. Secondly, was represented 'Le Triomphe de L'Amour,' in three whining insipid acts. Never did love solemnize a more wearying triumph. Lastly came 'Les Etrennes de la Liberté Conquise,' an opera in one act.

This was beyond expression silly and absurd. Mercury appears, and announces that Minerva, Mars, Bacchus, and Cupid, are on their way to Paris, and in conformity to the established custom, intend to open their shops on new year's day, and offer their goods to sale at very low prices. The deities announced, appeared immediately after, and sang their professions without any musical accompaniment, in the true ballad-singer tone. They then adjourned each to a corner of the stage, which they called their shops. It must be observed by the way, that the stage, in-

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stead of being illuminated after the usual manner, was lighted only by one ordinary lanthorn.

Abundance of purchasers now appeared. Minerva offered her wisdom, and Mars his courage to sale, at a very cheap rate. To the latter, his customers replied, that they had already a profusion of this commodity in the nation, and that the French were the first people who had brought real freedom down upon the earth. La Fayette was every moment named or sung. Happy was it for him that he could not hear it. The clergy must also, here as everywhere, be made subjects of ridicule. Among the throng was an abbé, who had been deprived of his benefice, whom Minerva invited to be her customer. He replied, that his order, it was true, had always had learning and wisdom in their mouths, but not in their hearts. He therefore made his bow to her, and went over to Bacchus and Cupid, whose wares throughout found the readiest sale.

But since few at last became purchasers, and the deities expressed their surprise at it, the goddess Liberty herself appeared in the form of a fat milk-maid, and said she would explain the riddle. It is well known, she observed, that the French love variety in their amusements. Wisdom, courage, love, and wine, they had possessed for many centuries, but liberty never till this moment, and it was therefore most natural that they should now run after her. Ludicrous enough, that liberty should be considered only as an amusement, which the French have sought by way of variety! Ludicrous enough!—yet at the same time it must be owned that it is apparently very true.

Of no evening since my arrival at Paris have I felt so heartily weary as of this.

The Palais Royal was very brilliant. The shops were all set out in the highest taste, and splendidly illuminated. There were particularly, a number of extremely pretty things made in sugar, and the

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superabundantly sugared French ran after them very eagerly.

January 2.

I transcribe the following advertisement from a paper of to-day, in the full conviction that it can be meant only as joke, since it seems scarcely possible that any one should seriously put forth such a tissue of absurdity.

"In the Bureau de Foyer, in the circus, Rue du Grand Chantier, at number one, in the first story, is a painter of much greater professional skill than Raphael, Rubens, or Michael Angelo. He can paint five-and-twenty portraits in a day, of any price, from eighteen livres to a hundred louis, and so on by the week or month. For the poor this is done gratis. He is very confident of soon acquiring a fortune, either by excellent recommendations, or by immense lotteries where nobody shall put in, yet everybody win, or by grand speculations, the infallibility of which is proved in a hundred new and surprising volumes. All other sorts of painting at proportionable prices."

My readers may perhaps be astonished, but this is not all.

"Stoves to be had of fifteen inches in diameter, and twenty-five inches in height, which communicate as much heat as fifty common stoves, and would warm the whole circus daily for twelve sous." Farther: "Chimneys of glass, and uncombustible paper, stoves of gauze, glass, wood, pasteboard, or linen, from nine livres to fifty louis."

If this were not inserted under the absurd idea of an excellent joke, though it is difficult to discover any joke in it, it must have come from a madhouse. I will not be fool enough to go thither, lest it should fare with me as with the audience of Hans North, when he promised to creep through a bottle.

I was so ill this morning that I could not go out. For some days I have been apprehensive of such

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an attack, but I hoped that it might be kept off by dissipation. In vain!—I was obliged, therefore, to have recourse to my old friends, camomile tea and powders, from which I have so often received great benefit. Alas! what used to be a balm to my soul in all my corporeal sufferings, is now lost to me, and I feel the anguish of them doubled!

Oh, my Frederica! how unjust was I towards fate when I so often wanted to gather the roses that blossomed around me, without the thorns! Even those hours of anguish, when I have walked up and down the room racked and tormented with my malady, when I could not speak to any one, no, not to thee, and could think of nothing but myself,—even those hours are charming to me in recollection, for then thou wast with me! Then didst thou sit upon a corner of the sofa in silence, with thy work in thy hands, from which thou didst sometimes take a stolen glance towards me, yet cautiously avoiding to wipe a tear from thine eyes, except when my back was turned. Thus sometimes have we passed whole hours. Yet, while all that was mortal about me was in agony, my soul could still feel the highest enjoyment in the serene transports of domestic happiness.

But when these corporeal feelings subsided, and the spiritual obtained the complete ascendancy, what then were our mutual ecstacies? I gave thee my hand, it was the well-known signal that my sufferings were abated—thy work was laid aside, and I no longer thought only by myself, walked only by myself, but arm in arm we paced the room together—then one kiss, and all was forgotten.

Happy and cheerful, I laid myself down upon the sofa—the more happy for being alone with thee, for never then did I find the time pass heavily. Perhaps thou didst take a book, and read to me, or went to the harpsichord while I accompanied thee with my flute.—Ye blissful hours, never, never can ye be repeated!—Oh, we were so all-sufficient to each other,

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that everything else appeared superfluous to us. If sometimes we fancied we might find amusement at a ball, or some other diversion, and went thither; the moment the clock struck ten my Frederica came to me, or I went to her—"My love shall we not go home?"—"Oh, yes," was the constant answer, and the first words as we entered our own house were, "Thank God we are again here!"

Ye, who have never tasted the sweets of wedded happiness, may perhaps distend your faces into a sarcastic smile at reading these effusions. Poor men! In one respect only are ye to be envied, ye have nothing to lose.

In the evening I was so much better, that I ventured to the opera, where the splendid spectacle of 'Armida' was performed. I say nothing of the music; I do not pretend to be a connoisseur; but the name of Gluck bespeaks excellence. The decorations are indeed superb beyond all expression. The shower of fire that falls from heaven, in which Armida ascends into the air, and looks down upon the burning ruins of her castle, was horribly fine.

I must here make a remark, which principally concerns our German players. The opera was this evening uncommonly thin, probably because the comedians of Monsieur first opened their new theatre, and the company all thronged thither. But notwithstanding this failure of spectators, the performers exerted themselves with no less ardour than if the house had been crowded in every part. No ill-humour was visible on a single countenance, no appearance of sullenness or discontent. Our German players, on the contrary, are always disconcerted at a thin house, and gabble over their parts with evident peevishness and ill-will They seem rejoiced to get off the stage, and the audience are not very sorry to see them go. This I have often observed, even in our best players, and I must severely reprobate it.

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January 3.

I cannot remain longer at Paris, for were I to continue here a whole year, I should never find myself at home, and where I am not at home I cannot be even contented. A number of trifles, each of which taken separately might appear insignificant, all together make my stay here very uncomfortable. I do indeed believe that the same will always be felt by those who have been accustomed to a certain uniform mode of life; or,——why should I not speak in plain terms?—— who are somewhat precise, which is certainly my case.

I like to rise at six in the morning. In Germany, I can have my breakfast at any time, here I must wait till the *garçon* at the coffee-house shall be pleased to leave his bed, which may not be perhaps till between eight and nine, consequently I am kept fasting for three hours; this is so contrary to my usual practice, that it gives me very unpleasant sensations.

In the second place, the fire warms me only in front, and the room it does not warm at all. I love an equal warmth throughout. Besides, the intolerable blaze in the chimney is extremely pernicious to the eyes.

Thirdly.—Notwithstanding that our rooms are handsomely furnished with silk and mahogany, they are only paved with stone. This I dislike most heartily, since I must always sit in warm boots, to prevent the chill and damp affecting my feet.

Fourthly.—As the good people here do not usually rise till noon, so they do not dine till evening. This is insufferable to those who are accustomed to order their meals with the regularity of clock-work.

Fifthly.—After having waited so long for dinner, it is at last not worth having, unless indeed one can be content to purchase a tolerable meal at the intolerable price of a louis. I, for my part, who am of opinion that half a dollar ought to furnish the table decently, do not like to pay more. But for this I only get meagre broth with sodden beef, a nauseous fricasee

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or roast meat of some kind dried to a cinder. If it were not for potatoes, which we have regularly every day, we might often rise hungry from table. The wine is as bad as it is dear, and the water, even when filtrated, milky, muddy, and of a sweetish taste.

Sixthly.—The beds are another grievance. They are as hard as the benches in an alehouse, and he who is of a plethoric habit, would stand but a bad chance in them, since there is nothing to support his head but a little round thing much like the pillows we use upon our sofas. I have always been obliged to lay my coat and cloak underneath it, to raise my head only to a level with my feet.

Seventhly.—He who has been in the habit of going to bed regularly at ten o'clock, if he adhere to his practice, will in vain hope to sleep, till he become accustomed to the eternal rattle of carriages, which never ceases till two in the morning. It seems as if the Olympic games were celebrating under the windows, and all the *fiacres* in Paris were running for the prizes.

Such are the evils experienced within doors. If a man venture out, a thousand new ones are to be encountered.

Supposing the expedition is to be made on foot, he must wade through a black mire all the way, and expect to be run against first by a water cask, then by a fishwoman—first by a crier, then by a sedan chair—or to be spattered all over with mud by the carriages—or to be assailed by a hundred beggars—or tormented by a hundred ladies of pleasure—or to be stopped by a hundred Savoyards with something or other to sell, who always take all foreigners for Milords ready to throw their money into the streets, and whom they can consequently dupe at pleasure. Then, if surmounting all these obstacles, he have got the length of one street, before he can cross into another it may perhaps be necessary to stop a quarter of an hour watching an opportunity to escape without

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being run over. I, who am never more given up to fancy than when walking along the streets, find these things intolerable.

Then, if to avoid these inconveniences, he get into a carriage, the chances are ten to one that in the narrow angular streets, from the concourse of other carriages, he may be amused not unfrequently with a stop of many minutes, ere it be possible to pass; all which time is spent freezing to death with the winds that draw in at every corner in these airy vehicles, and upon the rack with impatience. And when at last the coachman, by great dexterity, gets through this labyrinth, and arrives safely at the place of destination, it is scarcely possible to escape under a quarter of an hour's wrangle with him, since he constantly insists upon more than is his due. It is well known that the drivers of *fiacres* never were distinguished for their *politesse*, and it will hardly be supposed that in the present rage for liberty they are improved in this respect.

But one of my greatest grievances is the air of Paris. Let the heavens be ever so clear and serene, still an eternal mist hovers over the town, nor is it possible to see any object the length of a street. The composition of this mist is principally a pungent smoke, arising from the profusion of cooks' shops, and which, in passing them, has often affected my head so much as to make my eyes water. Indeed, the effect has frequently continued when the cause no longer existed, and I hold this steam therefore to be of an extremely pernicious quality.

Two things more yet remain to be noticed. The insufferable egotism of the inhabitants, which is to me offensive beyond expression—and their propensity to fraud and imposition.

He who does not look well to what he is about, may depend upon being cheated of his money in all possible ways; and this in so gross and shameless a

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manner, that it cannot but excite in every honest bosom the deepest contempt and disgust at so profligate and mercenary a race.

I bought a little Spanish dog one day in the Palais Royal. It was then of a beautiful brown colour, but it had not been many days in my possession before this changed to a dingy yellow, and at length to a perfect white. The animal in fact was painted. For myself I cared little about the matter, but I felt indignant at having been made the object of such a petty contemptible fraud.

All these things make Paris daily more and more insupportable to me, and as I revolved them over in my mind this morning, I suddenly came to the resolution of leaving it to-morrow.

But leave Paris without going to the national assembly?—No, that cannot be. Monsieur l'abbé de R—— had indeed repeatedly made liberal promises of getting us tickets of admission, yet, like most of his countrymen, had put us off with fine words only. But since we could not be immediately aware, that to promise and to perform were with him two things, we had been prevented seeking them by other means. Happily, however, a man may have anything here for money, and even tickets for the national assembly are made a lucrative branch of traffic;—traffic that can hardly be concealed from the representatives, and which for their own credit they ought to suppress. Our servant procured us, without difficulty, two tickets for three livres each.

We were obliged to alight at some distance from the place where the sittings are held, and had two or three courts to wade through before we reached the hall. In one of these we were in imminent danger of sticking fast in the black mire, and another was so full of water, that the Savoyards had laid planks along it, which we must pay for going over. Perhaps they had themselves drenched it with water with this very design. These things began, even at the outset, to

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lessen my ideas of the assembly of 'their twelve hundred majesties.'

We now approached the room itself. And hark! the shouts of liberty resounded in our ears. At the distance of at least two hundred steps we were saluted with a tumultuous burst of laughter, proceeding from the assembly. We were conducted into a gallery, which was already occupied by people three deep, so that we did not get even a convenient place for our six livres. The hall is very long and wide, and on each side benches for the members are ranged in an amphitheatrical form. Many, however, walk about, and many also stand in the area in the middle, or run first to this side, then to that, with tablets in their hands, in which they write from time to time.

The debate was very animated. As we entered, a young man upon the left hand was speaking. He declaimed vehemently against the clergy, and spoke of a priest who had subjoined the following limitation to his oath: "Conformably to what was ordained by the bishop of Lydda." This occasioned a great commotion. They all began talking and exclaiming together, and bandied jokes and sarcasms backwards and forwards, laughing at them all the time most unmercifully. This tumultuous laughter, which was very often repeated, appeared to me truly unworthy the dignity of such an assembly, honoured with the title of representatives of a great nation. I confess, that were I a member of it, these witticisms and this mirth would drive me out again, as quickly as I was driven out now, when only an auditor; for, after a solemn resolution was passed that the clergy should swear without reservation, and the assembly proceeded to discussing in what manner witnesses should be examined in future, I was so little interested that I went away. I entered the hall with great expectations, but departed with very petty impressions upon my mind.

In the evening we packed up our trunks, which occupied us to so late an hour that we could not get

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places at the opera, which I wished to visit for the last time. We therefore went to the Théâtre de la Nation, where was represented 'Turcaret,' a pretty little comic opera, abounding with wit. It was so admirably performed, that I quitted the house fully convinced that the French actors cannot be exceeded in comedy by those of any nation.

An anecdote which I learned this afternoon, from very good authority, must not be omitted. When the duke of Orleans was at court on new-year's day, and was standing to warm himself by the chimney, one of the courtiers said to another, in a sort of half whisper, yet taking care that the duke should overhear him, "What business has that Ravaillac here?" The duke, however, was so prudent as to turn a deaf ear to the remark.

January 4.

At six o'clock we quitted Paris in the famous diligence. I was somewhat better reconciled to it in this journey than in my former, since there was only a single passenger besides ourselves; a printer, going to Petersburgh, very silent and modest in his demeanour, consequently in no way troublesome to us. We were seated very commodiously, could stretch out our legs and arms at pleasure, had no disputes about opening or shutting the windows, were not obliged to listen to miserable jokes and common insipid diligence-conversation, and had, to crown all, most charming weather. All these advantages put us into good humour, and gave us spirits and strength to contend with the few inconveniences that remained, and which could not by any means be obviated.

When we had turned our backs upon Paris about an hour, and began again to breathe pure and uncontaminated air, I felt as if a rock had been removed from off my heart. If my feelings were not happy, they have at least not for a long time been so composed as on the two first days of our journey. The

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road lay along the banks of the Marne. The country is all the way highly cultivated, and possesses an infinite variety of charms, all which appeared to the highest advantage from being illumined by the genial rays of a mild sun. I could not indeed help feeling some astonishment, that scenery so smiling and lovely had not been made the subject of innumerable idyls. I kept the window by me constantly open, never weary with contemplating the charms of peaceful nature, and though I thought little, I felt much. Thanks to thee, worthy printer, thou wast generally asleep, and didst not teaze me with talking.

We went by Saint Menehould to Metz, where we arrived on the seventh. The theatre, to which I immediately repaired, must, I imagine, be one of the best provincial theatres in France. The house is very handsome, but nothing else was worth seeing.

We hired a carriage at Metz to carry us to Mentz, the driver of which spoke a little miserable German, in a vile Lorraine dialect. The poor devil, whose head was set into somewhat of a whirl by liberty, had nearly fallen a martyr to his idol, among the good Germans, who, if their princes be deserving, cleave to them with heart and soul.

Of this decription is the prince of Leiningen, on whom our coachman was pleased to cast some reflections, at one of the inns where we stopped, because we had been obliged to pay for a good *chaussée*, when no *chaussée* was in existence.

Now 'tis very true, that there is a great deal of unfair play with respect to the money paid for keeping up the roads in Germany, but our gentleman should have noticed it with more circumspection. This want of caution he was made to feel very severely. The host, an elderly man, did not appear at first to pay much attention to his remarks, but his son, a fiery impetuous young fellow, took up the matter with sufficient warmth, and uttered a volley of imprecations and sarcasms, in part upon the whole French

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nation, in part only upon the French individual who had given the offence. This at length roused the creeping blood of the old man, and he too joined his eloquence to his son's. In vain did the poor coachman endeavour to avert their wrath, by giving them the fairest words possible, and assuring them most solemnly, that what he said was mere joke; both father and son were preparing to give him corporeal chastisement; and had we not interposed, he had probably been disabled from pursuing his journey for three days at least. I would venture a considerable wager, that when the fellow returns home, he will shrug his shoulders, and say, "Ah, these German dunces! 'tis not worth a man's while to give himself the trouble of preaching liberty among them!"

A short time before we arrived at the place where this unlucky adventure happened, as we were pursuing our way amid hills and woods, we passed a pretty little hunting-seat, in a very wild and romantic country. The beauty of its situation excited my attention, but that was still more arrested by a small round building in a thicket, over which was inscribed, "Solomon Gessner." I cannot express my surprise. I stopped the carriage, alighted, and made a pilgrimage to the spot. The temple was not quite finished, and had nothing striking in it, but the idea charmed me; and in my heart I blessed the prince who could pay such an honourable tribute to German poetry.

When we arrived at the above-mentioned inn, and noticed to the Leiningenian patriot what we had seen: "Oh, yes," said the old man, "I know what you mean, 'tis Solomon's Temple."

In the same narrow valley I saw the most picturesque ruins that are perhaps to be found in all Germany. I was told, that they are the remains of a castle destroyed in the thirty years' war. My informer however, was a Jew, in whose historical knowledge I do not place any great confidence.

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January 12.

We arrived at Mentz, for the present the boundary of my travels. The climate here is soft and mild, the country about transcendently beautiful, and the society—such as is very pleasant, at least to him who is always pleased with being alone.

The theatre is one of the best in Germany, and has an excellent company, for which it is principally indebted to the baron von Dalberg. Messrs Cook, Christ, and Porsch, are certainly at the head of their profession. The first is too seldom to be seen, since one wishes to see him constantly. The lovely madame Porsch, the roguish madame Mende, and madame Eunike, the natural Gurdi, are at the head of the female performers upon this stage. Seldom will so much beauty be found in one company.

The opera here is also upon a very good establishment. I need only mention madame Walter, and madame Schick, to confirm what I advance.

Any farther observations upon Mentz I waive.

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POSTSCRIPT AND DEDICATION.

ALL that I have written above are the pure effusions of my inmost soul, inscribed without study or art. Many inaccuracies may perhaps be found in them, but they must remain, I cannot polish or alter a syllable; for were that to be done, the character of the work would be entirely destroyed.

I wished to give a faithful representation of my feelings, to show how, amid a thousand dissipations in which I engaged, they uniformly remained the same. He who has read this little book, knows me as well as I know myself. At the beginning, I was doubtful whether it would entertain the reader; now it is finished, I hope that it may. Why should it not be read with as much pleasure as a romance? Truth has generally asserted its superiority over fiction; and here is truth, if truth ever was written.

I have within a few days been strongly confirmed in this hope. In the supplement to a Hamburgh newspaper, which fell accidentally into my hands, I found an article addressed to me. I started, and read:—

"A number of friends of both sexes in Silesia, wholly unknown to me, attracted towards me by the strong bands of feeling and sympathy only, desire to offer me this public testimony of their sorrow for my

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loss, and participation in my affliction, as well as their wishes to console me."

I cannot express how much this little piece of attention surprised, affected, and delighted me. What a sweet reward is it to poetry, thus to find compassion and friendship under a foreign climate, at a time when both are so much wanted!

I here return my sincere thanks to these excellent people, and heartily wish them long to retain all the tender ties they now enjoy. Hearts like theirs cannot fail to have many friends and dear connections, and while these are retained, they may truly be pronounced happy.

I am thus assured that there is a circle from which my work will not be spurned. And if my fate meet with sympathy in Silesia, where I am unknown, why may I not hope to find equal pity in other countries, which I never did, and perhaps never shall visit?

Then, in God's name, thou little book, go forth and seek thy fortune! Fly the roofs of the happy, seek shelter only with the unhappy; there wilt thou be received with kindness and respect. That I wrote thee was the irresistible impulse of my heart—that I printed thee may perhaps be a subject of censure for the critics; and I have only to urge in excuse, the natural, and human wish, to interest men of worth and feeling in my favour.

On the title stood at first, "Written for friends"—but since I read that consoling article in the paper, I have enlarged it thus, "Written for friends, both known and unknown."

And now, to whom shall I dedicate my work? To whom, but her whose many exalted virtues served as

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a pattern for my Frederica's imitation—a pattern which she might nearly be said to equal. To whom but to thee,

MOST EXCELLENT, MOST AMIABLE

MADAME ROSE,

To thee who wast a mother to us, at a time when we were far removed from our natural mother!—Oh, how solacing to the heart is it to acknowledge kindness that has been deeply felt!

Alas! thy daughter rests in her long last sleep!—Oh, do not cast from thee thy forsaken son!—Thy daughter now repeats thy name with gratitude before the throne of God! She kneels to the fountain of eternal light, holding her Maurice by the hand!—her good, her worthy Maurice! Both beg a blessing upon thee, and my prayer ascends to mix with the intercessions and rejoicings of the blessed.

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

END OF THE FLIGHT TO PARIS

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TH

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR

IN

THE LIFE

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXILE INTO SIBERIA,

AND OF

THE OTHER EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS WHICH HAPPENED TO HIM IN RUSSIA.

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DEDICATION.

To my noble and generous Protectors,—his excellency M. de KUSCHELEFF. Counsellor of State, and Governor of Tobolsk; his excellency M. de RICHTER, Counsellor of State, and Governor of Livonia;—to my noble and generous Friends in the hour of need, Madmae LÖWENSTERN (formerly Mademoiselle de Bayer) at Wolmershoff; M. ECHARDT, Secretary to the Regency of Riga; M. PROVOST KOCH, and his respectable Lady, at Jesse; M. DE KNORRING, Provincial of the Chamber, and his worthy Lady, at Charlottenthal; M. SECRETARY HUEK, at Revel; and M. CHARLES GEORGE GRAUMANN, at Petersburgh.

Nor brass nor marble bears your honour'd names;
My glowing heart the fair inscription claims,
Deep-grav'd it lies, to grateful mem'ry true,
For ever legible, for ever new!
Your gen'rous succour pierced Siberia's gloom,
And snatch'd the Exile from the darksome tomb;
Restor'd the charm that soothes and sweetens life,
The smiling offspring, and the gladden'd wife.
A theme like this demands no lofty lay;
Let simple truth the noble deed display!
And tho' whate'er I write may ill withstand
The ruthless stroke of time's destructive hand—
The grateful muse shall from oblivion steal
The votive line that speaks how much I feel!

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public the history of the last twelve months of my life, I have not been prompted by vanity. My adventures had been of so extraordinary and wonderful a nature, that they would interest the reader even as a romance; how much more then must they interest him as a true story?

But reasons of a more important nature than the amusement of the reader have determined me to publish the history of that year. All Germany, and I may venture to add a considerable part of Europe, have expressed some interest in my fate, arising either from motives of curiosity, or from a principle of benevolence. It has been everywhere asked, what could have been the cause of my banishment? The effect was too striking not to induce an inquiry into the cause. A thousand tales have been invented and propagated. A book entitled, according to the reports of some, 'The White Bear,' according to others, 'The Bear of the North,' has been ascribed to my pen. There are people too, who pretend to have read it. Some maintain that this book was written by another person, whose name began with the same letter as mine, and that I was the victim of this mistake. Others there are, who lay indiscreet conversations to my charge; while others again, attribute my banishment to certain satirical passages, which they have discovered in some of my

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pieces composed ten years ago. Among a variety of conjectures, no one, however, imagined the real cause, which originated solely in a momentary impulse of suspicion I conceive then, that in justice to my reputation, my children, and my friends, I ought to relate frankly, and with the strictest regard to truth, every circumstance relative to the affair; and thus rectify the various conjectures of which I have been the subject.

There is still another important obligation which renders this task necessary. To the monarch, whose conduct respecting me has been so generally and so severely censured, I owe, not indeed a justification of that conduct, but a publication of the exalted generosity with which he acknowledged and repaired the wrongs he had done me. I do not consider as reparation the rich presents I have received from him, and which have been so much exaggerated in the newspapers; for presents cost monarchs little, and titles cost them nothing. What I deem reparation, is the manner in which he conferred those favours, and in which he sought me out, treated, and conversed with me. Such conduct would have rendered even a private individual dear and amiable in my estimation; how much more so then the sovereign of a mighty empire! One virtue he possessed, which is seldom found in common life, and still more rarely on a throne: he was ever ready to acknowledge, voluntarily, the wrongs he had committed; and he repaired them, not as an emperor, but as a man.

Another duty, as sacred as that which commands me to honour the memory of an emperor who is now no more, still farther prompts me to take up the pen, namely, gratitude to the reigning monarch, whose clemency and humanity are above all praise. He it is who has restored me to an infirm and aged mother, and to the muses. He it is who, adding to the beneficence of his father, has made me for ever his faithful subject, even beyond the limits of his empire.

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May his reign be happy! May every day of his life resemble that of his accession to the throne, to which I was witness! And may he long live the joy and admiration of a people who adore him!

Such were the motives which induced me to compose the following sheets, and to offer them to the perusal of the public.

September 1801.

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MOST REMARKABLE YEAR OF MY LIFE, &c.

THREE years had nearly elapsed since my wife and myself quitted Russia. The flattering reception we met with there strengthened the endearing ties which held us to the north: there we had children, relations, and friends; it was also the native country of my wife. I had promised her, that in the course of three years I would conduct her there again; and I was proud to keep my word. The journey, it is true, tore me away from a mother justly beloved, from a circle of worthy friends, and a little possession at Weimar: but the separation was only to be for four months; it was merely a visit necessary to the health and happiness of my wife, who passionately desired to see her native home once more.

The free ingress into the Russian territories being interrupted, it was indispensably necessary to provide myself with a passport from the emperor. Of this I was aware, and applied to baron de Krudener, privy counsellor to his imperial majesty, and his minister at the court of Berlin. The baron, in answer to my letter, informed me that he would instantly lay my request before his court, but that I should do well to make direct application at the same time myself. In consequence of this I wrote to the emperor, explained the object of my journey, stated that my property in Russia required my presence there, and entreated his

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majesty to grant me permission to reside four months in his dominions. My letter had scarcely been sent, when I received a letter from baron de Krudener, which, for several reasons, I think it necessary to insert here.

"It gives me great satisfaction, sir, to inform you of his majesty's favourable answer relative to your passport. I am directed to make out the same, and to insert therein the exact route you intend to take, in order to remove all obstacles to which, without such precaution, you might be liable. You will therefore, sir, have the goodness to inform me immediately of the above particulars, and the number of persons who are to accompany you, and likewise to let me know whether I am to send the passport, in case you do not take Berlin in your way.—I am, &c."

This letter afforded great pleasure to my wife, while, on the contrary, it created suspicions in me. I had left Russia with the emperor's consent, and before the publication of the order which required all persons leaving the country to engage never to return: but I knew that Paul was no friend to authors, and it was difficult to reconcile this well-known antipathy with an answer so prompt, and apparently so full of kindness. I could not conceive what obstacles I had to encounter when provided with a regular passport; and if such obstacles were common to all travellers, it was singular that an exception should be made in my behalf. What right had I to such distinction? Nor could I at all conceive what interest the emperor could feel in being so well informed of my route.

I imparted all my doubts to my wife, but she only laughed at them. Having accepted an invitation from a lady distinguished both by her rank and virtues, at whose house much company usually resorted, we spoke of the contents of this letter, agreeably to the different manner in which they had affected us, and every one present not only discountenanced my apprehensions, but pronounced them to be unreason-

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able and ill-founded. To believe the emperor capable of laying a snare for me, was considered by them as an offence against the sacred faith of sovereigns.

I became more easy: and if anything still continued to create anxiety, it was the circumstance of the term of four months being omitted in the body of the passport which I afterwards received. This omission was distressing, as it might tend to prevent my return; and I therefore had recourse to the following expedient: I had the honour to be dramatic writer to the emperor of Germany, and in that quality I procured a written leave of absence from the court of Vienna for the above mentioned space of time; and I reserved this instrument to shew to the Austrian minister at St Petersburgh, in case my return should be at all impeded.

Having thus provided for my departure, my wife and myself, accompanied by three young children, left Weimar on the 10th of April 1800. We arrived at Berlin, where I found several letters which my friends in Livonia and Petersburgh had written to me at the same time. They appeared to have acted in concert, in advising me to consider how far I was able to encounter the severe cold of a northern climate. This concealed manner of warning me had not the effect they had reason to expect: I did not follow their advice, but considered their apprehensions as exaggerated or chimerical.

I waited on baron de Krudener. I was already known to that estimable man, who is a friend to letters and humanity. He received me with his accustomed kindness; and I requested him, on taking my leave, to consider me as the father of a numerous family, and tell me in the sincerity of his heart, if he thought my return would be attended with any difficulties My suspicions were confined entirely to that particular, and I must confess that M. de Krudener replied like a man who knew how to unite the rigorous obligations of duty with those of humanity. "In

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your place," said he, "I would write once more; you may however proceed on your journey, but wait at Konigsberg till your doubts are removed."

The advice was good, and I was inclined to follow it; but my wife, whom I consulted on the occasion, and who had solely her children and her country before her eyes, did not value it as it deserved. We both indeed treated the matter too lightly; and being furnished with a passport in the name and by the emperor of all the Russias, we ventured to proceed.

Every one who has travelled through the Prussian dominions knows that the post-horses there are very sluggish.* I frequently got out of my carriage and walked, and without any exertion was often a German mile before it. In this manner I one day arrived at a little town in Pomerania, which I think is called Zanert; I walked through it, and when I came to its extremity found several roads, without knowing which to take. An old man who was near, set me right; he was a tall thin figure, and probably belonged to the gate. He asked me whither I was going; and when I told him I was on my way to Russia, his voice altered. He advised me not to think of going thither, made use of the strongest reasons in support of his advice, and betrayed a solicitude so tender and paternal, that he seemed like an angel sent to counsel me. At last, finding that his advice was unavailing, he concluded with this short exclamation: "God help the man who goes into Russia!" I laughed exceedingly, and continued my way: but how often have these emphatic words since struck me! How often have I been tempted to think that this man was a prophet who had foretold my destiny!

These repeated admonitions had, in spite of my reason, made some impression on me, and I felt it still

* Some new regulations have taken place, to the advantage of the traveller. Of this I am unable to speak from my own experience, having now left off travelling post in Prussia and Pomerania.

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increase as I approached the confines of Russia. Such was the effect they had on me, that frequently on the road, and particularly at Memel, I seriously proposed to my wife that she should continue the journey by herself, and I would return to that city and wait for her; but my fate was decreed—she could not resolve upon this measure.

When we left Memel I took the precaution to leave my books there, in order to avoid disputes with M. Tummanski of Riga, a man too well-known for the ridiculous severity of his inquisitions.

The following pages were written in Siberia, after my arrival at the place of my destination, at a time when the remembrance of my sufferings was still fresh and keen. I shall be obliged to rectify several passages, having since my return been furnished with farther information relative to many objects, and to several personages, not always to their advantage. I reserve however the rectification, for the sequel of this narrative. Not a word of what I wrote on the spot shall be suppressed; the reader will thus see, without disguise, what then were my sensations, my thoughts, and my hopes.

We came in sight of the frontiers; we passed the line, and were now on the territory of Russia. We could however have returned. No soldier stopped us; no river, no bridge, not the slightest barrier separated us from the Prussian dominions. Silent and with a heavy heart, I cast my eyes to the left: all the admonitions I had received, now assailed me; I could scarcely breathe.

My wife too had her alarms, which she has since owned. She looked at me without saying a word. Still we had time to retreat, but the wheel of fortune was turned, and we were about to undergo our destiny.

"Halt!" cried a Cossack, armed with a long pike.

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We were at the foot of a bridge that led over a small brook, the guard-house lay on our left; the officer made his appearance. "Your passport, sir!"—"Here it is."—The officer opened it and examined the signature. "What name is this?"—"Krudener."—"You are come from Berlin?"—"Yes."—"Very well, pray go on, sir." He made a sign, the barrier opened, the carriage rolled with a heavy sound over the bridge, the barrier shut behind us, and I heaved a deep sigh. "Here we are," said I to my wife, affecting to be gay. Heaven knows, however, that all my uneasiness was confined to the single point of my return; far was I from thinking that my personal safety was at all in danger.

We arrived in a few minutes at Polangen, a small town where the custom-house is established. At the head of this department was M. Sellin, a polite and humane man, formerly a lieutenant-colonel of a regiment quartered at Narva. He had resided at no great distance from my wife's patrimonial estate. When I last left Russia we had embraced on this same spot, and my wife and I were happy to find we were on the point of meeting him here again.

I alighted from my carriage, and Sellin appeared on the flight of steps before his door. I approached and embraced him, but he returned my salute with an air of gravity. I asked him if he did not recollect me: he made no reply, and strove afterwards to appear cordial.

My wife now alighted, and the evident embarrassment of Sellin made her shudder. He received her however with politeness, and handed her into the house. Weyrauch, the comedian, who had accompanied us from Memel, was likewise admitted without difficulty.

My wife assumed the easy gaiety of behaviour which takes place between old acquaintances: Sellin answered in an awkward manner, and at length, turning towards me, said, "Where is your passport?"

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—"In the hands of the Cossack officer." He was silent, and the concern he felt was visible in his countenance. The passport soon appeared; Sellin perused it, and then asked if I was the president de Kotzebue. The question on his part was singular. "Doubtless," I replied, "I am that person." "In that case," continued he, (but he instantly stopped short, and I observed that his countenance was pale and his lips quivering),—then addressing himself to my wife; "be not alarmed, madam," said he; "but I have orders to arrest your husband." The unhappy woman gave a loud shriek, her knees tottered, she flew to me, threw herself about my neck, and began to load herself with the bitterest reproaches. My children could not understand what was going forward, and I myself was petrified; but the sight of my wife, who was falling into a swoon, restored my presence of mind: I took her into my arms and placed her in a chair; I then strove all in my power to console her, and she recovered; then, attending to what related to myself, I turned instantly towards Sellin: "Tell me," said I, "what your orders imply; and above all keep nothing from me."—"I am commanded to seize your papers, and to send them, together with yourself, to the governor of Mittau."—"What will happen to me there?"—"Your papers will be examined, and the governor will receive further instructions upon the business."—"Nothing more?"—"Nothing."—"And my family may accompany me?"—"Certainly."—"Well, then," said I to my dear and excellent wife, "we may make ourselves perfectly easy. We are going to Mittau, such was our original intention. We shall have to stay there a day, perhaps, and that will be all. My papers are in order, and can be liable to no suspicion: this arrest is nothing more than mere precaution, a measure of prudence, which may be overlooked in a monarch during the revolutions which at this time convulse the world. The emperor does not know me, he knows only that I am

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an author; many writers have been led astray by the system of liberty which now agitates Europe; his majesty suspects me to be one of that number, and in truth I would rather he should frankly declare his suspicions than keep them to himself. He will now learn what sort of a person I am, and his knowledge of me will turn to my advantage; I shall perhaps gain his confidence."

In this manner I expressed myself, as I pressed my still trembling wife to my heart. Heaven knows that I spoke what I felt; for, convinced as I was of my guiltlessness, what had I to dread?—My wife soon came to herself. She had imagined we were instantly to be separated, that I should be ill-treated, thrown into a common cart; but when she saw that no violence was used, and that we were to continue our journey together, she ceased to be much alarmed.

My baggage had been searched, my portfolio and other papers seized; nothing now remained unexamined but my person. I was obliged to turn my pockets inside out, and to lay upon the table every scrap of paper, and every bill of travelling expenses I had about me. I was provoked at this, and could not disguise my feelings. "It is my duty," said Sellin, in a low and half-choked voice. I was not angry with him, for it was evident that he was acting an involuntary and painful part.

He now requested us to take out of our trunks whatever things we might want on the road from Polangen to Mittau, for his orders obliged him to seal up our baggage. I had a small box, containing such things as were of daily use, as tobacco, razors, medicines, &c. Having begged that this box might go unsealed, he had the goodness to indulge me in my wish, but was desirous to examine it more closely As the bottom was thick, he asked me if the box contained a vacant space for the purpose of concealing papers. "No," I replied. I had bought it at Vienna, and had never examined its construction; but here it

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seems people understand better the art of discovering secrets. Sellin touched a spring, which discovered a second bottom and that bottom was found empty. "You see," said I with a smile, "the little use which I had for a false bottom; I possessed the box without being aware of this contrivance." He was himself so well convinced of this, that he told the officer, in the Russian language, that he was satisfied of my ignorance of it.

The inquisition was now over, but we had to wait for a long attestation, which was drawing up at the chancery. Our children had nothing to eat; for so eagerly had we driven on to our ruin, that, although a dinner was ready at the last post-house, we had refused to partake of it. I asked for some refreshment for them; as for ourselves, it will easily be supposed we did not stand in need of any. Sellin immediately ordered such provisions as were at hand to be set before them.

But notwithstanding the politeness of Sellin on the occasions already mentioned, he refused to grant me a request which I conceived to be a very reasonable one. I had left my aged mother in a bad state of health, and had reason to fear that, on her hearing what had happened to me, her apprehensions would prove fatal. I begged leave to write a few lines to her, which Sellin himself might have read and sealed up. He was, however, deaf to all my entreaties; but I am sure that this refusal, which occasioned me so much affliction, was equally painful to this humane man, who made it in spite of his own feelings.

He afforded me indeed some consolation, by assuring me that I might write from Mittau. I then turned to Weyrauch, who had been present during the whole scene, and grasping his hand, entreated him not to mention a word at Memel of what had happened, lest some newspaper writers should make it public. This he promised me in the most solemn manner.

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But what shews clearly that the worthy Sellin was not master of himself in the execution of this painful duty, was, that Weyrauch, whom he had not noticed, had been allowed to be present. I was a prisoner of state, the order for my arrest was to be kept a profound secret; such instructions were inserted on the back of it, *pro secreto*. In this case, the officer who receives it, is obliged, under the highest responsibility, to impart the contents to no one; and much less is he allowed to execute the warrant in the presence of witnesses. I am perfectly convinced that the great embarrassment he was under, was the sole cause of the inadvertency of which he had been guilty.

My business was now finished, my trunks sealed up, and the horses put to. The cradle of my youngest child, which had been fixed behind the carriage, now gave place to one of the servants, whose seat forward was to be occupied by a Cossack who escorted us. My portfolio was likewise sealed, and replaced in the pocket of the coach, and the keys were returned to me. I refused, however, to take them, reflecting that the string of the seals might break and create new grounds of suspicion. I therefore insisted on their being also sealed up.

Sellin having executed his painful task, resumed his accustomed manner of behaviour, and urged everything he could that might tend to console us. In all probability I shall never see him again; but should the narrative of my sorrowful adventures, which I am now writing, be one day published, let him read therein the gratitude of a heart deeply affected by a sense of his kindness, and which will ever continue to cherish his name and image.

We got into our carriage, and henceforth had the exhibition of a Cossack, armed with his sabre and pistols, seated directly before us. My children were much amused at this, but my wife shed tears; and as for myself, I continued to preserve my usual composure of mind. I even tried to calm her, by affecting

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a gaiety of disposition. The sight of the Cossack, had it not been for his arms, had nothing formidable in it. He was a tall well-built man, very civil, and very officious; every time we got out of the carriage he politely took off his cap.

Seated in a kibick* behind was a captain, a Pole by birth, whose name I do not recollect. He spoke a little German, had been, during the revolution, aid-de-camp to general Mirbach, and since that time in close confinement at Mittau for a whole year. He had I know not what employment in the custom-house, and he appeared to be as ill calculated for this disagreeable commission as the worthy Sellin himself. We were during the journey upon a very civil footing together. He was not of the least inconvenience to me, and I should have entirely forgotten that he was present, had not my purse obliged me, in this expensive part of Courland, to recollect him; the expense of post-horses and provisions being entirely at my charge.

The distance from Polangen to Mittau is computed at thirty-six German miles. We were three days upon the road, and all the time kept up our spirits tolerably well.

My wife, indeed, seemed to be quite recovered: we had nothing farther to apprehend than a delay at Mittau, which would however prove disagreeable, on account of the high price of provisions there, and because we had already informed our friends in Livonia of the day we expected to arrive. In fact, what had we to fear? I had already been in the service of Russia, and was provided with a testimonial that I had acquitted myself with probity and honour. I had been for three years, with the emperor's leave, in the service of Austria: and, as dramatic writer to that court, had fulfilled every duty incumbent on a good subject. On leaving Vienna I had returned to the

* A Russian cart.

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duchy of Weimar, without passing through any country at war either with Austria or Russia;—what then could I have to dread? It seemed highly probable that all suspicion was confined to my papers; and what did these harmless papers contain? This the reader will now see, and he may from thence judge how little cause I had to be alarmed.

The papers contained the following articles:

A certificate of the government of Revel, of my services during fifteen years.

The copy of a *ukase* of the senate, which granted my resignation with advancement.

The order of the court of Vienna relative to my resignation as manager of the theatre, and the continuance of my office as dramatic writer to the court, with a salary of one thousand florins a year.

A certificate from the theatre.

A letter written by count Colloredo, minister to the emperor of Germany, on the subject of an omission in the above-mentioned order, in which no specification had been inserted relative to the continuance of my salary for life. On that article I had enquired whether, in case I should live to grow old and become unable to write for the theatre, I should receive a pension; and the answer was to my satisfaction.

A note from count Saurau, the emperor of Germany's superintendant of the secret police, with another from M. de Schilling, aulic counsellor and member of the college. When I quitted Vienna, not satisfied with the honourable testimony I had obtained relative to the administration of my office, I conceived it would be prudent, in the present circumstances, to obtain an instrument, certifying farther, that during my residence in that capital I had conducted myself as became a good citizen, and that I had never given any cause for suspicion relative to my political opinions. With this view I had made application to count de Saurau, intimating that al-

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though such a precaution might appear to be extraordinary, yet it was no less true that we lived in an extraordinary age. He had the goodness to make me easy on that head by furnishing me with the note and letter in question, and he closed the interview by assuring me, that should the least doubt arise relative to my way of thinking, justice should certainly be done me.

A leave of absence from the theatre of Vienna, limited to the term of four months, for my journey to Russia, with a clause requiring my return to Germany in the month of October, stating that the business in which I had embarked would not admit of my remaining any longer at so great a distance.

M. de Krudener's letter, which has been already mentioned.

A sealed letter, from the reigning duchess of Weimar to the grand duchess Elizabeth.

A letter and a book from M. Bertuch, counsellor of legation at Weimar for M. Storch, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

A letter and a book from M. Bottiger, counsellor of the upper consistory at Weimar, for—* I forgot the direction.

Two bonds for 10,000 roubles.

A draft of thirty-two ducats for some manuscripts, payable at Dantzic in August.

Four short copies of verses in honour of my wife's birth-day, which happened the day after my arrest. After having passed over the sandy plains of Prussia for several days together along the banks of the Curisch Haff, and having been obliged to wait a whole day for horses at Neiden, I stole away from my family at the latter place to a sandy hillock, where, seated under a pine-tree, I wrote some lines for my children and myself, which we were to present to their mother, on the subject of that happy day, which

* For M. Kohlor, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

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however did not prove so happy as we had reason to expect. The stanza made for myself, shews that I already entertained a gloomy presentiment of the destiny that awaited me.

> "Would heav'n, propitious to my pray'r,
> In thy dear converse let me share
> That best of bliss, domestic peace,
> Till life and all its wishes cease—
> I'd fondly call thy distant home
> My future prison and my tomb!"

From these lines it is likewise evident, that my most painful apprehension was already that of not being able to leave Livonia, which, on account of the interruption of literary intercourse, might have turned out greatly to my prejudice.

A Swiss song, copied in pencil with my own hand; a kind of rondeau on the tree of liberty which had been cut down. I need only cite the last lines, in which, like the foregoing, the tree itself is addressed,

> "And may at last thy useful timber be
> "A gibbet for the whole directory!"

Remarks on the extraordinary posts of Prussia.

A collection of receipts obtained from a chemist at Konigsberg.

Several loose sheets containing plans of dramatic compositions, sketches of poems, and such things; but nothing that related in any respect to politics.

A couple of sheets of letter-press, being part of an almanack with which M. Rhode of Berlin charged me for M. Gerber, the secretary, at Revel; a matter of no consequence whatever.

The beginning of an opera.

A journal of the state of my health for some years past.

The Gotha almanack for every country, in which I had written some remarks on my travels.

A seal cut in stone, inclosed in a letter from one of my friends, who had given it me for the purpose of

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having it engraved. The seal was nothing more than a coat of arms which had been lately sent from the herald's office of Petersburg, consequently not at all liable to suspicion.

A Weimar almanack interleaved. I had imitated the idea of Franklin's, which, if I am not mistaken, had been published in the 'Berlin Journal.' This great man had scrupulously examined, and made a kind of table of all his failings, with a firm resolution by degrees to amend them. Devoting every evening to this plan of self-examination, he became wiser and better, till at length he acquired an entire control over his passions. At whatever distance I remain from my model, I at least endeavoured to execute his wise and good intentions, and I can declare with truth, that the expedient was attended with considerable success. I can even recommend this method from my own experience to every man who has his moral improvement at heart. He will insensibly feel a kind of terror on examining his almanack; he will dread to find the leaves too full of self-reproaches, and often, very often, will check the passion ready to obtain the mastery over him, on the recollection that at night it will be necessary to put down the particulars faithfully on the paper.

All my dramatic pieces, not yet published; 'Octavia,' 'Bayard,' 'Jane of Montfaucon,' 'Gustavus Vasa,' 'The Prudent Woman in the Forest,' 'The Desire to shine,' 'The Preceptors' (a translation of my wife's), 'The Abbé de l'Epée,' 'The Reward of Virtue,' 'The Two Klingsbergs,' 'The Prisoner,' 'The New Century,' 'The Devil's Villa.' Not a scene in any of these pieces could render me liable to the smallest suspicion on the score of politics or morality. I brought them with me to sell them to the theatre at Riga, as I had done on former occasions; some of them had been translated at Weimar by the chevalier du Veau, and I intended to have

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offered those versions to the manager of the French playhouse at Petersburg.

Lastly, a large folio volume, the depository of all my concerns, my letters, and my little secrets for five years past. Of this book I must beg leave to speak a little at large, as it is alone sufficient to assert my innocence. He who has turned over the leaves of it, knows me perhaps better than I know myself. All my civil relations, all I wrote, thought or acted; all my projects are inserted therein; it contains as follows:

An account of my expenses and income; the latter always noted with *pro*, with *quare*, with *quid*, and with *quando*.

A journal kept at Vienna relative to the theatre, and some farther particulars of trifling import.

An annual list of all the letters I had written or received, specifying to whom, and from whom, with their respective dates. The rough copy of letters of consequence.

In this, and the preceding articles, may be seen in an instant what persons I had corresponded with for five years past, as well as the subject of each letter; and I am convinced that not one suspected name will be found therein, nor a line of equivocal acceptation.

A journal of remarkable, though petty occurrences, which entirely related to my domestic way of life: the birth of a child, or the first cutting of its teeth; the planting of a linden on my wife's birth-day; a sickness in the family, a day spent in an agreeable spot, the visit of a friend;—things of such a nature formed the whole contents of the journal, which, however destitute of merit it may seem in the eye of another, proves at least beyond all dispute, that I felt no small delight in passing my time at home, and in the bosom of my family.

Notes relative to my garden at Friedenthal, of what I had myself sown, planted, and gathered therein.

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A catalogue of my literary labours during each successive year.

Projects of literary undertakings:—these two last articles prove in the most convincing manner that I never meddled in politics, nor ever had any inclination to do so.

A list of the books I had read to my wife, with some other particulars of no importance.

I would ask the reader, if a book of this nature, belonging to an unknown person, were to fall into his hands, and be perused by him, what idea he would entertain of the writer?

Although I had no reason to think this journal would have fallen into the hands of strangers during my life-time, yet, as the event turned out otherwise, I conceive I have a right to appeal to its contents. Any one who is acquainted with the human heart will confess, that he who keeps such a register cannot be thought either a bad or a dangerous man.

Such were my papers, as far as memory allows me to recollect them. If I have forgotten any, they were most assuredly of no great importance; they could not have had any influence on my fate, or at all affected the opinion which might be entertained of my principles. The reader may therefore see the reasons which I had to be at ease, not only on account of my innocence itself, but the proof of that innocence, which to the most superficial observer was evident, without any exertions on my part to farther my justification.

Had I wished to escape, nothing would have been more easy during the route from Polangen to Mittau. The second night we passed at the post-house; I rose early and walked out into the yard; and as my officer lay in a distant room, and my Cossack was asleep in the anti-chamber, between my two servants, nothing could have hindered me from hiring a peasant's horse and instantly making towards the

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frontiers, to which I was still so near. But I was far from entertaining any such design.

On the 26th of April (old style) we arrived at Mittau at two o'clock in the morning; we alighted at the same inn, and occupied the same apartment as on our last visit, but experienced very different sensations. We took a few hours' rest; and even here the captain slept in a distant room, and I was left without any guard.

After a short and not very sound sleep, I put on my clothes and hastened with my guard to pay my respects to M. de Drieser, the governor of Mittau. I had known this worthy man at Petersburg; he had always treated me with distinction, and I was happy that he was the person charged with the examination of my conduct. Much elated with what I imagined was about to take place, I entered his hotel with confidence. I had promised my wife to send her information of what passed: it would be, as we thought, the business of a quarter of an hour. Alas! to what illusions is the man exposed who depends on innocence alone!

When I entered the first anti-chamber, the governor's servants observed that I could not appear before their master in a frock and turned-down collar. However, when I represented to them that I was a stranger, and unable to change my dress, as my other clothes were sealed up in my trunks, the keys of which were not in my possession, they made no farther objection.

We waited a considerable time in the second anti-chamber, and I had full leisure to contemplate the singular tapestry with which the room was hung. The furniture consisted of a few chairs and a sofa, but the walls were covered with subjects which it might be supposed had been placed there intentionally. A wolf, I observed, was tearing a deer; a hawk was pouncing upon a leveret; a bear hunting

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its prey; and a fox caught in a trap. But what struck me the most, was a large picture, inscribed with words of the following import: "Man tames the lion and the tiger; he puts a bridle into the mouth of the most unruly horse, but he cannot bridle his own tongue." All this was represented in a way which was very common in former times, partly by words and partly by figures. Instead of the word man, the representation of a man was introduced; a horse was drawn where the name of a horse was wanted; instead of writing the word tongue, a large one was depicted, to which a bridle was fastened. It must be allowed that these pictures were not very exhilarating; and my mind became impressed with ideas very unlike those with which it had at first been occupied.

My officer was summoned into the governor's presence, and I remained alone. In a few minutes they both made their appearance The governor received me with evident embarrassment; he however complaisantly mentioned our former acquaintance, and said he had read my works, which though sometimes written in a very sarcastic strain, had nevertheless afforded him great pleasure.

But this was not a subject which now interested me. I assured him I considered myself extremely fortunate in being able to assert my innocence before him, and begged him to examine my papers with as much expedition as possible.

"That examination," he replied, "does not concern me. I have orders merely to forward them to Petersburgh, and you are to accompany them without delay."

At first I was distressed at this answer; but, soon recovering myself, I observed, that having never lived separately from my wife, I hoped she would be allowed to go with me. At first I thought he would have acquiesced in my desire, but upon some remark made to him by a secretary, he gave me a

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positive denial. I then told him I could not answer that my wife would not come and solicit his consent herself upon her knees. "Spare me such a scene," replied he; "I am likewise a husband and a father; I feel all the distress of your situation, but I am not able to remedy it. I must execute my orders in the most exact manner: set off for Petersburgh, justify your conduct there, and in a fortnight you may embrace your family again. Your wife shall remain here; make yourself easy; everything shall be done for her that humanity and my own good wishes can suggest."

On saying this he conducted me to his chamber, and left me for a moment, to give orders which unfortunately concerned me too fatally.

There was a young lady of a sweet and interesting countenance in the room, who appeared to be the governor's daughter. She was employed at her needle. On my entrance she saluted me kindly, did not speak, but sometimes raised her eyes from her work and fixed them upon me. I thought I could perceive more compassion than curiosity in these soft looks, and I frequently heard a sigh escape her. It will easily be conceived that the interest she took in my situation did not contribute to allay my apprehensions. The governor soon returned. "Things are no longer in Russia as they used to be," said he; "justice is now administered in the most scrupulous manner."

"I have great reason then to be easy," replied I. He expressed much surprise that I had voluntarily returned, and above all, that I had brought my family with me. Indeed, a man who travels with bad designs does not take with him his wife, three children, an elderly governess, and two servants: I, therefore, who did so, must have been conscious of my own innocence, and easy in the confidence I reposed in the safe conduct granted by his majesty.

A person in the uniform of the civil administration

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of Petersburgh was now introduced. "Here," said the governor, "is the aulic counsellor Schstchekatichin, who will accompany you on your journey: make yourself perfectly easy, sir, you are in good hands."

"Does he understand German, or French?"

"Neither the one nor the other."

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I have forgotten my Russian."

The governor then presented me to him, and I explained myself in his native tongue as well as I was able, making use of gesticulations when at a loss for words. I took M. Schstchekatichin by the hand, and pressing it closely, craved his benevolence, which was answered by a friendly grimace.

Before I proceed it will be necessary to sketch the portrait of this man. Aulic counsellor Schstschekatichin, (may I be allowed to write this barbarous name here for the last time, and to call him henceforward merely by his title?) the counsellor, I say, was a very swarthy man, almost black, about forty years of age, having very much the look of a satyr. Whenever he would assume an affable mien, two oblique wrinkles divided his face to the very corner of his eyes, and imparted to his whole countenance the expression of disdain. From the stiffness of his carriage, it was evident that he had been in the army; and from certain deficiencies of common decorum, that he was an uneducated man, and had never frequented good company. For instance, he never made use of a pocket handkerchief; he drank out of a bottle, though a glass stood before him; and committed many other acts of similar indecency. To the grossest ignorance he joined every outward sign of excessive devotion. He had not the least idea of the causes of the common phenomena of nature; and such a stranger was he to literature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Voltaire, Shakspeare, or Kant, had never reached his ear. He had no desire to learn anything; but, by way of amends, he could make the

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sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast with uncommon dexterity. Every time he awoke, every time he espied a church at a distance, the point of a steeple, or the image of a saint; every time he ate or drank, (which was very often), every time it thundered, or when we passed by a church-yard, my counsellor took off his hat and crossed himself in every direction. He did not however treat all churches alike: if they were constructed of wood, he paid them but little attention; but if they were built of stone his respect considerably increased, and it became much more profound at the sight of a town with large domes and lofty steeples. This was, perhaps, to express his thanks to God that he had been enabled to bring his victim so far on his way. I do not, however, recollect that I ever saw him pray, either with his lips or eyes, but of signs of the cross he was extremely lavish. Though he had very little reason for it, yet he entertained a very high opinion of himself. He would never listen to any kind of explanation, or admit any sort of reasoning, let the subject of conversation be ever so important. He always persisted in his own opinion, ornamenting his countenance at the same time with the two deep wrinkles already mentioned. If a man may be called beneficent for throwing farthings, right or wrong, out of the window, our counsellor was of that description. No beggar solicited in vain; and although he perceived his purse to grow lighter, that was no reason with him for withholding his bounty. From the hurry he was always in to get rid of his small coin, it appeared that he considered this alms-giving in detail as a most sacred duty. Not unfrequently would he throw a copeck* out of the carriage, after we had passed a baggar; and it was indifferent to him whether the poor wretch had any eyes or not; whether he was maimed or lame, able or unable to

* A Russian coin about the value of a halfpenny.

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see and pick up the money. He was devoid of all moral feeling; innocence and guilt were the same to him. I shall unfortunately have but too many occasions to finish his picture; at present this sketch must suffice.

Such was the worthy man into whose hands I was entrusted. I must confess that at first I was much astonished that so benevolent a character as M. de Drieser should have made choice of this counsellor; but I can have nothing more to say on that head, as I have learned that the emperor himself, when he wrote to the minister to grant me a passport to enter unmolested into Russia, had at the same time given orders that a counsellor of the court, and a courier from the senate, should be dispatched to meet and take me into custody. As it was the end of January when I had requested the passport, and as I did not set off, as I have already stated, before the 10th of April following, my counsellor had been waiting for me from the end of March till my arrival, which was nearly seven weeks. He often complained to me of the money he had spent, and the *ennui* he had felt during this period. The first part of his complaint I was ready enough to credit; but how is it probable that a man like him should be liable to *ennui*? I thought, and I still think, that fools, for one reason, are as free from that malady as wise men are for another. Having been informed that he was sent by the emperor, I have nothing more to say, but that, doubtless, he was not known to his majesty; for that monarch was a well-informed man, and had he been aware what sort of person the counsellor was, he would, on more than one account, have selected another.

"Endeavour to accommodate yourself with a convenient carriage," said the governor, "for you must set off immediately." I begged a respite till the next day, not having closed my eyes for three nights, and having besides been one month on the road, and in

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fact so much agitated for the last three days, that I stood in need of twenty-four hours' rest; but my prayer was not to be granted. The governor asked me to dine with him; but this invitation I declined, on which I was accompanied to the inn by one of his secretaries. This young man, whose name was Weitbrecht, in spite of the forbidden coldness of his countenance, seemed to partake in my distress. He condoled with me, and assured me that the governor, with the best inclinations in the world, could not have done more for me: "For," said he, shrugging up his shoulders, "we are at present nothing more than machines." I was struck with this expression, which I afterwards heard repeatedly from others, and I have since thought that those who made use of it did but little justice to the emperor. In fact, how is it possible to conceive that a man could wish to be served by mere machines? What confidence could he have in a creature that degraded himself so far as to become one?

I returned to my chamber, where my dear wife had been passing a painful hour; she flew to meet me, and the utmost disquietude was visible in her countenance. I strove to calm her, and with all the discretion I was master of, hinted that I must go to Petersburgh, and without her. This information I communicated with all the consolations and hopes of a favourable issue, which in that trying moment I was able to offer. The secretary added, that the business would scarcely take up a fortnight. Our attempts to console the unhappy woman were of no avail; she strove to suppress her emotions, and threw herself on the bed in the most violent agony of mind. She determined at all events to follow me, and leave our children here; to bear me company at least as far as my house at Friedenthal, thirty German miles from Petersburgh: this favour however was refused her. It will appear in the sequel, that such

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measures were of necessity adopted; as no report relative to her had yet been made at Petersburgh, no order had been received to molest her person.

It was expedient, I find, to make enquiry, whether a free woman, and of noble birth, could be allowed to return home to visit her relations; and during the time necessary for the arrival of an answer (about a fortnight), she was thus to remain in a place where she had no acquaintance, at an inn remarkable for its extravagant charges, torn from her husband, and herself a solitary prey to grief. It was not, however, doubted but that the answer would allow her to proceed wherever she pleased.

Ah why have I yet to finish the picture of the heart-rending scene which preceded my departure! My disconsolate wife had sunk from my arms upon her bed, when she fell into a state of insensibility. My daughter Emma, a child of five years old, came every moment, and threw her little arms around my neck; my second, ignorant of what was going forward, began to cry, solely because her mother no longer noticed her; my youngest, an infant of eleven months, smiled unconcerned in the arms of its nurse, a happy stranger to the horrors of the scene. My servants ran confusedly about the room, and knew not what they were doing; all was embarrassment and dismay.

The counsellor arrived, the courier placed himself in a corner, the secretary ordered the seals which had been put on my baggage to be broken, and everything it contained was examined with great care. As for myself, though absorbed in the horrors of my situation, I now and then broke out into violent exclamations, arising from the heavy oppression under which I laboured. Paying but little attention to what was going on, I threw myself by the side of my wife; I pressed her in my arms, strove to console her, bade her be calm, and have proper confidence in the justice of the emperor, and in my innocence.—"We have,"

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continued I, "enjoyed many happy moments together, let us bear with courage a moment of affliction; it will be of short duration; the governor tells me, that having once justified myself (which will take place in a fortnight) I shall again be restored to my family. Shew me, my dearest life, that you are not a woman of ordinary stamp; tears are unavailing; courage and resolution alone can serve us: move heaven and earth, if you will, to save your husband—such is the part, my love, you have to act, a part that well becomes a tender and faithful wife."

I mentioned to my wife some people at Petersburgh to whom she might write; and not being allowed to inform my mother of what had befallen me, I begged she would take that task upon herself, and impart the melancholy news with all suitable preparation, though Mr Weitbrecht had already undertaken the same office.*

My affectionate discourse was not lost upon her; she grew calm, arose, saluted the counsellor, gave him her hand, and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to take care of my health upon the way; for she had been told that neither of my servants would be allowed to attend me. O that a thousand witnesses had beheld that charming woman in this agonizing moment! What grace in her intreaties! What loveliness in her sorrow! Precious tears! yo would have softened the most flinty heart! The counsellor only smiled. His nasal wrinkles played their accustomed part, and he promised her to pay due attention to what she requested. The secretary then asked me if I had much gold about me. I had a hundred Frederic d'ors, about fifty ducats, and two hundred dollars in silver. He urged me to change this money for Russian notes. This appeared a very extraordinary measure, for I did not want that sum to carry me to Petersburgh, and, when arrived there, I should find

* He never performed his promise.

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friends; besides, I expected to go to Friedenthal, where, should I want any, I had money at command. My wife, on the contrary, had no resource where she was obliged to remain, and I therefore wished to leave the whole with her. The secretary, however, still urged me in so extraordinary a manner to follow his advice, that I at last yielded in part. He had even the goodness to take upon himself the trouble of transacting this business, and he changed my gold at a very fair price, considering the urgency of my situation.

Not being able to take any of our trunks with us, I made use of an old portmanteau belonging to one of my servants, in which my wife's chamber-maid packed a change of linen sufficient for several weeks. With the same earnestness which the secretary had used to engage me to change my money, the courier now recommended the maid to add considerably to the stock. She thought this quite superfluous, and paid no attention to his advice. Unable to succeed in this point, he urged me to take a bed with me; I was equally deaf to his intreaties; he then desisted, and shrugged up his shoulders to express his pity.

When I now coolly reflect on these various circumstances, I am unable to conceive how it happened that not the slightest suspicion arose in my mind that I was doomed to take a longer journey. I was in fact so bewildered with my situation, that I had no longer any clear conception of things. As for the money, I imagined it might so happen that I should not see my friends at Petersburgh; but with regard to the advice about the linen, I could not comprehend what it could mean, my distracted thoughts being wholly engrossed by my wife and my dear children. I was incessantly running from one to the other; I took them all successively in my arms; I consoled, I caressed them; I mingled my tears with theirs.

The courier's eyes were wet; the scene before him had touched his heart. I cast a friendly look at him,

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which he returned in like manner. "Are you married?" said I.—He made a sign in the affirmative—"and I have three children—then you understand me." He sighed and shook his head. As this man has had so much influence on my fate,* I beg leave to draw his portrait.

Alexander Schulkins was about thirty years of age; a man without the least ray of cultivation, a sort of brute, but of a good kind. He had a calmuck countenance, a round face, a turned-up nose, high cheek-bones, black hair, large chest and shoulders. On his left side he wore the escutcheon of a senate-courier, and round his waist was strapped a packet to hold dispatches. His great delight was eating and drinking; he was not very choice in his food; he ate and drank everything that came in his way; and from the manner in which he acquitted himself, it was evident that this was his principal business. When he took his soup, he threw his head back, introduced the spoon up to the handle into his mouth, and in this manner poured the contents down his throat, without allowing his palate to taste of it. During this time he looked towards the ceiling, and compressed his short forehead into a thousand little horizontal wrinkles, which set every hair in his head in motion. In like manner he devoured his meat; not chewing, but merely swallowing it down. Whenever I left a bone on my plate, he would instantly lay hold of it, and gnaw it like a dog. A glass of brandy must have been uncommonly large, if he did not dispatch it at one single draught, and always in the manner his food went down, which, as I have already observed, was directly into his throat. He could drink a great quantity of spirits without being at all intoxicated, and all mixtures were alike to him—tea, coffee, brandy, and punch; upon all of which, taken in the space of a quarter of an hour, I have seen him

* I have been mistaken in that point.

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throw down two chopins of quass * In short, he could eat and drink and sleep at will, and at all hours of the day and night. I may add, that the aulic counsellor was his equal in the exercise of these fine talents, and was but little inferior to him in his taste for strong liquors.

But rude as he was, Alexander Schulkins had the advantage of the other in a moral point of view. He often betrayed a sensibility of disposition which excited the most violent emotions; not durable, indeed, but very sudden. He had some little knowledge, but the counsellor had none at all. I recollect one day that, seeing a cuckoo, he observed that that bird always laid its eggs in the nest of another, and left the owner the care of hatching them. The counsellor began to laugh; when Alexander asked me if the circumstance were not true? I replied it was; when the counsellor called forth his nasal wrinkles, and cast a look of pity on us both. What I have to say farther relative to Alexander will be seen in the sequel. I shall only add, in order to make his office better known to the reader, that the senate of Petersburgh has eighty such men at command, ready to carry orders to the most distant parts of the world. They are, I believe, subaltern officers; their dress resembles that of a postman, except the badge, which, though somewhat like that of the latter, bears a different inscription.

Let us now return to my sufferings. A carriage was to be bought; several were exposed in the yard. This purchase was a great favour, though my own money was to pay for it. Commonly when people are arrested, they are thrown, without any regard to age or rank, into a kibick, or some other vehicle still more inconvenient, and hurried on through all kinds of weather. I cannot deny but that in general

* An acid drink, not unlike small beer, but of a more nourishing quality. It is made by pouring hot water upon a quantity of barley, and left to ferment in the heat of a stove.

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I was treated with some kind of indulgence; but for this, no thanks are due to my counsellor; I owe it to superior orders, for my hard-hearted keeper was incapable of deviating a single step from the line of conduct that had been marked out for him.

Persuaded that I was going no farther than Petersburgh, I purchased a half-covered carriage, in other respects very convenient; not heavy, and hung upon springs, but fit only for a short journey; for this I paid five hundred roubles.

My wife, who observed that I was treated with some indulgence, became more composed. She asked the councellor if I might be allowed to write to her on my route, and was answered, both by him and the secretary, in the affirmative.

At length, towards the hour of seven, everything being ready, I bade adieu to my afflicted family. How did my heart beat at this cruel moment! My hands trembled, my knees tottered, my eyesight failed me; even at the present day I cannot recollect this separation without painful emotions. The reader will allow me to pause in this melancholy narrative. Neither my wife nor myself could weep; the source of our tears was dried up, and our hearts were wrung with inexpressible anguish. I kissed my children, I blessed them; their mother threw her arms about my neck, and fainted as she received my embrace.

The secretary, who hitherto appeared unconcerned, and had had recourse to common-place motives of consolation, could no longer refrain from shedding tears. Ah! if the kind-hearted emperor (for such I know him to be) had been present, with what promptitude would he have put an end to this scene of affliction.

My wife, who could no longer return my caresses, continued to moan in a low and inarticulate voice; her eyes were closed: I imprinted a kiss on her lips, as if it were the last, and immediately tore myself away. My servants led me to the carriage and took

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leave of me deeply afflicted. A crowd of spectators, assembled under the gateway, had been dispersed, and the carriage was drawn up there to avoid notice. I mounted with trembling steps, and was instantly driven away.

Thus was an unoffending man torn from his family; a peaceful citizen arrested, furnished as he was with an imperial passport, and without knowing why. No—it is impossible that the emperor, the humane emperor (for such in truth he is) could be at all privy to this transaction. It was not his order. Some perfidious wretch, unknown to him, has certainly abused his name. It is now the ninth week since I have been able to learn whether my wife and children are alive or dead; my destiny perhaps is fixed, and I shall hear of them no more!—My wife, from whom, during so many years, I have never been separated but twice, and that but for a week or two; my dear wife and I are now torn asunder, perhaps for ever!—We are passing these tedious and mournful days almost without hope. O God! will she survive this? Has she survived it?

It is but a year ago, and I still recollect it with sorrow, that I went to drink the waters of Pyrmont. My wife had just borne me a boy; and she was not sufficiently recovered to accompany me. It was my intention to stay there three weeks, the shortest time specified for taking the waters with effect. Ten days however had scarcely elapsed, ere her absence became insupportable, and I immediately hastened back to her. Yet now nine weeks are elapsed since I saw her: who knows, if in nine years, nay, if ever, I shall see her again! One ray of hope still gleams before me. I feel some feeble consolation; if I am deluded, my despair will be equal to my misery. I can however meet death.

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.

The man who has studied himself, who is at all acquainted with the human heart, will believe me

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when I declare that, in proportion as the carriage drove on, I found my spirits rise, and my heart recover its force. I began to look into the future. What did it present? New enquiries—the examination of my papers, my conduct, my peaceable way of life. I had to deal with a just monarch who would not condemn me unheard. What then could happen to me? Some slight inconveniences, the natural consequence of my imperfect knowledge of the Russian language; but, thought I to myself, I shall have an interpreter; I may for awhile be deprived of a few comforts, and must alter my usual habitudes a little. These things are unpleasant; but surely they are not very great misfortunes. And though I may be visited by the return of a chronic disorder, which has tormented me for twelve years past, yet there are good physicians at Petersburgh; why then should I think myself unhappy? It is no doubt a disagreeable incident, but then it is only momentary. I am about to visit friends I was voluntarily seeking; some extra expense will be incurred; but that is merely the sacrifice of a little money, the least painful of all sacrifices. I was besides fully persuaded that the governor of Mittau would take the greatest care of my family. He had promised me that everything should be done for them that humanity and his own good wishes could suggest.*

Riga is not more than seven short German miles from Mittau, yet we did not arrive there till midnight. It was dark when we approached the banks of the Duna, which laves the walls of that hospitable city; and as the floating bridge had not been restored on account of the great floods, we were obliged to cross the river in a common boat, which considerably retarded our journey.

When we arrived at the gate, our courier alighted and went into the guard-house, where he staid a considerable time; but this circumstance gave me no

* It will hereafter appear that my hopes unhappily were

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concern. At length he appeared, and ordered that we should drive to the post-house, not through the city properly so called, but in a circuitous manner, through several long and crooked streets. We were delayed but a short time; fresh horses were quickly put to the carriage, and we proceeded.

I must here remark, that the post-order (*podsroschne*) allowed three horses in the name of the emperor, and that the post masters frequently put four. The fourth horse was sometimes paid for, and sometimes not. In the first case, they had the post-order in their favour, and the extra horse was at my expense.

We left Riga about two o'clock in the morning. The air was extremely cold, exhausted nature called for repose, and letting down the windows I fell asleep. At the next post I awoke; I merely observed it was daylight, and again closed my eyes.

What language can describe my astonishment and terror when, on awaking a short time after, I perceived that the route had been changed. With difficulty was I so much master of myself as to suppress a scream of horror, just ready to escape me. A kind of instinct however prompted me to remain silent. I am unable to describe what passed in my mind: Whither are they taking me? Where are my papers to be examined? Who is to examine them? In a word, what are they going to do with me?—All these queries rushed upon my mind at once; they distracted my brain, but remained totally unsolved. Could I indeed conceive it possible that I was to be thus dragged to the world's end, without having been either heard or examined?

Being arrived at the post-house, I asked for some coffee, more with a view of gaining time than from a want of refreshment. While it was preparing, I walked about the room in much agitation of mind; the counsellor stood near the carriage conversing with the post-master; the courier kept looking at him from

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the window, till he was sure he was not observed by him: then addressing me, according to the Russian custom, "Fedor Carlovitsch," said he, "we are not going to Petersburgh, we are going much farther."—"Where?" said I in a broken voice.—"To Tobolsk, my dear sir."—"To Tobolsk!"—At this word my knees shook under me, and a tremor seized my whole frame. "Can you read Russian?" added he (still keeping his eyes on the counsellor).—"A little," replied I.—"Look at the post-order."—I read, "By command of his Imperial Majesty, &c. from Mittau to Tobolsk, Aulic Counsellor Schstschkatichin, and a person with him, accompanied by a Senate-courier, on affairs relative to the Crown, &c."—Let the reader, if he be able, imagine my sensations at this dreadful discovery. I was completely thunderstruck.

"I would have told you this at Mittau," said the courier; "but we were too closely observed: I have been extremely sorry for you from that very moment. I have a wife, and I have children too; I well know ——." I thanked him; and he begged me to be careful not to let it be perceived that he had intrusted me with this secret; for, said he, the counsellor is a severe, unfeeling man.

The counsellor now entered the room: fortunately he was no better versed in the science of physiognomy than in the natural history of the cuckoo, or he would not have overlooked the paleness of my cheeks, and the convulsive tremor of my whole body. He swallowed a glass of brandy without perceiving anything extraordinary in me. The coffee came in, and, as it may naturally be supposed, I did not taste it. I pretended to be indisposed, and heaven knows I was not a little so! I paid for the coffee, the counsellor drank it, and we continued our journey. The roughness of the road brought me to my senses, and then it was that the idea of making my escape for the first time came into my head. I am banished to Siberia, said I to myself, without having been heard, without any

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legal process, without sentence, by the mere force of tyranny, without even being informed why I am sent thither."

The whole business is incomprehensible: either the emperor is an entire stranger to it, or I am the victim of infamous imposture. My papers then are not the cause of my arrest, or they would have undergone an examination before I could have been condemned to so heavy a punishment. Some enormous crime has been laid to my charge; false information has been lodged against me, and the calumniator, in order to screen himself from detection, has caused me to be exiled unheard; to be buried alive in Siberia In Siberia!—Ah, how shall I ever be able to justify myself there? Will my complaints reach the shores of the Baltic? And should they indeed find their way thither, on what shall I ground my justification, when I am even ignorant of what I am accused? Let me then make my escape! This idea took deep root in my mind, and soon became a fixed resolution.

On the brow of a hill on the banks of the Duna, and near the post-house, stands an ancient castle, which belonged to a Livonian prince, who, after having for a while defended himself against a host of christians, received baptism with all his subjects. The picturesque appearance of the ruins inspired me with the idea of seeking a shelter among them, even at the hazard of perishing with hunger. With this idea was combined a favourable recollection. I remembered that the estate, which was called Kokenhusen, belonged to a baron de Löwenstern, with whom I had become acquainted in Saxony. He had the reputation of being a worthy man. I knew him to be so, and in case of need it occurred to me that I might surrender myself up to him.

We were now arrived at the post-house; the master and his family seemed to be good sort of people. While the counsellor was at a little distance, and the horses were changing, I enquired, in German, to

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whom this estate belonged?—"To baron de Löwenstern," was the reply.—"Where does he live?"—"Just below"—pointing to his house at a small distance.—"Is he at home?"—"No, he is now fourteen verstes off, at Stockmannshoff, with his brother-in-law."—"And his family likewise?" (I knew his lady, one of the best women in the world, and his children, who were worthy of such parents).—"Yes," replied they.—"Is Stockmannshoff in our way?"—"You will pass through it."—"Is Dopart far off?"—"Six German miles." It was not possible to make farther enquiries; the horses were put to, and we hurried away.

An accident happened on the road which afforded me no small satisfaction. One of our horses became restive, and suddenly stood still. The postillion used every effort to make him move, without effect; in spite of hallooing and beating, the animal remained immovable. My companions now began to swear, and bestowed on the whole Livonian nation the grossest abuse. Every expedient being at length exhausted, our courier gave vent to his ill-humour in beating the postillion. The latter dismounted, and declared he would not go on if he was to be treated in that manner. This declaration was very natural, but it threw the counsellor into a rage; he alighted, and making up to the first tree cut off a thick branch, then seizing the postillion by the throat, threw him on the ground, and began to beat him without mercy. He then ordered him to take the reins again, if he did not wish for a repetition of the discipline which he had just received. But while he was getting into the carriage, and the courier was engaged in helping him up, the postillion, who had a very good pair of legs, was quickly at a hundred paces from us. In vain the courier strove to overtake him; the man had already gained too much ground, and his pursuer was obliged to return. We were now left on the high road, with a restive horse and without a driver. In this sad perplexity what was to be done? To return

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seemed best, and we immediately set about doing so; but we moved on at a slow rate, for the courier, who had taken the reins, did not know how to drive. He kept going from right to left and from left to right, and this cost the Livonian nation, who had nothing to do in the business, another volley of curses and infamous exclamations.

When I say curses, I am not quite correct; I should not use the plural number; the Russians have but one curse, which, it must be allowed, is worth all the rest. They wish, for instance, that the mother of the man against whom they are enraged may have the devil for her paramour; and this they express in a manner so explicit, that those who are averse to doubtful meanings must be perfectly satisfied with it. I do not exaggerate when I declare that, during this single day, our people had recourse to this vile ribaldry more than a thousand times. The expression is indeed as common among the ill-bred Russians, as damning a thing is in the mouth of an Englishman, or as the word 'monsieur' was in former times in that of a Frenchman.

On our return to Kokenhusen, the counsellor made many bitter complaints against the postillion, without saying a word about the beating which he had given him. "You must have used him ill," said the postmaster, "for he is a steady lad." The fact was positively denied: the post-master looked at me, and I answered in favour of the injured post-boy by an inclination of my head.

It is well known that, in a coarse mind, the consciousness of having been in the wrong creates emotions of anger

Our counsellor finding himself in this position, poured forth a volley of the most indecent abuse, which he accompanied with threats. But as the postmaster had no legal remedy except that of making his complaint in the usual way, without being able to retard the departure of the courier, he gave us a fresh

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horse; but a fresh postillion was not so easily to be found. This circumstance took up a considerable time, which, as far as it concerned me, was by no means disagreeable.

During all this time I remained alone in the carriage. The post-master's brother came up to me, and, in a manner that seemed very particular, said: "Your name, sir, is not inserted in the body of the post order." I was quite at a loss what answer to make. I have since indeed learnt, that the name not being inserted therein, the post-master was not obliged to furnish horses. Had I known this sooner, I should have urged him to have availed himself of his right. What could our counsellor have done? He must have waited here till he could have provided himself with horses from Riga. The governor of Riga being totally ignorant of this, would have written to Mittau, which must have taken up considerable time; and in this instance at least much advantage might have been gained by procrastination. I should by this means have had time to prepare for my flight: but, in the state of ignorance in which I now remained, I was unable to avail myself of this desirable expedient, and accordingly after dinner we set out in the usual manner.

During the whole journey I continued to take a mental survey of the country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Stockmannshoff. The Duna ran on my right, and on the left I remarked a chain of hills covered with wood. At six o'clock we arrived at the frontier post.*

In a little time, said I to myself, my destiny will be fixed. Beyond Livonia I shall find no friends, no acquaintance, not a soul that can speak the same language as myself: now then is the time to make my escape. With this view I declared, though it was far from being late, that I was unable to go on any

* The frontiers of Livonia, and the province of Witepsk.

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farther, and that I must absolutely stop to obtain a little rest. This displeased our counsellor; he would fain have persuaded me to continue the journey; he however thought fit to stop, and this complaisance must certainly be attributed to his orders, which enjoined him not to weary me to death.

It was accordingly arranged that we should pass the night in this place. The post-house had a very miserable appearance, the room we were in being full of hogs and poultry, and in other respects extremely disgusting. I urged with great vehemence our going farther to an inn which I had perceived, and which being built of stone promised to afford better accommodations; but the truth was, that the post-house was ill-adapted for the execution of my project.

This inn to which we drove was kept by an Israelite, and belonged to the village of Stockmannshoff. It stood on the high road, which alone separated it from the Duna. At a few paces from hence the woody hills, in which I had placed all my hopes, began to rise. The courier set about preparing supper. He boasted of his culinary talents, and had killed a fowl, of which he promised to make an excellent mess of broth. I appeared to be much delighted at these preparations, and in the meantime strolled about the door with the counsellor. I examined the banks of the river and the rafts of timber which were floating down the stream. I took a silent survey of the country, returned to my chamber and examined the window, which was fastened only by a slight string. I observed with delight that it favoured my purpose, and that it might be opened and shut without any noise.

The counsellor accidentally left some writing paper on the table: I had the precaution to conceal a sheet of it, in the notion that it might hereafter prove extremely useful to me.

At nine o'clock the courier brought in supper, which consisted of a strong soup, a smoke-dried

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sausage, and some Dantzic spirits. The two last articles my wife's chamber-maid had put into the carriage without my knowledge.

In order to compliment the talents of the cook, I tasted a few spoonsful of soup, and I even assumed a gaiety of behaviour that was far from appearing unnatural. The mind, in the present instance, was however more obedient than the body, for in spite of all my attempts I could not swallow a morsel, and I pretended extreme lassitude in excuse for my want of appetite.

I now rose from table to retire to rest. My companion would have persuaded me to occupy the bed, the only one in the house; but as it stood at a distant corner of the room, I observed that, as it seemed very dirty, I preferred some clean hay, which I caused to be laid on the ground not far from the window. My night-gown was spread over this: I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and was about to throw myself down, dressed as I was, upon this rustic bed, when the courier came to me to pull off my boots. Fortunately he placed them near me. I laid myself down, and apparently fell asleep.

My fellow travellers remained at the table till they had nothing more to eat or drink, and then went to rest. The counsellor stretched himself upon a bench which was separated from me only by the table. Above it was the window through which I hoped to escape. The courier slept in the carriage, which stood close to the same window.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock; the night was dark though the moon was at the full. The counsellor was fast asleep. This was the favourable moment; but unluckily our Jews were celebrating the eve of their sabbath in the most noisy manner. They kept continually running through the chamber; at one time came the host, at another his wife, and then the children. This unpleasant noise often roused the counsellor from his slumbers, and made him rave and

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swear most angrily. I joined my prayers to his imprecations; but all in vain! for these orgies continued till two o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Israelites retired to rest, and all became quiet.

Availing myself of the profound silence which now reigned throughout the whole house, I entered upon my enterprize. In the first place I crawled upon my knees, and gently untied the string of the window; this I happily effected without the least noise or difficulty. I heard the courier snore, and was enchanted at the sound. I then began to feel for my boots, and taking hold of them, together with my cloak, I got upon the table in the most cautious manner, scarcely allowing myself to breathe, and always pausing when I heard the counsellor stir. Thus far all went on perfectly well; but I now met with great embarassment. The window was high, my foot could not reach the ground, nor was there anything against the wall on which I might have stepped.

What was to be done? Should I drop down at once? This could not be accomplished without having two hands to hang by, and my left hand was full. To have thrown my things into the street would have made some noise, and if the counsellor should awake before I could follow them, all my projects were at an end. This was, however, my only resourse, and I had no time to lose. I first let down my cloak very softly; it served to receive my boots, which instantly followed, without any noise or accident. It was now my turn to descend. I hung upon my elbows, one of my feet touched the carriage and the other the ground, and thus I cleared my way.

Having effected my escape, it was necessary to provide against immediate discovery. The courier continued snoring in a manner that promised a long sleep, but the cold that would come in at the window might awaken the counsellor, who would instantly discover my flight. To prevent such an accident, I drew the window as closely as I was able, and then

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turning the corner of the house, I put on my cloak and boots.

I first wandered through a swampy meadow, which lay behind the inn, but I soon got into the high road. My plan was to hasten to Kokenhusen, and throw myself upon the post-master's mercy. The hope I placed in this man and his family was partly founded on their physiognomy, and partly on the unpleasant affair of the preceding day, which I thought they would be inclined to resent: and I was also of opinion that they might not be insensible to the charms of a large sum of money, which would have been much at their service for their assistance.

Should the man be disinclined to harbour me in his house, or should he not have room for me, I then intended to have concealed myself among the ruins of Kokenhusen, and to make an agreement with him to supply me with food. I also intended, through his means, to inform baron de Löwenstern of my flight, who would send such information to my wife, and she would make known my situation to my friends. In short, I had formed a plan which appeared very practicable; but I have reasons for not entering into farther detail at present.*

A single circumstance completely frustrated my plan: it was necessary that I should arrive during the night at Kokenhusen, to avoid being overtaken by the counsellor, and the Jew's sabbath had too much retarded my operations. It was full three o'clock, and five hours were hardly sufficient for so long a walk. It might happen that the counsellor would get up early and overtake me; and besides, I dreaded appearing by daylight at Kokenhusen, where it was very natural to suppose enquiry would speedily be made, not only by my companions, but by others, in consequence of the general alarm they would

* These reasons no longer influence me, and I shall renew the subject in another part of this narrative

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spread. I therefore determined to proceed as long as I was favoured by the night, and to conceal myself in the woods the moment day began to appear.

Everything being thus considered and arranged, I followed the highway, still walking through the adjacent meadows whenever I found a path near the road. At length I perceived by the light of the moon a house which the day before I had taken for a military pavilion. In Livonia we often met with such buildings; they serve to lodge the officers whose regiments are stationed in the environs, and when the guests are gone the houses are shut up. I had observed the preceding day that the doors and window-shutters were closed, that the sentry-box was empty, and I concluded it was not inhabited.

Under this conviction, as it lay at some distance from the high road, I resolved to pass by it.

"Who goes there?" cried a sentinel. A question so unexpected startled me, but I had the presence of mind to make the usual reply.

"What road are you taking?—whither are you going?"—"To Stockmannshoff."—"But the road lies there."—"I did not perceive it."

I was going on, but "Halt!"—"Hush, friend," said I; "I am coming from Stockmannshoff: I have been paying a visit to a Jew girl yonder; let me get back snugly, and take no notice of having seen me at all." To this request I added the offer of some money. The man murmured a little, but let me pass on.

This accident rendered me timid: I feared others of the same kind, and kept entirely along the high road. Had I been observed here, at least there would have been nothing extraordinary in it, and besides I found it was better walking than through the meadows.

Another adventure now befell me. After having travelled a few verstes, I heard the alarm beat at a considerable distance behind me. This custom requires some explanation.

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In the Russian villages, and other places very remote from towns, a plank is suspended between two pieces of wood. Whenever the servants are to be called to their meals or their work, or when the hour of the day is to be made known, this board is struck with a heavy mallet, and the sound is heard at a very great distance. I was much alarmed. It is very early, said I to myself, the servants are nowhere accustomed to breakfast so soon, it cannot be the hour that is struck, for this is not the manner of doing it, the strokes fall too fast. Alas! I perceive what it is. The counsellor has discovered my escape; he has alarmed the inn, or spoken with the sentinel, who has certainly betrayed me; he is therefore pursuing me, and raising the country in his progress.*

The noise at last becoming very suspicious, I was induced to quit the public road, and immediately rushed into a close copse. From time to time I fell into a glade, which I hastily ran across, and again took shelter among the trees. The wood now began to grow thicker. I saw a hill before me, which seemed to promise a favourable retreat, and I made towards it by the nearest way, which led me over some marshy ground, and the farther I proceeded, the more I became entangled in the swamps. Being up to my knees in very stiff clay, I began to reflect on what was to be done, and feeling myself quite worn out with fatigue, I remained motionless in the midst of the bog. Daylight was near at hand; but of what use would it be to me? The underwood was thick; I was surrounded by young pine trees, and I could not see ten steps before me. What should I do? Return? No: death itself appeared less dreadful than the necessity of being driven to that resolution. At length I recovered a little from my fatigue, and exerting all my strength, after an hour's painful walk,

* Whether my conjectures were right, I have not since learnt, having never spoken of this affair.

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arrived at the hill. This hill however did not afford what it promised at a distance: I quitted it, and continued to make the best use of my legs. Rambling from hill to hill, I found several paths which led to some ill-cultivated grounds in the woods. These I endeavoured to avoid with extreme caution, but I often fell into them, and was consequently led so much astray, that at night I should not have been able to have regained the high road, had I not been guided by the sound of the waters of the Duna, which seemed always to be within hearing. In fine, after all these windings, after having rejected twenty different spots as improper to remain in, I observed a clump of firs extremely thick and gloomy. In the midst of this grove two lofty birch trees rose from the same stem, and joined in a friendly manner their spreading branches: they reminded me of my tender union at home, and afforded me a happy presage. I gave the preference to this spot, half persuaded that under the shelter of these trees no harm could happen to me.

It was then only seven o'clock, and I could not think of quitting my retreat before ten: I therefore had time enough to arrange the plan of my future proceedings. I began to scrape the dirt from my boots, and should have dried myself completely had the weather been warmer and the spot less damp. I wrapped myself up in my cloak and sat down at the foot of the birch trees. The surrounding firs formed a thick inclosure, beyond which, at the distance of thirty steps, was a swampy fence-wood, terminated by a bare and barren hill. I could perceive through the branches everything that passed over the hill or through the copse; and on my right hand and on my left, as well as behind me, the woods bounded the horizon.

Stockmannshoff, said I to myself, is not far distant: it is the residence of his majesty's chamberlain, M. de Beyer, the father of madame de Löwenstern; I have heard him well spoken of; he is a man of a

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noble turn of mind, and most assuredly his daughter must likewise possess many excellent qualities, having been educated by such parents, and having had the advantage of their excellent example always before her. I was persuaded at that time that I might safely depend on him; but I soon after entertained a very different opinion.—His seat, continued I, is near the high road; the counsellor, perhaps, may have been there, and given orders to every one in the village to detain me. How should I be able to speak to M. de Beyer without making my way through his whole train of lacqueys, who might have heard of my flight, and would prevent the kind assistance of their master, who, being a man above the temptation of any reward, would be solely actuated by his own feelings in affording me assistance: my first plan, thought I, is therefore preferable; I will go to Kokenhusen; should the counsellor have got the start of me, and spread the alarm there, the people I am going to will only laugh at his perplexities, and assist me for the sake of satisfying their own revenge. Should he even have given them money, I will double the sum: it is well, however, to take this day to consider all possible contingencies.

After thus counselling with myself, I drew the sheet of paper from my pocket and cut it into several slips; then taking out my pencil, I began to write with wet fingers a billet to M. de Beyer, one to baron de Löwenstern, a third to my wife, with some other notes of no consequence. While I was thus employed a storm arose: I was well aware that, during its continuance, it was dangerous to remain under the trees: I felt no inclination, however, to leave this shelter, and even wished the thunderbolt to fall on my head. I have always considered this kind of death as the most desirable, and I should now have received as a blessing the stroke that would so easily have terminated all my misfortunes: but I wished for dissolution in vain; the storm exhausted itself in a violent shower

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of hail, which quickly changed into rain, and I was drenched from head to foot.

This shower, however disagreeable in itself, was in another point of view extremely favourable. I had suffered thirst to such a degree, that my tongue was parched: the trees now glistened with large drops of water; I applied my lips to every fir-apple I could reach, and at this moment I felt the whole force of that picture contained in the gospel, of the rich man in torments, begging in vain for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue! When I had exhausted all that were at hand I went farther in quest of others; but I was constantly under the necessity of proceeding cautiously, lest in snatching too eagerly at the tempting bough, the drops of rain should fall on the ground before I could reach them. By degrees I grew more dexterous; but an uninvited guest soon came to rob me of my frugal beverage: the meridian sun evaporated every drop.

I heard a carriage pass along a road which I conceived to be the highway. I imagined it to be my own, which the counsellor might have taken in order to pursue me at his ease. This was the only sound made by a human being that had yet disturbed my solitude. At noon, however, it was disturbed in a manner that filled me with inexpressible terror. I observed a peasant on horseback trotting in various directions across the plain. He traversed the meadows, rode up the hill, galloped down again, surveyed the bushes and rode in among them. At last, seeming not to know which way to take, he made directly towards my hiding-place. Happily the friendly clump that afforded me a refuge concealed me; the man turned off, and I saw him no more. I had already remarked that no road ran near this spot, and I naturally concluded the peasant to be one who was sent in search of me.

Half an hour afterwards a cart appeared on the

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same spot, and merely crossed it: in both cases I laid myself flat on the ground.

I perceived in the afternoon that the forest which lay behind me did not extend so far as I had at first thought, and I observed several carriages pass near me in front. I likewise heard three or four peasant girls singing and playing together at no great distance: they did not seem to be of the number of the peasants sent out in quest of me, whence I supposed it was the road to some village that lay in the neighbourhood.

About five o'clock I experienced an alarm which greatly surpassed all that I had hitherto felt. I heard the cry of a pack of hounds, and the voice of the huntsman who was leading them on.—The story of Joseph Pignata, who, after his escape from the prison of the inquisition, was hunted by blood-hounds, rushed into my mind. I knew, indeed, that in Livonia it was not the custom to hunt men; but the animal that was pursued might take towards the spot where I was concealed, and the dogs in following the scent would of course penetrate my retreat; and it is well known to every sportsman that when they come within view of a human creature they alter their cry. In such a predicament I must unavoidably be discovered by the huntsman. At one time they were within two hundred paces of my hiding-place. In this perplexity I wrapped myself closely up in my cloak and yielded entirely to chance. The hunt by degrees took another direction, and the dogs soon ran out of sight in pursuit of their game.

I am not at present able to say with certainty whether this was merely a common hunt, or a pack of hounds led out in pursuit of me; but I have reason to believe that I was actually the object of their chase, the hunting season being over. On the other hand, it is well known that the shepherds' dogs follow the scent in the spring, and make great havoc among the game.

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In addition to the terrors arising from real dangers, I had likewise to contend with the idle illusions of the fancy. At one time I imagined an old stump of a tree in the fence-wood to be a man; and as the day declined I grew still more subject to these deceptive apprehensions. At another time I thought I perceived a sportsman before me with a green hat and jacket, and that he was taking aim at me. I observed his fowling-piece, marked the turn of his countenance, which seemed to be very agreeable and full of kindness. I was so far deceived as to take off my cloak, and make signs to convince him of his error in having taken me for a deer.

Had I remained much longer in the wood, I certainly should have experienced a derangement of intellect, which perhaps would have terminated in real madness. My brain seemed on fire, my ears rang, and sparkles danced before my eyes, my feet were benumbed, my hands were in the same condition, my whole frame shivered, and my pulse was irregular.

I felt myself ill, very ill.—Shall I say what now supported me? My wife, my angelic wife. The dear name of my Amelia, invoked in a feeble tone, roused the last remains of my strength, and called forth my drooping courage. But this talisman operated only upon the mind; exhausted nature called for other sustenance.

It was now Saturday evening. At the post-house on the other side of Mittau, I had taken a slice of bread and butter with a dish of coffee; the next day a biscuit; on Friday, three spoonsful of soup; besides this I had not tasted a single morsel, and the drops of water were all I had swallowed the whole of the present day. I was aware that unless I obtained food I should soon die in the woods or on the highway. What a useless thing is money! I had more than seven hundred roubles about me, yet I was unable to procure a morsel of bread. Nor was this all: sleep had long been a stranger to my eyes; for the short

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slumber that stole upon me in the carriage could not be called repose.

When it grew darker, a woodcock flew over my head. Its hoarse and brawling cry renewed the sensations of my pastimes in happier days. It had been a favourite sport with me, when I resided in Livonia, to pass the fine evenings in spring in pursuit of this bird of passage, which, it is well known, is very scarce in Germany. At the recollection of this sport, a thousand other ideas arose in my mind with tormenting officiousness. I sent a heavy sigh after the bird: it was its hour of quitting the wood, and it warned me likewise to leave it.

Being desirous to take a short route in order to regain the highway, I traversed one of those roads which are made in forests for the purpose of drawing away the fallen timber. Just as I arrived there, some boors were driving their empty carts along at full trot. Not being able to make my retreat, I had instant recourse to my usual expedient. I lay flat on the ground, trusting myself wholly to chance. The thicket where I was concealed was very bare; I had nevertheless the good fortune not to be perceived. Scarcely were they gone, when I continued my route in the direction I had at first taken. I quickly observed, however, that instead of coming to the end of the wood, I was travelling farther into it, and the noise which I had mistaken for the waters of the Duna, was nothing but the effect of the wind upon the trees, which was heard everywhere round.—What was now to be done? Return to the marshes? Could I return in the dark? Hunger, thirst, cold, and fatigue, would have reduced me to my last gasp, and my body, left to the mercy of the wolves, would become their prey. I then determined to seek for the cart-road I had observed, and although the task was extremely difficult, in a quarter of an hour I discovered it.

I walked fast along this road, but I began to think that it led me too much on one side. Of this I was

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certain when, coming to the highway, I read on the finger-post* that I was still within three verstes of the spot where I had left my travelling companions.

I had yet nearly three German miles to walk before I could reach Kokenhusen; a dreadful distance for a man in my situation. I first approached the Duna, and scooped some water into the brim of my hat to slake the burning thirst under which I laboured; and I quickly felt the bad effects of this in a violent fit of the cholic. My throat likewise was so much parched and swelled that I could scarcely swallow. Hoping, however, that exercise would mitigate my pain, I began to proceed forwards, though the road was still frequented by passengers. At one time I was obliged to slip suddenly behind a hedge, to screen myself from an unlucky rencounter; at another, to take a circuitous way to avoid a noisy public-house. Sometimes a watch-dog would bark at a distance, and I was under the necessity of evading his pursuit as quickly as possible; for should he not be satisfied with merely barking or howling at me, I had nothing to defend myself with, except a small pair of scissars. At length I thought to avoid all these accidents by stealing along the banks of the Duna, but I found the river full of rafts, with fires burning and men walking backwards and forwards upon them. It was then expedient to change my course, sometimes following the river, at others crossing the underwood, or regaining the high road, as occasion served. It was by straggling along in this manner that I at last arrived at Stockmannshoff, at eleven o'clock at night.

The castle inhabited by chamberlain de Bayer is situated on a hill; a garden rising in terraces extends to the public road, and is terminated by an iron gate

I observed several lights still burning in the castle, but they began gradually to disappear, and shortly

* All over Russia posts are erected, which from verste to verste indicate the distance of the adjacent towns.

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none were visible except in the lower story. I put my finger upon the latch of the gate and found it was not locked. I then began to reflect on what was to be done. I could not reach Kokenhusen, for I already staggered like a man in liquor, and was too much exhausted to walk any farther. My cholic too still continued to torment me, and my throat became more parched than ever. I entered the garden therefore, determined to proceed to the house: a figure in white stood at some little distance before me. How fortunate, said I to myself, should this prove to be a female! Women are compassionate creatures, ever ready to pity and soothe distress of every description: I will approach her. I proceeded, and discovered that it was merely a statue of Neptune placed in the centre of a small pond.

I was now as much embarrassed as ever, and the reflections I had made in the wood came again into my mind: I hastily left this spot and continued my route. My mind supported my body for a considerable time; but having proceeded about half a verste, the wants of the latter prevailed. Worn out with hunger, fatigue, and pain, I sank down upon the sand, a victim of the most gloomy despair. I am compelled to confess that, at this moment, the idea of suicide, for the first time in my life, suggested itself; and if, instead of the smallpair of scissars, I had then possessed a dagger I commonly travel with, I should certainly have used it to put an end to my existence. Happily, however, I had left it at Mittau with my wife; for as I imagined that I was only going to Petersburgh, I did not like to have it about me. This weapon, which I only carried for the purpose of defence in case of being attacked by a malicious dog in any of my accustomed walks, might have had a suspicious appearance there. It was out of precaution, therefore, that I left it with my wife, and I shall ever bless that act of prudence: "For a wise man," says Seneca, "ought not to hasten the day of his death,

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however strongly he may be impelled; he should retire, and not run away."

'How often does our fate depend on trifles! If I had taken the bread which lay on the table with me the morning of my escape from the inn, that alone would have supported nature, and I could have persevered in my plan. I had now only two expedients to adopt; either to remain at Stockmannshoff, or return to the woods and remain there till next evening. The latter seemed by no means advisable, as my strength could not hold out during another day without nourishment. I determined, therefore, upon going back to the castle; and accordingly, after resting myself a little, I returned to the garden gate.

The lights in the lower story remained as before. I crossed the garden and came to a second gate, which opened to a passage between the house and the terraces. I passed through it, for it was unlocked, and I found myself within three paces of the steps of the castle. I ascended them, a light shone through the window, and I perceived three young chambermaids making their beds. I stretched forth my hand several times to tap at the window, and as often drew it back; but overcome by the urgency of my situation, I at length knocked.

One of the young women came out with a light in her hand, and asked me what I wanted. I intreated her in a hoarse voice to give me a morsel of bread. She looked at me with great surprise; she was a handsome girl, and her countenance bespoke much goodness of heart; but my visage, and indeed my whole appearance, caused her to pause a little at my request. "It is too late," said she; "our master is gone to bed, and so are the servants."—"Pity me, my lovely girl!" I rejoined: "I have eaten nothing the whole day; for heaven's sake pity me!"—"My God!" said she, "in the forest, and during such weather! How happened this?" She still kept looking at me from head to foot, and drew back a little. I

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guessed her thoughts: "Do not be afraid, my dear pretty young woman; I am no thief, nor even a common beggar; (I then shewed her my purse, and my gold watch-chain.) I have money enough, but my case is much to be pitied. My dear girl! I beg you'll tell me if I can speak a word with the chamberlain."

"The chamberlain is asleep."

"Where is M. de Löwenstern?"

"He is at Kokenhusen, and returns to-morrow."

"And madame de Löwenstern and the children?"

"They are above."

"And mademoiselle de Plater?"

"She is with them."

This mademoiselle de Plater was a young and very amiable person, a friend of the family, whom I had seen in Saxony. "Cannot you awake her?"

"I dare not."

As I pressed her with great earnestness, she at length advised me to go to the secretary's apartment, and wait there till morning. During this conversation, I had drawn her by degrees into her own room; and the urgency of my situation having overcome all thought of ceremony, I firmly declared that I would not stir from thence, but was determined to throw myself upon the sofa before me. This declaration embarrassed the young woman very much.

Heaven knows how this scene would have ended, had not the chamberlain and his lady, who slept near at hand, been awakened by the noise which we made. Madame de Bayer rung for her maid; I gave her the billet I had scrawled in the wood, and entreated her to deliver it to her master; and then, trembling with anxiety for the result, I threw myself on the sofa.

The girl returned; she requested me to wait a little; that I should soon have some refreshment, and that her master was himself coming to me. I then remained a few moments alone—moments not to be measured by the common mode of calculating time!

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The chamberlain arrived. he was a man advanced in years, and kindness was imprinted on his countenance. He appeared to be under some embarrassment; but at this moment how great was my own! I spoke with hesitation, and expressed myself in the most incoherent manner; but my note had given him sufficient information. He begged I would make myself perfectly easy, that I would first think about taking some nourishment, and that he would then see what could be done for me. Madame de Bayer now appeared. I recognised the features of her amiable daughter, and took courage. I related in a few words my extraordinary adventures. She appeared affected, but I could still perceive that neither she nor the chamberlain was satisfied that I was perfectly innocent. And how, indeed, could intelligent people like them, habituated to the regular order of the laws, believe that such official proceedings could have taken place without very serious reasons?

In the meantime several dishes were set before me. After a slight refreshment I touched upon the essential object of my visit, and solicited protection and succour. I begged the chamberlain would conceal me at one of his country seats. At this proposal I could perceive that M. de Bayer struggled with his feelings, and that the contest was about to terminate in my favour. Hope already sparkled in the eyes of his lady, when a man entered the room, of whom, even at this moment, I cannot think without an involuntary emotion of aversion and disgust.

"Sir," said the chamberlain, "you here see a good friend of mine, M. Prostenius,* of Riga." We saluted each other: he pretended to have seen me before; but I had not the least recollection of his person. He was a well-looking man, of a pleasing and insinuating countenance, and his deportment

* That was not his name, as I have since learnt; but why name him at all?

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was extremely polite. He was one of that description of people who can say ungracious and even rude things with the same tone of voice, and with as much ease as usually accompany the communication of the most agreeable intelligence. From him I learnt that the counsellor had been at the castle, that he had dined there, had betrayed great uneasiness of mind, alarmed the whole village, and had dispatched people to pursue me; and that after taking these measures he had set off for Riga, at which place he probably still remained. M. Prostenius took upon himself to assert that my plan was impracticable, even before he had heard the whole of it; adding, that it would expose them all to danger, and that it was impossible to serve me. "But you have gained time," continued he, "by your flight; you will be conducted to Riga; the governor, who is a stranger to the business, must report your conduct; and before any answer can arrive some changes may take place." I replied, "that from the manner in which I had been already treated, I could not expect anything in my favour." The chamberlain, who had been prevented from speaking by M. Prostenius, and whose opinions the latter had in a great measure influenced, now told me, by way of consolation, that I might write from thence to the emperor. "May I?" exclaimed I.—"Certainly; and I will send the letter through the hands of general de Rehbinder, who at this moment is commandant at Petersburgh."

I thanked him for all his goodness. The amiable Prostenius would fain have made a reply for him; he remained however silent.

M. Prostenius was now pleased to ask me, "Why I feared a journey to Tobolsk?"

I eyed him and smiled: "Why do I fear it?"—"Yes?" said he, "Many worthy people are sent thither: you will never be in want of good company."—"My company, sir, is my family."

"In what manner are you taken there?"—"I

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have a senate-courier and an aulic-counsellor with me."

"And no guards—no soldiers?"

"No; no guards."

"Well, then, what can be more honourable?" And as he did not perceive that I was at all elated with these marks of honour, he added: "Come, come, sir, you must submit with a good grace; you are a philosopher."

"I am a husband and a father," said I. The little man then simpered: a tear glistened in the eye of madame de Bayer. The chamberlain observed that the hour was very late: "Retire to rest," said he, "and gain strength to set off to-morrow for Riga."

I know not why this expected journey to Riga gave me no pain. Was it because it brought me nearer to my wife and children? For, in fact, it was the same thing whether I fell into the hands of the counsellor at Riga, or anywhere else.

"In the *common*," continued the chamberlain, "you will find a bed; go and take some rest." In this country they give that name to a pavilion detached from the house, which is occupied by the preceptor, the secretary, and others of that class; and it is likewise furnished with beds for the reception of strangers.

As I was leaving the castle to go to the common, five or six peasants suddenly appeared, and accompanied me thither. I imagined mere curiosity had brought them together; not conceiving that the influence of M. Prostenius could have induced a worthy gentleman to have converted an apartment, hitherto sacred to hospitality, into a state-prison.

On entering the room I found several people in bed, some of whom were asleep. I took no notice of them; but I observed the people on the outside were closing the shutters. This, as I supposed, was a common custom; but, as I do not like to be thus enclosed when I sleep, I begged that they might be left open. My

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request was not listened to: perhaps they were determined that I should not make a second escape.

Shall I here declare my sentiments? I affirm, upon my honour, that no idea of another flight entered my head. I likewise declare in the same solemn manner, that had I been in M. de Bayer's place, and like him performing the duties of a good subject, I should not have carried my precautions so far. Admitting that the counsellor could have referred to superior orders, which obliged every one to secure my person wherever I should be found, (which I doubt having been the case,* as he had only a post billet about him, in which my name was not inserted) it would have been sufficient to have placed two sentinels upon me; one one at the door, and another at the window. Had I even succeeded in eluding or bribing my guards, M. de Bayer would not have been any way responsible; he could not have been required to be provided with chains and bolts for the purpose of securing state prisoners. Ah! Prostenius, Prostenius! most assuredly this was thy work; thou wouldst fain have made my chamber as gloomy as was thy merciless heart. The extreme fatigue under which I laboured soon threw me into a slumber, which, though broken, lasted at intervals till five o'clock.

When I awoke, my first care was to write to the emperor. I dressed myself and sat down to a table, on which I found all that was necessary for that purpose; and I penned, with great rapidity, what my heart, my innocence, and my indignation, dictated. Breakfast was brought in; my fellow-lodgers had already risen unobserved by me. Having finished my letter to the emperor, I wrote another to count de Pahlen, the emperor's favourite, a third to count de Cobenzel, and a fourth to my dear wife. I had begun a fifth, when the gentle M. Prostenius came into the room, and in a soft tone of voice informed

* He had shewn a sufficient authority.

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me, that the measures suggested the preceding night could not be put in practice, as the counsellor himself had just made his appearance at the castle.

"I am then to be given up," said I. He answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, "What can be done? Even the letter to the emperor cannot now be sent to general de Rehbinder: when M de Bayer shall have reflected on this, he will be convinced that it is impracticable."—"He promised me without solicitation, and repeated that promise several times."—"He would bring himself into trouble; and therefore that letter must be sent to the governor of Riga."

"And the others?"

"That to your lady must likewise pass through his hands. As to the rest, I would advise you to leave them where they are." On saying this, he took up the letters I had written to the emperor and my wife. What became of them I am still unable to say. I suppose they have been delivered; but such is the servile fear which now takes possession of the heart of every man in office, that I should not be at all surprised to find they were suppressed.* Perhaps their suppression may prove a fortunate circumstanee; and the hard-hearted M. Prostenius may have done me a service. The letter to the emperor was written with too much vehemence. I insisted much on my rights; on the imperial passport; and on my innocence. The perusal of it must have rendered the emperor dissatisfied with himself, and all his displeasure would have fallen upon me. Besides, he would have heard of my escape, which he must have considered as rebellion against his commands, and as an act highly deserving of punishment. Part of my letter ran thus :—

"The governor of Courland informed me, in the name of your majesty, that I was going to Petersburgh, yet I discovered that a certain person was con-

* It will be seen in the sequel in what a noble manner the governor of Riga acted on this occasion.

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ducting me to Siberia: I did not know this person, and he shewed me no order on the part of your majesty. Which of the two am I to believe—the governor or this man?"

In a word, the affair was intricate and obscure, and my application could certainly have produced no good effect; it would rather have exasperated the emperor, and I have more than once wished that I had never written the letter. It was the same with regard to the lines I intended for my wife: I had described what I suffered in the woods, and had spoken of my situation as a thing which I considered would last for life. This imprudent letter might have been of fatal consequence to her, had she received it without due preparation. Once more I thank the spruce little man; he has perhaps, without knowing it, been the means of preserving the dearest object I have in the whole world.

My letters to count de Pahlen and count de C enzel remained in my possession.

Soon after, I found myself alone for a moment with a young man who had slept in the same room with me, and in whose countenance I could read benevolence and compassion. "If," said I to him, "you have a feeling heart, send off these letters." He hesitated, and appeared somewhat alarmed. "They are open," continued I; "peruse their harmless contents, and seal them yourself." This he promised to do as soon as the present tumult should be subsided. Has he kept his word? I know not. Have my letters produced any effect? Of that too I am ignorant, having heard nothing on the subject.*

A youth of about eighteen or twenty years of age now came into the room, and I took him for young de Löwenstern. He hastily removed all the writing implements, as he said the counsellor was that instant approaching the room. He politely asked me if I

* These circumstances will be cleared up in the sequel.

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stood in need of anything for my journey; and I availed myself of his obliging offer so far as to request a little cream of tartar. I now beheld my charming companions again! The counsellor saluted me with with his accustomed wrinkles, but did not utter a single word of reproach. I told him, in the best manner I could, that he must pardon my conduct, as I had naturally been inclined to believe the governor of Courland rather than him. He appeared satisfied with my apologies, and threw all the blame on the ill-timed humanity of the former. I saw him distribute a hundred roubles among the peasants who had mounted guard over me, and I took that opportunity to observe, that if he imagined those boors had taken me, he was much mistaken, for that I had come and surrendered myself here of my own accord. He did not condescend to make me any answer, but heaving a deep sigh, continued to distribute the roubles. He then went out to hasten the preparation for our departure, upon which the young woman who admitted me into the castle the preceding night came into the room, and, advancing in a timid manner, whispered one of the persons present; and when all had retired, she took the advantage of their absence to present me with a small linen purse, to which some pieces of tape were sewed. "This contains a hundred roubles, (said she) which my mistress has sent you, sir;* you will stand in need of them, for I know your money will immediately be taken from you; fasten it quickly about your waist." She then turned away.

I did not rightly understand her meaning: however I concealed the purse as I had been directed: and scarcely had I done so, when the counsellor came into the room.

Noble woman, whom my misfortunes had thus affected! I still preserve this purse unviolated; it is a sweet remembrancer of your humanity! Whenever

* I then believed it came from madame de Bayer.

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I look at it, tears rush into my eyes. With a mingled sensation of pleasure and pain, I recollect, that in the most afflicting moment of my life, a feeling heart participated in my sorrow. Extreme indeed must be the distress that compels me to open this sacred purse. I have several times been reduced to great want since I received it, have denied myself many things that would have been of much use to me, because I never could prevail on myself to touch this hallowed store. it is a relic, the benediction of a good woman accompanies it, and I do not renounce the hope of one day being able to return it into her hands, which I will bathe with tears of gratitude.

The moment of separation being arrived, young De Löwenstern brought me some cream of tartar, a bed-gown lined with fur, a cloth mantle with large sleeves, two cotton night-caps, a pair of boots, and several other things. I embraced him, and requested him to inform my wife of my situation. He solemnly promised me to do so, and the tears which ran down his cheeks are my vouchers that he has kept his word. He then, with all that keen sensibility, all that candour which characterizes the early stage of life, and with all the illusive confidence which it inspires, took the counsellor by the hand, and intreated him to take care of my health, and to overlook my fault. The counsellor replied with the same cold politeness which he had before shewn to my wife. The chambermaid stood at the window and wept. Prostenius had finished his task, and was no longer visible, at least I did not observe him; nor did I again see either the master or mistress of the house. We repaired to an open cart which stood before the inn, for my carriage had been left at the post-house. I was put into the cart, with all my things, exposed to the observation of the multitude and to the pity of a few. The counsellor placed himself at my side, the courier behind me, and in an hour after we alighted at the inn where we had slept.

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Thus terminated the unfortunate attempt to make my escape, which certainly was far from being a blameable measure, in whatever point of view it may be considered. While I imagined I was travelling to Petersburgh, to undergo an examination there, it was a duty I owed myself to submit, and, had I in such case attempted to escape, my innocence would have been justly suspected. The existing state of affairs justified the emperor in employing all possible means of precaution to prevent civil disorders, and I respect the rights of sovereigns. As soon, however, as I was convinced that neither papers nor innocence were to be taken into consideration, but on the contrary, that the most severe treatment would precede any examination, what law, human or divine, required that I should remain a prisoner?

The corpulent mistress of the post-house felt great delight at seeing me re-taken: she told the counsellor that she expected every moment a band of soldiers she had sent for from a neighbouring barrack, and advised him, in future, to be provided with guards wherever we passed the night. One of the horses that had been employed in the pursuit of me being almost dead through fatigue, she immediately perceived it, and, venting her ill-humour upon me, loaded me with the grossest abuse. At another time I might have been offended at this, but it was now of no more consequence than the sting of a gnat to a man just taken off the rack. I answered her with a sneering smile, which threw her into a still greater passion; and I really believe that when she had exhausted all her abusive epithets, she would have gratified her anger by beating me, had not the counsellor interposed. This noise, however, drew many people to the spot, and at least thirty gaping boors filled the room with their nauseous odour. The counsellor drove them all out, and desired the mistress of the house to leave him alone with me. I was rather confounded, though no longer alarmed, yet I

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soon began to feel that resolution which despair is apt to inspire.

When we were alone, the counsellor politely said to me: "You must not take it amiss, sir, that I shall now have recourse to more severe measures." The idea of fetters instantly came into my head; and growing quite wild with anguish, I laid hold of my scissors, with the design of putting an end to my life: but he quickly explained. I had, as has been already mentioned, a little box stored with several useful things; he requested the key of this box, in order to deposit in it the money I had about me, promising at the same time, to supply me out of it as often as I should have occasion.

Finding this was all he required, I submitted without saying a word. I had been already accustomed to turn my pockets inside out; and whatever they now contained, keys, money, scissors, pencils, scraps of paper, and even my watch, I delivered up, with a very good grace. The counsellor himself condescended to search my pockets with his own hands, to see if I had really given everything up, and he then locked the box.

The open carriage was changed for my own, and we immediately departed. I shall not attempt to describe the state of my mind as we drove along. Let it suffice to observe, that I could neither eat nor sleep, and if I did not entirely lose my senses, it is solely attributable to the jolting of the vehicle. Every time we stopped to change horses, my head grew giddy; I was anxious to get on again, and delighted when we came to a hard or uneven road, or a paved causeway. During the first two days of the route, I did not utter half-a-dozen words. Whenever anything was offered to me, "No!" was my answer. With wild and fixed eyes I looked at the country before me, without seeing it. Wind or rain, heat or cold, was alike unfelt by me, and I was driven to such a state of distraction, that I could

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no longer get in and out of the carriage without assistance. If by chance I met with a looking-glass, the sight of my haggered countenance made me start backwards.*

The counsellor seemed to be concerned at my situation. With him, however, it was no affair of compassion, but only the apprehension of not being able to execute his honourable commission to its full extent, which probably would have been considered as a crime. He exerted himself to pacify me; both he and the courier represented Tobolsk as the first city in the universe, and the manner of living there as very gay and agreeable. The strongest recommendation of Tobolsk, in the opinion of the courier, was the goodness and low price of provisions of all kinds. "What fish!" said he; "what fish! for ten kopeks you may buy the finest *esterlets*, for which the dainty

* I must here relate an anecdote. At the first dinner-hour after my having been retaken, we arrived at a small town, the name of which I do not remember, but I only know it belonged to a certain staroste de Korf, who inhabited an antique castle there. Though we did not change horses, yet we stopped in the castle yard. He came down and pressed the counsellor to stay and do him the favour to dine with him; ordered the courier to be taken good care of, but said not a word to me, or sent me anything to eat or drink. He had taken care, however, that I should be well guarded, for he had ordered the gates to be shut, and a crowd of people to be stationed round my carriage, who kept staring me in the face, and sneering at my situation. In this manner I remained the object of their impertinence for a whole hour. Afterwards, the staroste re-conducted his well-replenished guests to the carriage. In spite of all this want of decency with regard to me, the extreme thirst I suffered mastered my stubborn heart; I asked for something to drink, and a glass of beer was brought me. I relate this anecdote, merely because I have since heard at Riga, that M. de Korf had boasted of having entertained me at his table, and of having treated me in general with the most polite attention!

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people of Peterburgh would be glad to pay ten roubles; and the *ceterinos*, what *ceterinos!* meat, bread, brandy, all to be had in the greatest plenty!" to this the counsellor added some particulars, which to me were far more interesting. "The moment you arrive there," said he, "you will be free, perfectly free; you may run about, you may go where you please; you may hunt, shoot, ramble over the country, and make your own acquaintances. You will be allowed to write to the emperor, to your lady, to your friends; you may have servants, and whatever will afford you pleasure: in a word, you may live according to your fancy. At Tobolsk, too, there are balls, masquerades, and a good play-house." At the word play-house, I smiled in spite of myself. I only asked him, if he could engage that my correspondence would not be stopped. He gave me his word it would not, and this assertion revived my hopes. But, said I to myself, the emperor, who sends me to Tobolsk, might likewise chuse to send me to Irkutzk, which lies three thousand verstes beyond it. Endeavouring to guess at the real motives of my arrest, I had recollected that ten years ago, while I was printing count Benyowsky, the late empress wrote to Revel, to the governor of that place, and charged him to ask me, without mentioning that it was her majesty's order, what view I had had in writing that play. I naturally replied, that the history of count Benyowsky had struck me as a fit subject for the drama; and that it had even been adopted, before I attempted it, by M. Vulpius. Nothing more was said on the subject; that great princess, as it may easily be imagined, thought no more of the matter.

The emperor, thought I, offended at the subject of this piece, is perhaps determined to inflict the same kind of punishment on me as I have described in the case of the exile: should it be so, I shall be sent to Kamtschatka, which lies six thousand verstes from Irkutzk.

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The counsellor swore by all the saints that he would allow himself to be called the greatest rogue in the universe, if he was taking me to any other place than Tobolsk. "But," said I, "how do you know this? your orders are sealed up; are you acquainted with their contents?" He gave me to understand that they had been transcribed by himself; "besides," added he, "such a journey would not be divided into two parts: had you been destined for Irkutzk, I should have received orders to have taken you there, as I have formerly received in the case of several exiles; but my order and my post-billet mention no other place than Tobolsk. You may make yourself perfectly easy on that head. You may well suppose that it would ill become the dignity of the emperor to parcel out his orders for the purpose of tormenting prisoners, and procuring them new sufferings." The reader will hereafter see what confidence I ought to have placed in the counsellor.

END OF VOLUME I.

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